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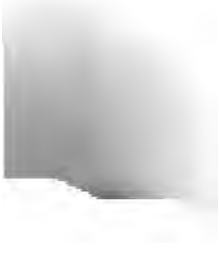

THE

WORKS

OF

HANNAH MORE.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS,

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

STORIES AND TALES.

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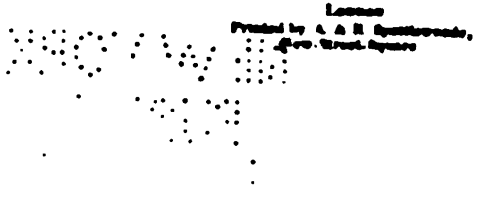

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STORIES

FOR

THE MIDDLE RANKS OF SOCIETY,

AND

TALES

FOR

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Religion is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue. *Burke on the French Revolution.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

To improve the habits and raise the principles of the mass of the people, at a time when their dangers and temptations, moral and political, were multiplied beyond the example of any other period in our history, was the motive which impelled the writer of these volumes to devise and prosecute the institution of the Cheap Repository. It was undertaken with an humble wish to counteract, not only vice and profligacy on the one hand, but error, discontent, and false religion, on the other. As an appetite for reading had from various causes been increasing among the inferior ranks, it was judged expedient at this critical period to supply such wholesome aliment as might give a new direction to the public taste, and abate the relish for those corrupt and impious publications which the consequences of the French Revolution have been fatally pouring in upon us.

The success of this plan exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its projector. Above two million of Tracts were sold the first year, besides very large numbers in Ireland. The author, at the desire of her friends, has selected for the present publication those tracts which were written by

herself, and which, when printed singly, were distinguished from those written by others by the signature Z. And as these stories, though *principally*, are not adapted *exclusively* to the inferior classes, they are here presented to the public in an enlarged and improved form.*

* They continue to be very extensively circulated in their original form of single Tracts by Evans in Long Lane, Smithfield, and Hatchard in Piccadilly.

THE

HISTORY

OF

MR. FANTOM,

THE NEW FASHIONED PHILOSOPHER,

AND

HIS MAN WILLIAM.

Mr. Fantom was a retail trader in the city of London. As he had no turn to any expensive vices, he was reckoned a sober, decent man; but he was covetous and proud, selfish and conceited. As soon as he got forward in the world, his vanity began to display itself, though not in the ordinary method, that of making a figure and living away: but still he was tormented with a longing desire to draw public notice, and to distinguish himself. He felt a general sense of discontent at what he was, with a general ambition to be something which he was not: but this desire had not yet turned itself to any particular object. It was not by his money he could hope to be distinguished, for half

his acquaintance had more, — and a man must be rich indeed to be noted for his riches in London. Mr. Fantom's mind was a prey to vain imaginations. He depised all those little acts of kindness and charity which every man is called to perform every day; and while he was contriving grand schemes, which lay quite out of his reach, he neglected the ordinary duties of life, which lay directly before him. Selfishness was his governing principle. He fancied he was lost in the mass of general society; and the usual means of attaching importance to insignificance occurred to him, that of getting into political clubs and societies. To be connected with a *party* would at least make him known to that party, be it ever so low and contemptible; and this local importance it is which draws off vain minds from those scenes of general usefulness, in which, though they are of more value, they are of less distinction.

About this time he got hold of a famous little book written by the NEW PHILOSOPHER, Thomas Paine, whose pestilent doctrines have gone about seeking whom they may destroy. These doctrines found a ready entrance into Mr. Fantom's mind; — a mind at once shallow and inquisitive, speculative and vain, ambitious and dissatisfied. As almost every book was new to him, he fell into the common error of those who begin to read late in life, — that of thinking that what he did not know himself was equally new to others; and he was apt to fancy that he and the author he was reading were the only two people in the world who knew any

thing. This book led to the grand discovery. He had now found what his heart panted after, — a way to *distinguish himself.* To start out a full-grown philosopher at once, to be wise without education, to dispute without learning, and to make proselytes without argument, was a short cut to fame, which well suited his vanity and his ignorance. He rejoiced that he had been so clever as to examine for himself, pitied his friends who took things upon trust, and was resolved to assert the freedom of his own mind. To a man fond of bold novelties and daring paradoxes, solid argument would be flat, and truth would be dull, merely because it is not new. Mr. Fantom believed, not in proportion to the strength of the evidence, but to the impudence of the assertion. The trampling on holy ground with dirty shoes, the smearing the sanctuary with filth and mire, the calling prophets and apostles by the most scurrilous names, was new, and dashing, and dazzling. Mr. Fantom, now being set free from the chains of slavery and superstition, was resolved to show his zeal in the usual way, by trying to free others. But it would have hurt his vanity had he known that he was the convert of a man who had written only for the vulgar, who had *invented* nothing, no, not even one idea of original wickedness; but who had stooped to rake up out of the kennel of infidelity all the loathsome dregs and offal dirt which politer unbelievers had thrown away as too gross and offensive for their better-bred readers.

Mr. Fantom, who considered that a philosopher

and politician must set up with a little sort of stock in trade, now picked up all the common-place notions against Christianity and government, which have been answered a hundred times over. These he kept by him ready cut and dried, and brought out in all companies with a zeal which would have done honour to a better cause, but which the friends to a better cause are not so apt to discover. He soon got all the cant of the new school. He prated about *narrowness*, and *ignorance*, and *bigotry*, and *prejudice*, and *priestcraft*, and *tyranny*, on the one hand; and, on the other, of *public good*, the *love of mankind*, and *liberality*, and *candour*, and *toleration*, and, above all, *benevolence*. Benevolence, he said, made up the whole of religion, and all the other parts of it were nothing but cant, and jargon, and hypocrisy. By benevolence he understood a gloomy and indefinite anxiety about the happiness of people with whom he was utterly disconnected, and whom Providence had put it out of his reach either to serve or injure. And by the happiness this benevolence was so anxious to promote, he meant an exemption from the power of the laws, and an emancipation from the restraints of religion, conscience, and moral obligation.

Finding, however, that he made little impression on his old club at the Cat and Bagpipes, he grew tired of their company. This club consisted of a few sober citizens, who met of an evening for a little harmless recreation after business. Their object was, not to reform parliament, but their

own shops; not to correct the abuses of government, but of parish officers; not to cure the excesses of administration, but of their own porters and apprentices; to talk over the news of the day, without aspiring to direct the events of it. They read the papers with that anxiety which every honest man feels in the daily history of his country. But as trade, which they *did* understand, flourished, they were careful not to reprobate those public measures by which it was protected, and which they did *not* understand. In such turbulent times it was a comfort to each to feel he was a tradesman, and not a statesman; that he was not called to responsibility for a trust for which he found he had no talents; while he was at full liberty to employ the talents he really possessed in fairly amassing a fortune, of which the laws would be the best guardian, and government the best security. Thus a legitimate self-love, regulated by prudence, and restrained by principle, produced peaceable subjects and good citizens; while, in Fantom, a boundless selfishness and inordinate vanity converted a discontented trader into a turbulent politician.

There was, however, one member of the Cat and Bagpipes whose society he could not resolve to give up, though they seldom agreed; as indeed no two men in the same class and habits of life could less resemble each other. Mr. Trueman was an honest, plain, simple-hearted tradesman of the good old cut, who feared God and followed his business: he went to church twice on Sundays,

and minded his shop all the week, spent frugally, gave liberally, and saved moderately. He lost, however, some ground in Mr. Fantom's esteem, because he paid his taxes without disputing, and read his Bible without doubting.

Mr. Fantom now began to be tired of every thing in trade except the profits of it; for the more the word liberality was in his mouth the more did selfishness gain dominion in his heart. He, however, resolved to retire for a while into the country, and devote his time to his new plans, schemes, theories, and projects for *the public good.* A life of talking, and reading, and writing, and disputing, and teaching, and proselyting now struck him as the only life: so he soon set out for the country with his family; for, unhappily, Mr. Fantom had been the husband of a very worthy woman many years before the new philosophy had discovered that marriage was a shameful infringement on human liberty, and an abridgment of the rights of man. To this family was now added his new footman, William Wilson, whom he had taken with a good character out of a sober family. Mr. Fantom was no sooner settled, than he wrote to invite Mr. Trueman to come and pay him a visit; for he would have burst if he could not have got some one to whom he might display his new knowledge and his new house. He knew that if, on the one hand, Trueman was no scholar, yet, on the other, he was no fool; and though he despised his *prejudices*, yet he thought he might be made a good decoy duck; for if he could once bring Trueman

over, the whole club at the Cat and Bagpipes might be brought to follow his example; and thus he might see himself at the head of a society of his own proselytes, — the supreme object of a modern philosopher's ambition. Trueman came accordingly. He soon found that however he might be shocked at the impious doctrines his friend maintained, yet that an important lesson might be learned even from the worst enemies of truth; namely, an ever-wakeful attention to their grand object. If they set out with talking of trade or politics, of private news or public affairs, still Mr. Fantom was ever on the watch to hitch in his darling doctrines: whatever he began with, he was sure to end with a pert squib at the Bible, a vapid jest on the clergy, the miseries of superstition, and the blessings of liberty and equality. "Oh!" said Trueman to himself, "when shall I see Christians half so much in earnest? Why is it that almost all zeal is on the wrong side?"

"Well, Mr. Fantom," said Trueman, one day at breakfast, "I am afraid you are leading but an idle sort of life here." — "Idle, sir!" said Fantom: "I now first begin to live to some purpose; I have, indeed, lost too much time, and wasted my talents on a little retail trade, in which one is of no note; one can't distinguish one's self."—"So much the better," said Trueman: "I had rather not distinguish myself, unless it was by leading a better life than my neighbours. There is nothing I should dread more than being talked about. I dare say, now heaven is, in a good measure, filled

with people whose names were never heard out of their own street and village. So I beg leave *not* to distinguish myself."—"Yes, but one may, if it is only by signing one's name to an essay or paragraph in a newspaper," said Fantom. — "Heaven keep John Trueman's name out of a newspaper!" interrupted he, in a fright; "for, if it be there, it must either be found in the Old Bailey or the Bankrupt List, unless, indeed, I were to remove shop, or sell off my old stock. Well, but Mr. Fantom, you, I suppose, are now as happy as the day is long?" —"O yes," replied Fantom, with a gloomy sigh, which gave the lie to his words, "perfectly happy! I wonder you do not give up all your sordid employments, and turn politician!" —"Sordid, indeed!" said Trueman: "do not call names, Mr. Fantom; I shall never be ashamed of my trade. What is it has made this country so great? — a country whose merchants are princes. It is trade, Mr. Fantom, trade. I cannot say, indeed, as well as I love business, but now and then, when I am overworked, I wish I had a little more time to look after my soul; but the fear that I should not devote the time, if I had it, to that best purpose, makes me work on; though often, when I am balancing my accounts, I tremble lest I should neglect to balance the grand account. But still, since, like you, I am a man of no education, I am more afraid of the temptations of leisure than of those of business. I never was bred to read more than a chapter in the Bible, or some other good book, or the magazine and news-

paper; and all that I can do now, after shop is shut, and take a walk with my children in the fields besides. But, if I had nothing to do from morning to night, I might be in danger of turning politician or philosopher. No, neighbour Fantom, depend upon it that, where there is no learning, next to God's grace, the best preservative of human virtue is business. As to our political societies, like the armies in the Cave of Adullam, 'every man that is in distress, and every man that is in debt, and every man that is discontented, will always join themselves unto them.'"

Fantom. You have narrow views, Trueman. What *can* be more delightful than to see a paper of one's own in print, against tyranny and superstition, contrived with so much ingenuity that, though the law is on the look-out for treason and blasphemy, a little change of name defeats its scrutiny? For instance, you may stigmatise *England* under the name of *Rome*, and *Christianity* under that of *Popery*. The true way is to attack whatever you have a mind to injure, under another name, and the best means to destroy the use of a thing, is to produce a few incontrovertible facts against the abuses of it. Our late travellers have inconceivably helped on the cause of the new philosophy, in their ludicrous narratives of credulity, miracles, indulgences, and processions, in popish countries, all which they ridicule under the broad and general name of Religion, Christianity, and *the Church*. —"And are not you ashamed to defend such knavery?" said Mr. Trueman.—"Those who have

a great object to accomplish," replied Mr. Fantom, "must not be nice about the means. But to return to yourself, Trueman: in your little confined situation you can be of no use."—"That I deny," interrupted Trueman: "I have filled all the parish offices with some credit. I never took a bribe at an election, no, not so much as a treat: I take care of my apprentices, and do not set them a bad example by running to plays and Sadler's Wells in the week, or jaunting about in a gig all day on Sundays; for I look upon it that the country jaunt of the master on Sundays exposes his servants to more danger than their whole week's temptations in trade put together."

Fantom. I once had the same vulgar prejudices about the church and the Sabbath, and all that antiquated stuff. But even on your own narrow principles, how can a thinking being spend his Sunday better (if he must lose one day in seven by having any Sunday at all) than by going into the country to admire the works of nature?

Trueman. I suppose you mean the works of God; for I never read in the Bible that nature made any thing. I should rather think that she herself was made by Him who made all things; by Him who, when he said "Thou shalt not murder," said also, "Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath-day." But, now, do you really think that all that multitude of coaches, chariots, chaises, vis-a-vis, booby-hutches, sulkies, sociables, phaetons, gigs, curricles, cabrioles, chairs, stages, pleasure-carts, and horses, which crowd our roads; all those country

houses within reach, to which the London friends pour in to the gorgeous Sunday feast, which the servants are kept from church to dress; all those public-houses under the signs of which you read these alluring words, AN ORDINARY ON SUNDAYS; I say, do you really believe that all those houses and carriages are crammed with philosophers, who go on Sundays into the country to admire the works of nature, as you call it? Indeed, from the reeling gait of some of them, when they go back at night, one might take them for a certain sect called the tippling philosophers. Then, in answer to your charge, that a little tradesman can do no good, it is not true; I must tell you that I belong to the Sick Man's Friend, and to the Society for relieving Prisoners for Small Debts.

Fantom. I have no attention to spare to that business, though I would pledge myself to produce a plan by which the *national* debt might be paid off in six months; but all yours are petty occupations.

Trueman. Then they are better suited to petty men of petty fortune. I had rather have an ounce of real good done with my own hands, and seen with my own eyes, than speculate about doing a ton in a wild way, which, I know, can never be brought about.

Fantom. I despise a narrow field. O, for the reign of universal benevolence! I want to make all mankind good and happy.

Trueman. Dear me! Sure that must be a wholesale sort of a job. Had not you better try your hand at a town or a parish first?

Fantom. Sir, I have a plan in my head for relieving the miseries of the whole world. Every thing is bad as it now stands. I would alter all the laws, and do away all the religions, and put an end to all the wars in the world. I would everywhere redress the injustice of fortune, or what the vulgar call Providence. I would put an end to all punishments: I would not leave a single prisoner on the face of the globe. This is what I call doing things on a grand scale. "A scale with a vengeance!" said Trueman. "As to releasing the prisoners, however, I do not so much like that, as it would be liberating a few rogues at the expense of all honest men; but as to the rest of your plan, if all Christian countries would be so good as turn Christians, it might be helped on a good deal. There would be still misery enough left, indeed; because God intended this world should be earth, and not heaven. But, Sir, among all your abolitions, you must abolish human corruption before you can make the world quite as perfect as you pretend. You philosophers seem to me to be ignorant of the very first seed and principle of misery, — sin, sir, sin. Your system of reform is radically defective; for it does not comprehend that sinful nature from which all misery proceeds. You accuse government of defects which belong to man, to individual man, and, of course, to man collectively. Among all your reforms you must reform the human heart; you are only hacking at the branches, without striking at the root. Banishing impiety out of the world, would be like striking

off all the pounds from an overcharged bill; and all the troubles which would be left would be reduced to mere shillings, pence, and farthings, as one may say."

Fantom. Your project would rivet the chains which mine is designed to break.

Trueman. Sir, I have no projects. Projects are, in general, the offspring of restlessness, vanity, and idleness. I am too busy for projects, too contented for theories, and, I hope, have too much honesty and humility for a philosopher. The utmost extent of my ambition at present is, to redress the wrongs of a parish apprentice who has been cruelly used by his master: indeed, I have another little scheme, which is to prosecute a fellow in our street who has suffered a poor wretch in a workhouse, of which he had the care, to perish through neglect, and you must assist me.

Fantom. The parish must do that. You must not apply to me for the redress of such petty grievances. I own that the wrongs of the Poles and South Americans so fill my mind, as to leave me no time to attend to the petty sorrows of workhouses and parish apprentices. It is provinces, empires, continents, that the benevolence of the philosopher embraces; every one can do a little paltry good to his next neighbour.

Trueman. Every one can; but I do not see that every one does. If they would, indeed, your business would be ready done to your hands, and your grand ocean of benevolence would be filled with the drops which private charity would throw

into it. I am glad, however, you are such a friend to the prisoners; because I am just now getting a little subscription from our club, to set free your poor old friend, Tom Saunders, a very honest brother-tradesman, who got first into debt, and then into gaol, through no fault of his own, but merely through the pressure of the times. We have each of us allowed a trifle every week towards maintaining Tom's young family since he has been in prison; but we think we shall do much more service to Saunders, and, indeed, in the end lighten our own expense, by paying down at once a little sum to restore to him the comforts of life, and put him in a way of maintaining his family again. We have made up the money all except five guineas: I am already promised four, and you have nothing to do but give me the fifth; and so, for a single guinea, without any of the trouble, the meetings, and the looking into his affairs which we have had; which, let me tell you, is the best, and, to a man of business, the dearest part of charity, you will at once have the pleasure (and it is no small one) of helping to save a worthy family from starving, of redeeming an old friend from gaol, and of putting a little of your boasted benevolence into action. Realise! Master Fantom: there is nothing like realising. — "Why, hark ye, Mr. Trueman," said Fantom, stammering and looking very black, "do not think I value a guinea; no, sir, I despise money; it is trash, it is dirt, and beneath the regard of a wise man. It is one of the unfeeling inventions of artificial society. Sir, I could talk to you for

half a day on the abuse of riches, and on my own contempt of money."

Trueman. O pray do not give yourself the trouble; it will be an easier way by half of vindicating yourself from one, and of proving the other, just to put your hand in your pocket, and give me a guinea, without saying a word about it; and then to you, who value time so much, and money so little, it will cut the matter short. But come now (for I see you will give nothing), I should be mighty glad to know what is the sort of good you do yourselves, since you always object to what is done by others. "Sir," said Mr. Fantom, "the object of a true philosopher is to diffuse light and knowledge. I wish to see the whole world enlightened."

Trueman. Amen! if you mean with the light of the Gospel. But if you mean that one religion is as good as another, and that no religion is best of all; and that we shall become wiser and better by setting aside the very means which Providence bestowed to make us wise and good: in short, if you want to make the whole world philosophers, why they had better stay as they are. But as to the true light, I wish it to reach the very lowest, and I therefore bless God for charity-schools, as instruments of diffusing it among the poor.

Fantom, who had no reason to expect that his friend was going to call upon him for a subscription on this account, ventured to praise them: saying, "I am no enemy to these intitutions; I

would, indeed, change the object of instruction, but I would have the whole world instructed."

Here Mrs. Fantom, who, with her daughter, had quietly sat by at their work, ventured to put in a word; a liberty she seldom took with her husband; who, in his zeal to make the whole world free and happy, was too prudent to include his wife among the objects on whom he wished to confer freedom and happiness. "Then, my dear," said she, "I wonder you do not let your own servants be taught a little. The maids can scarcely tell a letter, or say the Lord's Prayer; and you know you will not allow them time to learn. William, too, has never been at church since we came out of town. He was at first very orderly and obedient, but now he is seldom sober of an evening; and in the morning, when he should be rubbing the tables in the parlour, he is generally lolling upon them, and reading your little manual of the new philosophy."—"Mrs. Fantom," said her husband, angrily, "you know that my labours for the public good leave me little time to think of my own family. I must have a great field; I like to do good to hundreds at once."

"I am very glad of that, papa," said Miss Polly; "for then I hope you will not refuse to subscribe to all those pretty children at the Sunday-school, as you did yesterday, when the gentleman came a begging; because that is the very thing you were wishing for; there are two or three hundred to be done good to at once."

Trueman. Well, Mr. Fantom, you are a won-

derful man, to keep up such a stock of benevolence at so small an expense. To love mankind so dearly, and yet avoid all opportunities of doing them good; to have such a noble zeal for the millions, and to feel so little compassion for the units; to long to free empires and enlighten kingdoms; and yet deny instruction to your own village, and comfort to your own family! Surely none but a philosopher could indulge so much philanthropy and so much frugality at the same time. But come, do assist me in a reform I am making in our poor-house, between the old, whom I want to have better fed, and the young, whom I want to have more worked.

Fantom. Sir, my mind is so engrossed with the partition of Poland, that I cannot bring it down to an object of such insignificance. I despise the man whose benevolence is swallowed up in the narrow concerns of his own family, or parish, or country.

Trueman. Well, now I have a notion that it is as well to do one's own duty, as the duty of another man; and that to do good at home is as well as to do good abroad. For my part, I had as lieve help Tom Saunders to freedom as a Pole or a South American, though I should be very glad to help them too. But one must begin to love somewhere, and to do good somewhere; and I think it is as natural to love one's own family, and to do good in one's own neighbourhood, as to any body else. And if every man in every family, parish, and county did the same, why then all the

schemes would meet, and the end of one parish, where I was doing good, would be the beginning of another parish where somebody else was doing good; so my schemes would jut into my neighbour's; his projects would unite with those of some other local reformer; and all would sit with a sort of dove-tail exactness; and, what is better, all would join in furnishing a living comment on that practical precept, — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Fantom. Sir, a man of large views will be on the watch for great occasions to prove his benevolence.

Trueman. Yes, sir; but if they are so distant that he cannot reach them, or so vast that he cannot grasp them, he may let a thousand little, snug, kind, good actions slip through his fingers in the meanwhile; and so, between the great things that he cannot do, and the little ones that he will not do, life passes, and nothing will be done.

In the evening, Mr. Trueman seeing on the table a couple of papers written to degrade the religion and government of the couutry, said, "I am not surprised to find these writings on *your* table, Mr. Fantom; but I *must* say I have often lamented that so many *good* men take in publications written on principles they abhor. Thus they at once lend the credit of their names to dangerous works, extend the circulation of corrupt principles, and injure the minds of their servants, who naturally take up the papers when their masters lay

them down, and then the masters wonder that they are irreligious and disloyal."

Fantom, smiling, put into his hands the new parodies and tracts, saying, "Here, sir, in these different pieces you will find both wit and argument. If one of them does not laugh you out of your prejudices, and the other reason you out of them, I shall have no hope of you." Trueman pushed the papers from him indignantly. Fantom smiled maliciously, saying, "I perceive you feel your own cause to be very weak, or you are afraid of having your eyes opened and your mind enlightened, by the exposure of superstition and fanaticism." — "Neither one nor the other," replied Trueman. "I trust my principles are too deeply rooted to be shaken by much stronger arguments and more plausible reasoning than are to be found in such flimsy wickedness as your books contain. But I have made it a rule never to cast my eyes on any thing which I know to be of a corrupt tendency: sinful curiosity was the first sin of the first woman, and it is still one of the unhappy effects of that original offence."

Mr. Fantom continued to turn religion into ridicule, after having exhausted his stock of abuse on government and the laws. "Yes, sir," said Trueman, "I understand you. The connection of jacobinism with impiety is inseparable. I generally find in gentlemen of your fraternity an equal abhorrence to Christianity and good government. The reason is obvious. There are restraints in both; there is subordination in both.

In both cases the hatred arises from aversion to a superior. In politics you dislike an earthly king. The Scriptures also set up 'another king, one Jesus:' in both instances, 'we will not have this man to reign over us,' is your motto."

Just at this moment Miss Polly Fantom (whose mother had gone out some time before) started up, let fall her work, and cried out, "O papa, do but look what a monstrous great fire there is yonder on the common! If it were the fifth of November, I should think it were a bonfire: — look how it blazes!" — "I see plain enough what it is," said Mr. Fantom, sitting down again without the least emotion; "it is Jenkins's cottage on fire." — "What, poor John Jenkins, who works in our garden, papa?" said the poor girl in great terror. — "Do not be frightened, child," answered Fantom; "we are safe enough; the wind blows the other way. Why did you disturb us for such a trifle, as it was so distant? — Come, Mr. Trueman, sit down." — "Sit down!" said Mr. Trueman: "I am not a stock, sir, nor a stone, but a man; made of the same common nature with Jenkins, whose house is burning: — come along — let us fly to help him," continued he, running to the door in such haste that he forgot to take his hat, though it hung just before him: "come, Mr. Fantom — come, my little dear: — I wish your mamma was here: — I am sorry she went out just now: — we may all do some good; every body may be of use at a fire. Even you, Miss Polly, may save some of those poor people's things in your apron, while your

papa and I hand the buckets." All this he said as he run along with the young lady in his hand; not doubting but Fantom and his whole family were following close behind him. But the present distress was neither grand enough nor far enough from home to satisfy the wide-stretched benevolence of the philosopher, who sat down within sight of the flames to work at a new pamphlet, which now swallowed up his whole soul, on universal benevolence.

His daughter, indeed, who happily was not yet a philosopher, with Mr. Trueman, followed by the maids, reached the scene of distress. William Wilson, the footman, refused to assist, glad of such an opportunity of being revenged on Jenkins, whom he called a surly fellow, for presuming to complain, because William always purloined the best fruit for himself before he set it on his master's table. Jenkins, also, whose duty it was to be out of doors, had refused to leave his own work in the garden, to do Will's work in the house while he got drunk, or read the Rights of Man.

The little dwelling of Jenkins burnt very furiously. Mr. Trueman's exertions were of the greatest service. He directed the willing, and gave an example to the slothful. By living in London, he had been more used to the calamity of fire than the country people, and knew better what was to be done. In the midst of the bustle he saw one woman only who never attempted to be of the least use. She ran backwards and forwards, wringing her hands, and crying out in a

tone of piercing agony, "Oh, my child! my little Tommy! Will no one save my Tommy?" Any woman might have uttered the same words, but the look which explained them could only come from a mother. Trueman did not stay to ask if she were owner of the house, and mother of the child. It was his way to do all the good which could be done first, and then to ask questions. All he said was, "Tell me which is the room?" The poor woman, now speechless through terror, could only point up to a little window in the thatch, and then sunk on the ground.

Mr. Trueman made his way through a thick smoke, and ran up the narrow staircase which the fire had not yet reached. He got safely to the loft, snatched up the little creature, who was sweetly sleeping in its poor hammock, and brought him down naked in his arms; and as he gave him to the half-distracted mother, he felt that her joy and gratitude would have been no bad pay for the danger he had run, even if no higher motive had set him to work. Poor Jenkins, half stupified by his misfortune, had never thought of his child; and his wife, who expected every hour to make him father to a second, had not been able to do any thing towards saving little Tommy.

Mr. Trueman now put the child into Miss Fantom's apron, saying, "Did not I tell you, my dear, that every body could be of use at a fire?" He then desired her to carry the child home, and ordered the poor woman to follow her; saying, he

would return himself as soon as he had seen all safe in the cottage.

When the fire was quite out, and Mr. Trueman could be of no further use, he went back to Mr. Fantom's. The instant he opened the parlour door he eagerly cried out, "Where is the poor woman, Mr. Fantom?" — "Not in my house, I assure you," answered the philosopher. "Give me leave to tell you, it was a very romantic thing to send her and her child to me; you should have provided for them at once, like a prudent man." — "I thought I had done so," replied Trueman, "by sending them to the nearest and the best house in the parish, as the poor woman seemed to stand in need of immediate assistance." — "So immediate," said Fantom, "that I would not let her come into my house, for fear what might happen. So I packed her off, with her child in her arms, to the workhouse; with orders to the overseers not to let her want for any thing."

"And what right have you, Mr. Fantom," cried Trueman in a high tone, "to expect that the overseers will be more humane than yourself? But is it possible you can have sent that helpless creature, not only to walk, but to carry a naked child, at such a time of night, to a place so distant, so ill provided, and in such a condition? I hope at least you have furnished them with clothes; for all their own little stores were burnt." — "Not I, indeed," said Fantom. "What is the use of parish-officers, but to look after these petty things?"

It was Mr. Trueman's way, when he began to feel very angry, not to allow himself to speak; because, he used to say, "If I give vent to my feelings, I am sure, by some hasty word, to cut myself out work for repentance." So without making any answer, or even changing his clothes, which were very wet and dirty from having worked so hard at the fire, he walked out again, having first enquired the road the woman had taken. At the door he met Mrs. Fantom returning from her visit. He told her his tale; which she had no sooner heard, than she kindly resolved to accompany him in search of Jenkins's wife. She had a wide common to walk over before she could reach either the workhouse or the nearest cottage. She had crawled along with her baby as far as she was able; but having met with no refreshment at Mr. Fantom's, and her strength quite failing her, she had sunk down on the middle of the common. Happily, Mr. Trueman and Mrs. Fantom came up at this very time. The former had had the precaution to bring a cordial; and the latter had gone back and stuffed her pockets with old baby linen. Mr. Trueman soon procured the assistance of a labourer, who happened to pass by, to help him to carry the mother, and Mrs. Fantom carried the little shivering baby.

As soon as they were safely lodged, Mr. Trueman set off in search of poor Jenkins, who was distressed to know what was become of his wife and child; for having heard that they were seen going towards Mr. Fantom's, he despaired of any

assistance from that quarter. Mr. Trueman felt no small satisfaction in uniting this poor man to his little family. There was something very moving in this meeting, and in the pious gratitude they expressed for their deliverance. They seemed to forget they had lost their all, in the joy they felt that they had not lost each other. And some disdainful great ones might have smiled to see so much rapture expressed at the safety of a child born to no inheritance but poverty. These are among the feelings with which Providence sometimes overpays the want of wealth. The good people also poured out prayers and blessings on their deliverer, who, not being a philosopher, was no more ashamed of praying with them than he had been of working for them. Mr. Trueman, while assisting at the fire, had heard that Jenkins and his wife were both very honest and very pious people; so he told them he would not only pay for their new lodging, but undertook to raise a little subscription among his friends at the Cat and Bagpipes towards rebuilding their cottage; and farther engaged, that if they would promise to bring up the child in the fear of God, he would stand godfather.

This exercise of Christian charity had given such a cheerful flow to Mr. Trueman's spirits, that long before he got home he had lost every trace of ill humour. "Well, Mr. Fantom," said he gaily, as he opened the door, "now do tell me how you could possibly refuse going to help me to put out the fire at poor Jenkins's?" — "Because," said Fan-

tom, "I was engaged, sir, in a far nobler project than putting out a fire in a little thatched cottage. Sir, I was contriving to put out a fire too; a conflagration of a far more dreadful kind, — a fire, sir, in the extinction of which universal man is concerned: — I was contriving a scheme to extinguish the fires of the Inquisition." — "Why, man, they don't blaze that I know of," returned Trueman. "I own, that of all the abominable engines which the devil ever invented to disgrace religion and plague mankind, that Inquisition was the very worst. But I do not believe popery has ventured at these diabolical tricks since the earthquake at Lisbon. So that a bucket of real water, carried to the real fire of Jenkins's cottage, would have done more good than a wild plan to put out an imaginary flame which no longer burns. And let me tell you, sir, dreadful as that evil was, God can send his judgments on other sins besides superstition; so it behoves us to take heed of the other extreme, or we may have our earthquakes too. 'The hand of God is not shortened,' sir, 'that it cannot destroy,' any more than 'that it cannot save.' In the mean time, I must repeat it, — you and I are rather called upon to serve a neighbour from perishing in the flames of his house, just under our own window, than to write about the fires of the Inquisition; which, if fear, or shame, or the restoration of common sense had not already put out, would have hardly received a check from such poor hands as you and I."

"Sir," said Fantom, "Jenkins is an impertinent

fellow; and I owe him a grudge, because he says he had rather forfeit the favour of the best master in England than work in my garden on a Sunday. And when I ordered him to read the Age of Reason, instead of going to church, he refused to work for me at all, with some impertinent hint about God and Mammon."

"Oh, did he so?" said Mr. Trueman. "Now I *will* stand godfather to his child, and make him a handsome present into the bargain. Indeed, Mr. Fantom, a man must be a philosopher with a vengeance, if, when he sees a house on fire, he stays to consider whether the owner has offended him. Oh, Mr. Fantom, I will forgive you still, if you will produce me, out of all your philosophy, such a sentence as, 'Love your enemy;—do good to them that hate you:—if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;'—I will give up the blessed Gospel for the Age of Reason, if you will only bring me one sentiment equivalent to this."

Next day Mr. Trueman was obliged to go to London on business, but returned soon; as the time he had allotted to spend with Mr. Fantom was not yet elapsed. He came down the sooner, indeed, that he might bring a small sum of money which the gentlemen at the Cat and Bagpipes had cheerfully subscribed for Jenkins. Trueman did not forget to desire his wife to make up also a quantity of clothing for this poor family, to which he did not neglect to add a parcel of good books, which, indeed, always made a part of his charities;

as he used to say, there was something cruel in that kindness which was anxious to relieve the bodies of men, but was negligent of their souls. He stood in person to the new-born child, and observed with much pleasure, that Jenkins and his wife thought a christening not a season for merry-making, but a solemn act of religion. And they dedicated their infant to his Maker with becoming seriousness.

Trueman left the cottage, and got back to Mr. Fantom's just as the family were going to sit down to dinner, as he had promised.

When they sat down, Mr. Fantom was not a little out of humour to see his table in some disorder. William was also rather more negligent than usual. If the company called for bread he gave them beer, and he took away the clean plates and gave them dirty ones. Mr. Fantom soon discovered that his servant was very drunk: he flew into a violent passion, and ordered him out of the room, charging that he should not appear in his presence in that condition. William obeyed; but having slept an hour or two, and got about half sober, he again made his appearance. His master gave him a most severe reprimand, and called him an idle, drunken, vicious fellow. "Sir," said William, very pertly, "if I do get drunk now and then, I only do it for the good of my country, and in obedience to your wishes." Mr. Fantom, thoroughly provoked, now began to scold him in words not fit to be repeated, and asked him what he meant. "Why, sir," said William, "you are

a philosopher, you know; and I have often overheard you say to your company, that private vices are public benefits; and so I thought that getting drunk was as pleasant a way of doing good to the public as any, especially when I could oblige my master at the same time."

"Get out of my house," said Mr. Fantom in a great rage. — "I do not desire to stay a moment longer," said William; "so pay me your debts."— "Sirrah," said his master, "I shall settle with you in the evening, and have done with you. You shall leave my house to-night." Before William went out, Mr. Trueman, who felt himself a little indisposed, desired a glass of weak brandy and water. While William was despatched to fetch it, Fantom, in order to change the subject, taking up a piece of bread, said, "Oh, the size of this loaf! What misery! I would give my whole fortune, all I have in the world, to redress the poor, to lighten the taxes, and lessen the miseries of my groaning countrymen."

William returned, and, his hand shaking, he unfortunately struck the bottle against the sideboard and broke it to pieces. Fantom, who though a philosopher could never conquer the violence of his passion, when the smallest circumstance happened which affected his pocket, swore at him, and raved in such unmeasured language that the man, who longed to expose him, sneeringly said, "A mighty thing to make you act like a madman, sir: you know that your brandy costs you almost nothing, since you have taken to

smuggle." The enraged patriot now sunk under the sense, not of his guilt, but his detection. Trueman took advantage of his confusion, and said, "In a *common* man smuggling is a heavy offence against the law; but in a *patriot*, it is high treason against his own principles. You tell your disciples, that it is out of the wages they receive on Saturday nights that government is supported, and the taxes paid. Now, you *must* know, that while you by smuggling are stealing money out of the Treasury, honest men are obliged to pay the more. You are dishonest as well as disloyal."

Fantom began to stammer out the usual hollow excuse, that *it was but a little, and he was but one.*

Here William, losing all restraint, said, "Take care, sir: don't go to make the gentleman believe that you only smuggle a little for your own drinking. You know, and the world shall know, that ever since you left your shop, you have chiefly subsisted by smuggling; and seeing I was a man of business, you made me your tool. You know, too, that when I was brought to justice I refused to betray you, and you left me to get out of the scrape as I could." So saying, he went out.

The orator was chop-fallen, the patriot was dumb, the philosopher was confounded. It was, perhaps, the first time in Trueman's life that he had ever enjoyed any man's defeat. "It is something curious," said he, "that so many of the great impracticable schemes of public reform should be undertaken by men remarkably deficient in the duties of private life. You will pardon me, sir."

Mr. Trueman would have gladly closed his visit; but as Fantom owed him a sum of money, which he promised to pay in a few days, he thought it prudent to stay.

In the mean time, William took his master at his word, and not only got out of the house, but went out of the country, too, as fast as possible. When they found he was really gone, they made a hue-and-cry, in order to detain him till they had examined if he had left every thing in the house as he had found it. But William had got out of reach, knowing he could not stand such a scrutiny. On examination, Mr. Fantom found that all his old port was gone, and Mrs. Fantom missed six of her best new spoons. William was pursued, but without success; and Mr. Fantom was so much discomposed, that he could not, for the rest of the day, talk on any subject but his wine and his spoons, nor harangue on any project but that of recovering both by bringing William to justice.

Some days passed away, in which Mr. Fantom, having had time to cool, began to be ashamed that he had been betrayed into such ungoverned passion. He made the best excuse he could; said no man was perfect; and though he owned he had been too violent, yet he still hoped William would be brought to the punishment he deserved. "In the mean time," said Mr. Trueman, "seeing how ill philosophy has agreed with your man, suppose you were to set about teaching your maids a little religion?" Mr. Fantom coolly replied, "that the impertinent retort of a drunken footman could not

spoil a system." — "Your system, however, and your own behaviour," said Trueman, "have made that footman a scoundrel; and you are answerable for his offences." — "Not I truly," said Fantom: "he has seen me do no harm: he has neither seen me cheat, gamble, nor get drunk; and I defy you to say I corrupt my servants. I am a moral man, sir."

"Mr. Fantom," said Trueman, if you were to get drunk every day, and game every night, you would, indeed, endanger your own soul, and give a dreadful example to your family; but great as those sins are, and God forbid that I should attempt to lessen them! still they are not worse, nay, they are not so bad as the pestilent doctrines with which you infect your house and your neighbourhood. A bad action is like a single murder. The consequence may end with the crime, to all but the perpetrator; but a wicked principle is throwing lighted gunpowder into a town; it is poisoning a river; there are no bounds, no certainty, no end to its mischief. The ill effects of the worst action may cease in time, and the consequences of your bad example may end with your life; but souls may be brought to perdition by a wicked principle after the author of it has been dead for ages."

Fantom. You talk like an ignoramus, who has never read the new philosophy. All this nonsense of future punishment is now done away. It is *our* benevolence which makes us reject your creed: we can no more believe in a Deity who permits

so much evil in the present world, than one who threatens eternal punishment in the next.

Trueman. What! shall mortal man be more merciful than God? Do you pretend to be more compassionate than that gracious Father who sent his own Son into the world to die for sinners?

Fantom. You take all your notions of the Deity from the vulgar views your Bible gives you of him. "To be sure I do," said Trueman: "can you tell me any way of getting a better notion of him? I do not want any of your farthing-candle philosophy in the broad sunshine of the Gospel, Mr. Fantom. My Bible tells me that 'God is love;' not merely loving, but LOVE. Now do you think a Being, whose very essence is love, would permit any misery among his children here, if it was not to be, some way or other, or some where or other, for their good? You forget, too, that in a world where there is sin, there must be misery. Then, too, I suppose, God permits this very misery partly to exercise the sufferers, and partly to try the prosperous; for by trouble God corrects some and tries others. Suppose now, Tom Saunders had not been put in prison, you and I —— no, I beg pardon, *you* saved your guinea; well, then, our club and I could not have shown our kindness in getting him out; nor would poor Saunders himself have had an opportunity of exercising his own patience and submission under want and imprisonment. So you see one reason why God permits misery is, that good men may have an opportunity of lessening it."—Mr. Fantom

replied, "There is no object which I have more at heart: I have, as I told you, a plan in my head of such universal benevolence as to include the happiness of all mankind." — "Mr. Fantom," said Trueman, "I feel that I have a general good-will to all my brethren of mankind; and if I had as much money in my purse as I have love in my heart, I trust I should prove it: all I say is, that, in a station of life where I cannot do much, I am more called upon to procure the happiness of a poor neighbour, who has no one else to look to, than to form wild plans for the good of mankind, too extensive to be accomplished, and too chimerical to be put in practice. It is the height of folly for a little ignorant tradesman to distract himself with projecting schemes which require the wisdom of scholars, the experience of statesmen, and the power of kings to accomplish. I cannot free whole countries, nor reform the evils of society at large; but I *can* free an aggrieved wretch in a workhouse; I *can* relieve the distresses of one of my journeymen; and I *can* labour to reform myself and my own family."

Just as Trueman was about to leave the house, a letter was brought to Mr. Fantom from his late servant William, who had been turned away for drunkenness, as related above, and who had also robbed his master of some wine and some spoons. Mr. Fantom, glancing his eye over the letter, said, "It is dated from Chelmsford jail; that rascal is got into prison. I am glad of it with all my heart, it is the fittest place for such scoundrels. I hope

he will be sent to Botany Bay, if not hanged."— "O, ho! my good friend," said Trueman, "then I find that in abolishing all prisons you would just let one stand for the accommodation of those who should happen to rob *you*. General benevolence, I see, is compatible with particular resentments, though individual kindness is not consistent with universal philanthropy." Mr. Fantom drily observed, that he was not fond of jokes, and proceeded to read the letter. It expressed an earnest wish that his late master would condescend to pay him one visit in his dark and doleful abode; as he he wished to say a few words to him, before the dreadful sentence of the law, which had already been pronounced, should be executed.

"Let us go and see the poor fellow," said Trueman; "it is but a morning's ride. If he is really so near his end, it would be cruel to refuse him."— "Not I, truly," said Fantom: "he deserves nothing at my hands but the halter he is likely to meet with. Such port is not to be had for money! and the spoons, part of my new dozen!"— "As to the wine," said Trueman, "I am afraid you must give that up: but the only way to get any tidings of the spoons is to go and hear what he has to say: I have no doubt but he will make such a confession as may be very useful to others, which, you know, is one grand advantage of punishments; and, besides, we may afford him some little comfort."— "As to comfort, he deserves none from me," said Fantom; "and as to his confessions, they can be of no use to me, but

as they give me a chance of getting my spoons; so I do not much care if I do take a ride with you."

When they came to the prison, Mr. Trueman's tender heart sunk within him. He deplored the corrupt nature of man, which makes such rigorous confinement indispensably needful, not merely for the punishment of the offender, but for the safety of society. Fantom, from mere trick and habit, was just preparing a speech on general benevolence and the cruelty of imprisonment; for he had a set of sentiments collected from the new philosophy which he always kept by him. The naming a man in power brought out the ready cut-and-dried phrases against oppression. The idea of rank included every vice, that of poverty every virtue; and he was furnished with all the invectives against the cruelty of laws, punishments, and prisons, which the new lexicon has produced. But his mechanical benevolence was suddenly checked; the recollection of his old port and his new spoons cooled his ardour, and he went on without saying a word.

When they reached the cell where the unhappy William was confined, they stopped at the door. The poor wretch had thrown himself on the ground, as well as his chains would permit. He groaned piteously; and was so swallowed up with a sense of his own miseries, that he neither heard the door open, nor saw the gentlemen. He was attempting to pray, but in an agony which made his words hardly intelligible. Thus much they

could make out — "God be merciful to me a sinner, the chief of sinners!" then, suddenly attempting to start up, but prevented by his irons, he roared out, "O God! thou canst *not* be merciful to me, for I have denied thee; I have ridiculed my Saviour, who died for me; I have broken his laws; I have derided his word; I have resisted his spirit; I have laughed at that heaven which is shut against me; I have denied the truth of those torments which await me. To-morrow! to-morrow! O for a longer space for repentance! O for a short reprieve from hell!"

Mr. Trueman wept so loud that it drew the attention of the criminal, who now lifted up his eyes, and cast on his late master a look so dreadful, that Fantom wished for a moment that he had given up all hope of the spoons, rather than have exposed himself to such a scene. At length the poor wretch said, in a voice that would have melted a heart of stone, "O sir, are you there? I did, indeed, wish to see you before my dreadful sentence is put in execution. O sir, to-morrow! to-morrow! — But I have a confession to make to you." This revived Mr. Fantom, who again ventured to glance a hope at the spoons. "Sir," said William, "I could not die without making my confession." — "Ay, and restitution too, I hope," replied Fantom: "where are my spoons?" "Sir, they are gone with the rest of my wretched booty. But O sir! those spoons make so petty an article in my black account, that I hardly think of them. Murder! sir, murder is the crime for which I am

justly doomed to die. O sir! who can abide the anger of an offended God? who can dwell with everlasting burnings?" As this was a question which even a philosopher could not answer, Mr. Fantom was going to steal off, especially as he now gave up all hope of the spoons, but William called him back: "Stay, sir, stay, I conjure you, as you will answer it at the bar of God. You must hear the sins of which you have been the occasion. You are the cause of my being about to suffer a shameful death. Yes, sir, you made me a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer." "How dare you, William," cried Mr. Fantom, with great emotion, "accuse me with being the cause of such horrid crimes?" "Sir," answered the criminal, "from you I learned the principles which lead to those crimes. By the grace of God I should never have fallen into sins deserving of the gallows, if I had not overheard you say there was no hereafter, no judgment, no future reckoning. O sir! there *is* a hell, dreadful, inconceivable, eternal!" Here, through the excess of anguish, the poor fellow fainted away. Mr. Fantom, who did not at all relish this scene, said to his friend, "Well, sir, we will go, if you please, for you see there is nothing to be done."

"Sir," replied Mr. Trueman, mournfully, "you may go if you please, but I shall stay, for I see there is a great deal to be done." "What!" rejoined the other, "do you think it possible his life can be saved." "No, indeed," said Trueman; "but I hope it is possible his soul may be

saved." "I do not understand these things," said Fantom, making toward the door. "Nor I neither," said Trueman; "but, as a fellow-sinner, I am bound to do what I can for this poor man. Do you go home, Mr. Fantom, and finish your Treatise on Universal Benevolence and the Blessed Effects of Philosophy and Smuggling; and, hark ye, be sure you let the frontispiece of your book represent *William on the gibbet;* that will be what our minister calls a PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.—You know I hate theories; this is *realizing;* this is PHILOSOPHY made easy to the meanest capacity. This is the precious fruit which grows on that darling tree, so many slips of which have been transplanted from that land of liberty of which it is the native, but which, with all your digging, planting, watering, dunging, and dressing, will, I trust, never thrive in this blessed land of ours."

Mr. Fantom sneaked off to finish his work at home; and Mr. Trueman stayed to finish his in the prison. He passed the night with the wretched convict; he prayed with him and for him, and read to him the penitential psalms, and some portions of the Gospel. But he was too humble and too prudent a man to venture out of his depth by arguments and consolations, which he was not warranted to use: this he left for the clergyman; but he pressed on William the great duty of making the only amends now in his power to those whom he had led astray. They then drew up the following paper, which Mr. Trueman got printed, and gave away at the place of execution.

The last Words, Confession, and dying Speech of WILLIAM WILSON, *who was executed at Chelmsford for murder.*

"I was bred up in the fear of God, and lived with credit in many sober families, in which I was a faithful servant; but being tempted by a little higher wages, I left a good place to go and live with Mr. Fantom, who, however, made good none of his fine promises, but proved a hard master. Full of fine words and charitable speeches in favour of the poor; but apt to oppress, overwork, and underpay them: in his service I was not allowed time to go to church. This troubled me at first, till I overheard my master say, that going to church was a superstitious prejudice, and only meant for the vulgar. Upon this I resolved to go no more; for I thought there could not be two religions, one for the master and one for the servant. Finding my master never prayed, I too left off praying; this gave Satan great power over me, so that I from that time fell into almost every sin. I was very uneasy at first, and my conscience gave me no rest; but I was soon reconciled by overhearing my master and another gentleman say, that death was only an eternal sleep, and hell and judgment were but an invention of priests to keep the poor in order. I mention this as a warning to all masters and mistresses to take care what they converse about while servants are waiting at table. They cannot tell how many souls they have sent to perdition by such loose talk.—The crime for

which I die is the natural consequence of the principles I learnt of my master. A rich man, indeed, who throws off religion, may escape the gallows, because want does not drive him to commit those crimes which lead to it; but what shall restrain a needy man, who has been taught that there is no dreadful reckoning? Honesty is but a dream without the awful sanctions of heaven and hell. Virtue is but a shadow, if it be stripped of the terrors and the promises of the Gospel. Morality is but an empty name, if it be destitute of the principle and power of Christianity. Oh, my dear fellow-servants! take warning by my sad fate; never be tempted away from a sober service for the sake of a little more wages: never venture your immortal souls in houses where God is not feared. And now hear me, O my God, though I have blasphemed thee! forgive me, O my Saviour, though I have denied thee! O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, deliver me from the bitter pains of eternal death, and receive my soul for his sake who died for sinners.

"WILLIAM WILSON."

Mr. Trueman would never leave this poor penitent till he was launched into eternity, but attended him with the minister in the cart. This pious clergyman never cared to say what he thought of William's state. When Mr. Fantom ventured to mention his hope, that though his penitence was late, yet it was sincere, and spoke of the dying thief on the cross as a ground of en-

couragement, the minister, with a very serious look, made this answer, "Sir, that instance is too often brought forward on occasions to which it does not apply: I do not choose to say any thing to your application of it in the present case, but I will answer you in the words of a good man speaking of the penitent thief, 'There is *one* such instance given, that nobody might despair; and there is *but* one, that nobody might presume.'"

Poor William was turned off just a quarter before eleven; and may the Lord have had mercy on his soul!

TRACTS

WRITTEN DURING

THE RIOTS IN THE YEAR 1817.

It will not soon be forgotten, that in the year 1817 very dangerous alarms were excited in this country by the mischievous activity of a number of disaffected persons. The temporary decay of trade, and the scarcity arising from inclement seasons, — calamities over which no human power had any control, instead of being considered as the visitations of Providence, were attributed to Government, and seized on as a pretence for promoting anarchy, riot, and treason. With a wish to raise an insurrection, a multitude of seditious and blasphemous pamphlets were circulated with incredible industry, and read with avidity. In consequence of which the writer of the Cheap Repository Tracts at the beginning of the French Revolution was again earnestly called upon to contribute her feeble aid towards furnishing antidotes to this spreading poison. The following little pieces were written with this view.

THE

DEATH OF MR. FANTOM,

THE GREAT REFORMIST,

Who departed this Life, March the 20th, 1817.

Some of my readers may perhaps remember, that, in the former part, the worthy Mr. Trueman quitted Fantom suddenly in high disgust. After having exhausted every argument, used every persuasion, and pressed every motive both rational and religious, in order to convince the understanding, touch the heart, and alarm the conscience of this misguided man, he left his house, with a fixed determination to drop his acquaintance. But though he resolved to discontinue all intercourse with him, as unavailable to Fantom and disreputable to himself, he often reflected on his state with deep concern. He never ceased to pray that it might still please God to open his eyes, and to change his heart. Prayer, said he to his wife, fervent prayer is never altogether thrown away: even if it produces no effect on him for whom the petition is offered, it is never wholly useless to him who offers it. It subdues enmity, cools resentment, and inspires compassion for the object of our prayer.

Who can rise from his knees, after imploring pardon for his own sins, without feeling an overflowing pity for others whom sin has blinded?

In this tender disposition of mind, with a heart full of hatred of sin and pity for the sinner, Mr. Trueman was surprised, about six months after his last visit to Mr. Fantom, to receive the following letter from the excellent wife of that unhappy man: —

DEAR SIR,

I write to you in the anguish of my spirit, to inform you that Mr. Fantom is dangerously ill. He is reduced to the most deplorable state both of body and mind; the torments of the one, evidently increasing the sufferings of the other. But, whether he is more or less agitated, the ruling desire of his soul is to see Mr. Trueman. O sir, it would be an act of the truest charity, if you could forget the past, and come to see, and console your afflicted friend. Your counsels, I trust, may not be always in vain. He has not, he never had any one Christian friend but yourself. To you alone in this world can he look for pity or assistance. Several of his new friends have been to visit him, but the very sight of them aggravates his sufferings. Dear Sir, I have often longed for the comfort of a little private conversation with you when you were here; but the fear of offending my husband restrained me, yet I should not have touched on any subject which could injure him. I only wanted the encouragement of Christian counsel, to support me in

my duty. O sir, do not refuse my earnest request, &c. MARY FANTOM.

Mr. Trueman had always respected Mrs. Fantom for her prudence, humility, and benevolence. These indications led him to give her credit for more piety than she dared disclose in her husband's presence. Whenever he began to debate, she always appeared more than usually unhappy, well knowing he would be sure to take the wrong side; on these occasions she never failed to quit the room, when she could do it without incurring his displeasure.

Trueman required no second summons. Whenever there was a prospect of doing good, that is a sober, rational, practicable prospect, such as was within the reach of his humble station, talents, and means, he neither refused nor delayed his assistance. Having spent the evening in making such prudent arrangements as that his business might not suffer by his absence, he set out next morning, not forgetting to put into his portmanteau a frock for his little godchild, Jenkins's daughter. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things," was a favourite text of his; so he generally contrived to add some little collateral kindness to any benevolent object he was pursuing.

On his arrival, he found Mr. Fantom even worse than he expected. A paralytic stroke during the preceding night had nearly deprived him of the use of one side; but though he lay in a deplorable state, Trueman was glad to find that his intellects

were not impaired. As soon as this kind guest entered the room, he exclaimed — "O Trueman, how good you are! I would not have gone to you under the same circumstances. I always shunned every scene of misery; but you act on other principles. Sin has not hardened your heart as it has mine. You see me a miserable wretch. No wonder I should be deserted of God, when he has been so long deserted by me."

Mr. Trueman desired him to be composed. "Composed!" said he; "have I any right to expect composure? What right have I to expect peace, I who would have overturned the peace of society? I who would have rooted up the very foundations of religion and government? *No tyranny* was our motto. And what does that imply? No king on earth, no God in heaven." Here he fell into such an agony, that Mr. Trueman was obliged to insist on his keeping himself quiet. A medicine was administered, which soon relieved him.

Finding himself better in the afternoon, he desired to see Mr. Trueman. After much conversation of nearly the same purport as the last, by the soothings and arguments of his guest, he grew calmer. He adverted to his early life, and, though with no little pain, spoke as follows: — I was bred up soberly, and what some would call religiously; that is, I was sent to church once on a Sunday, but was left to follow my own devices, and seek my own company the rest of the day. Things, however, went on pretty well, till I became an ap-

prentice to Mr. ——, on Snow Hill. This man was a professor of religion, but I soon discovered that his profession and his practice were at utter variance. He kept up a tolerable character; indeed there was nothing very censurable in his outward conduct, but all was false and hollow; and to those who saw the interior of things, he could not but be laid open. He was so plausible, that he could set off both his character and commodities to the best advantage. I was at first astonished to hear him strongly assert the goodness of articles in his shop, which he knew to be positively bad. He was covetous, and made little scruple to employ any arts which might improve his fortune, without laying open his character. Having an opinion of my discretion, he employed me in many illegal practices. This contradiction between principle and practice laid the foundation of all the corruptions of my own character; for the effect produced on my mind was not so much that my master was a bad man, and made use of a show of religion to cover his vices, as that religion itself was an imposture, that it was a cloak and not a principle. I concluded that every religious man was as hollow as my master; that there was no real difference between those who professed it and those who professed it not, except that the former added hypocrisy to their other vices. Oh, fatal deadly error! It has been the ruin of my soul." Here he stopped through grief and weakness.

Trueman. If there is one sin of a darker complexion than another, it is when a man, putting on

the mask of religion to answer some worldly purpose, proves that his heart is as far from God as his conduct is from common honesty. He brings more reproach upon Christianity than many who are openly immoral. This character, however, is far from being common; and there is so little credit obtained for it among worldly men, that very few would risk the adopting it, where hypocrisy is not likely to be a thriving game. The mischief is, that the profane are glad to lay hold on an accidental discovery of hollowness in a high professor, to apply the reproach to every truly pious character, till real Christianity is brought into disgrace.

Mr. Fantom resumed: — "Just about this time Thomas Paine published his two well-known works, the one intended to overturn all governments, the other to abolish all religion. I was just in that state of mind ready to be acted upon by such books. Their bold novelty, their audacious assertions, their presumptuous falsehoods, just suited my own turn of mind. Rash, ambitious, vain, ill instructed, full of contempt for religion, of which I knew nothing; eager to distinguish myself, which I found I could not do in the old beaten path; impatient to dash into some new career, yet so covetous as to desire to add the profits even of an unlawful trade to the renown I expected from turning philosopher and reformist; the sight of my shop mortifying my pride, while its gains gratified my avarice; — all these things determined me in my new pursuit. The road to glory now seemed

to lie open before me. As I was sober, and not openly immoral, I maintained for a time that degree of character which may be preserved without a single good principle. I became an infidel from the same cause from which I became a jacobin; that is, a hatred of every thing greater than myself, whether in heaven or earth, in church or state, in rank or fortune. Pure jacobinism would never have maintained its ground in this country had it not been accompanied, and even introduced, by impiety. In the party I joined, superstition, bigotry, and priestcraft were the watchwords for destroying Christianity, as oppression, injustice, and tyranny were for overturning government."

Trueman. Do you think that this wicked fraternity will always hold together, as they have bound themselves by oath to do?"

Fantom. How can oaths be binding, when those who take them swear by a Being in whom they profess not to believe? The oath will be a rope of sand, when the object it was meant to promote shall be defeated, and the poor creatures whom we have deluded find that the shower of gold we promised is not ready to fall on them. Our leaders knew mankind too well not to know that our surest road to success was to begin by extinguishing all sense of religion; to make them believe that Christianity was a fable, the Saviour an impostor, and the church an engine of superstition and spiritual tyranny.

During this speech Mr. Trueman, who had frequently interrupted him, seeing he was over-

powered, not more by disease than by his own feelings and reflections, desired he would not exhaust himself at present by talking any longer.

Soon after, a little recovering his voice, he added, "From a writer in the cause, I at length became a speaker. This was the crown of my mad ambition. To read in the papers an account of such and such a meeting, — 'Mr. Fantom spoke next:' to see my speeches in print, with the bewitching interruptions of 'hear, hear,' — the enchanting sound of 'loud applause,' — 'repeated acclamations,' — which, by the way, I often paid the printer for inserting when it was not true; — all this quite transported me. I never reflected on what ought to have humbled me — that these applauses, even when they *were* uttered, were those of silly boys, and of men who, though too ignorant to read my speeches when printed, were taught, like parrots, to pronounce certain words of which they did not know the purport. Annual parliaments, universal suffrage, elective franchise, were to them terms without a meaning. They only inferred, from *their* being directed to echo them, that they promised plenty without working; vice without restraint; liberty without a superior; plunder without a prison to punish it; and a jovial course of sin on earth without any dread of a hell hereafter. — Oh, what a vain egregious villain have I been, and what egregious dupes have I helped to make!"

Here Trueman interrupted him, and said, "I see how much these painful confessions distress you. This strain of conversation is too much for

your weak frame; but allow me to say, I feel a dawn of comfort in your repentance."—"Comfort!" interrupted he, "don't talk of comfort! Repentance! how do I know that I do repent? How do I know that my sorrow is not forced from me by my sufferings, and not by my sins? How do I know that restored health and strength might not make me relapse into all the guilt which I seem to have repented of and forsaken? What forsaking is it when I am not able to pursue it; when a tortured mind may be owing only to a tortured body, and not to real remorse? But no, — I think, — I believe, — I am sure, — that nothing should ever tempt me to return to those principles and habits which have undone my soul."

Trueman. Sir, this is a salutary fear.

Fantom. Oh, Trueman! I have one fear which swallows up all other thoughts, — the fear of death. Other fears occur at times, and the thing we fear may not happen; but the fear of death is the torment of every hour; what must necessarily happen at some time, may happen the next hour. All my comforts have been in this life; and what misery is that man's lot who every moment fears to lose all he has enjoyed here with no hope for hereafter! Here his kind friend left him, with an earnest recommendation that he should try to get some rest; but his reflections were too painful to admit of sleep.

Trueman having observed the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Fantom about her sick husband, was shocked to see him constantly turn away from

her with looks of extreme distress whenever she approached him. He could not forbear telling him how thankful he ought to be for the comfort of so kind and excellent a wife. "Comfort!" exclaimed he, with excessive agitation; "the very sight of her is an addition to my misery: I cannot bear it." The poor woman wept plentifully as she quitted the room; and Trueman was shocked as well at her distress as at the cruel expressions of her husband. "Don't mistake me," said Fantom: "it is her patience, her forbearing spirit, her unwearied goodness, that plants daggers in my heart. You can't be ignorant of my meaning; so often as you have been here, she must, no doubt, have opened her heart to you, she *must* have told you what a monster I have been to her." — "Never," said Trueman: "I did not know but you had been on the best terms, though it is visible enough that your minds are ill suited to each other." — "This generosity," replied the sick man, "wounds me more than the most bitter complaints she could have made. What has she not borne from me! and how have I rewarded her! I have not only been an unkind but an unfaithful husband, and she has known it. Yes, Trueman, I will seek some relief to my soul by the confession. If there is a God, oh, how dreadful to think that he who has been the witness of my guilt will be my Judge! Yes, I will tell you, — reputation is now nothing in my eyes, and sin is every thing. There *is* a woman — she was virtuous when I seduced her from her husband, who is since dead. My love of money

has been so inordinate, that I have left this poor woman and her child destitute of the comforts which she enjoyed while she lived in peace and credit with her husband. My excellent wife, who has had an allowance from her father on his finding she had little from me, has more than once conveyed her money when she was sick; and I have seen on the child gowns which I knew to have been my wife's, and which she had made up with her own hands for this poor girl. I have not seen the unhappy woman these six months, and how she has subsisted I have never enquired. Oh, my stony heart!"

Here his agitation became so great that he was near fainting. Mr. Trueman found the case so every way bad, that he was at a loss what to say. He did, however, endeavour, as well as he was able, to calm the terrors of the sick man, without attempting to diminish his guilt. "Oh, sir," cried the wretched sufferer, "have patience with me, though I deserve nothing but your abhorrence. Do a last office of kindness. A Christian I am told can do things impossible to other men. Do pay a charitable visit to this unhappy creature. She is well behaved, and will not shock you by any outward appearance of depravity. For Heaven's sake, warn her of that wrath to come of which I already feel a foretaste. Snatch the wretched child from being hereafter a partaker of her mother's infamy."

Trueman always admired, and, to the utmost of his power, imitated the example of Job in that

beautiful part of his character, "the cause which he knew not, he searched out." He promised to see her that very day. He was as good as his word, after having got a direction where to find her. The woman seemed far gone in a decline. Every thing about her bore the marks of penury. When Mr. Trueman opened the nature of his visit, she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and said, "Oh, sir, I have long been weary of a life of sin. That good Mrs. Fantom whom I have so cruelly injured, has often, when her husband was from home, called on me in this solitude. She has brought clothes for my child, and given me what money she could spare out of her own slender purse. This I told Mr. Fantom, who then only laughed at her credulity. But the motive of her visits was of a higher kind than merely to relieve my worldly wants. She gave me that Bible and Prayer-book, with another little volume, entitled, 'Alleyne's Alarm to the Unconverted.' At first I ridiculed all this in secret, but concealed my contempt of her spiritual counsels, lest it should lead her to withhold her relief to my temporal wants. She earnestly advised me to pray for forgiveness to God through Jesus Christ, at the same time telling me my prayers would avail nothing while I continued my present course of life: she often repeated, 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' She never used harsh language to me except as truth itself (which she would never soften) is harsh to sinful ears. Little cause has she had to spare her hus-

band: she never allowed herself to revile him. From her Christian conduct under severe trials, from the good books she gave me, and from a habit of fervent prayer for pardon for the past, and grace for the time to come, it has pleased God to open my eyes both to the infamy of my way of life, and to the truth and beauty of the religion of the Gospel. I never more intend to see Mr. Fantom, and was just about to remove to some distant place when the report of his illness reached me. Will you, good sir, assist me in removing from hence. The meanest condition, the most laborious life, I shall joyfully embrace, so I may devote the remainder of my days to penitence; my only worldly wish is to preserve my child from want, lest she should be driven to follow my wretched example." Mr. Trueman told her she need not fear any disturbance from Mr. Fantom. A paralytic stroke would soon put an end to his mortal existence. "Dying!" cried the poor woman, "what will become of his immortal soul? Oh, I would pray for him day and night, if I could hope the prayers of such a wretch, the associate in his guilt, could be heard. Yet the last time Mrs. Fantom was here, I remember how my heart was cheered at a passage she read, — 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Oh, sir, I only desire to live and die at the foot of the Cross."

Mr. Trueman was pleased to observe the state of her mind, and took his leave, assuring her that

he would not forsake her, but would endeavour to provide her a situation suited to her case. At parting, he slipt a crown into her hand.

He had plentiful matter for meditation in his ride back. His pity for this unfortunate woman, his compassion for the terrible state of the dying man, his regret at the small comfort he was able to offer him without compromising the truth, and misleading him to build his hope on a false foundation, — all this filled his mind with mournful thoughts. He was humbled to think how little comparative good, not only himself, but the best individual could do, and what incalculable evil may be effected by one bad one. "Have not half-a-dozen men, at this very time," said he, "caused more terror and disturbance to the country, and unsettled the faith of more souls, in a few months, than all the good ones in it will be able to redress in a long time?"

On his return, he could not help looking on Mrs. Fantom with additional respect, when he found her supporting the ghastly form of her husband, who had just recovered from a violent fit. The lady retired on his entrance. Trueman thought it might afford him some little comfort, to be informed of the piety and deep repentance of the poor woman. "O blessed news!" answered he, in a voice scarcely articulate. "This is the first ray of something not quite like despair, that I have yet felt." Trueman then acquainted him with the effect his excellent wife's Christian counsel and conduct had produced on this unhappy woman.

"I do, — I do," replied he, — "feel one moment's mitigation of my torture; but no, — my pangs are aggravated in recollecting my treatment of such a wife! Oh, how I laboured, but in vain, to destroy her principles? Oh, that I had not exchanged the solid blessings of domestic life for a scheme of wild vanity and eccentric ambition! What had I to do with plans of reform as foolish as they were wicked, as impracticable as they were mischievous? How many thoughtless but not ill-intentioned young men have I led from the sober duties of life, to run after a vision, a shadow, a dream! Even if I could repent, my repentance would be fruitless as to them. What restitution can I make them for loss of time, of character, of principle, perhaps of life? How can I restore, by my remorse, seditious subjects to their king, rebels to submission to the laws, atheists to the blessings of religion, or apostates to the favour of God? My mischiefs are widely diffused, and I know not where to find the objects of them. I can only bequeath my dying advice to those whom I have deluded; tell them of my deep remorse. As my life as been their snare, propose my death as their warning. Pray publish my solemn recantation."

Then, after a long pause, he added, — "Poor Jenkins, the gardener, is, indeed, within reach. I wonder if he can forgive my cruelty at the fire. Oh, that fire! Oh, my hard heart! That fire was not accidental: his house was burnt down by some of our crew, because he refused to join in plundering the clergyman's barn. William, my

servant, I brought to the gallows. And yet you would have me pray. — To pray without hope, oh, how fruitless!"

Here the nurse came in to say that a strange gentleman, who called himself Saunders, was below, and said he had particular business with Mr. Fantom. "Oh, the worst of business!" cried he. "He is the most hardened of our hardened set. Some of them have called before, but I had now rather meet death than one of my fellow-sinners. Atheism and sedition have made them lose the natural feelings of humanity. If I recover, they say I shall recover my contempt for priestcraft and slavery; if I die, I am sure of an eternal sleep. Oh, Trueman, 'they are forgers of lies; they are physicians of no value,' as my wife read yesterday in her book. Oh, I should be glad to compound for that eternal sleep. Dreadful as annihilation is, it is less dreadful than the undying worm, less dreadful than the unextinquishable fire, better than everlasting burnings. What must that state be, if it is worse than what I now endure! An accusing conscience, an incensed God! Think of the poor credulous fellows that have swallowed my pestilent doctrines. Trueman, I now feel the full force of your remark, that *a bad principle may continue to corrupt when a bad action is forgotten.* I now hope my writings have not ability to do lasting mischief; but I *intended* all possible mischief; and if, as I have heard, hell is paved with good intentions not put in practice, what will it be with evil ones realised?"

Here Mr. Trueman reminded him that Mr. Saunders was waiting below. "Go down to him, dear Trueman," replied he, — "but tell him I will never see him." The stranger, who naturally judged of Trueman's principles by the house in which he found him, approached him with the most disgusting freedom and levity. To check this, he began to describe the state of the sick man with all that minuteness of detail into which a feeling friend is so apt to enter, and of which the selfish and the worldly are so impatient. "Sir," said he "your friend's case is desperate: I do not think he can live three days." — "Poor Fantom!" replied he, "sorry for him, sorry for him; but, sir, such a loss is easily repaired.

> "I trust we have within our band,
> Five hundred as good as he.

But the worse he is, the more occasion is there for pressing my business. I have called upon him for his arrears." — "Sir," said Trueman, "I dare say he is ready to pay all his lawful debts." — "*Lawful!*" rejoined Saunders; "they are of a higher strain than lawful, — they are honourable. Sir, I heard from the servant that you are an old friend of his, so no reserve is necessary."

Trueman. Sir, I am an acquaintance of many years' standing.

Saunders. Then, I doubt not, you know his engagements.

Trueman. He has just made me a full and confidential recital of all.

Saunders. Then I need not scruple to deliver you this little bill (presenting a paper), which includes our present demand:—

Mr. Fantom Debtor to ——	£.	s.	d.
Travelling expenses of Delegates - -	8	0	0
Cockades - - - - -	2	10	0
Paying for signatures from unwilling, but distressed persons - - -	14	6	0
Flags - - - -	4	12	0
Two hundred children for signing petitions, 1*d.* each - - - - -	0	16	8
Supplying hawkers with tracts against religion and government - - -	6	0	0
Supplying ditto with a few godly tracts to put at the top of their baskets, to conceal the others	1	4	0
Hiring blankets to travel to London - -	3	0	0
Pikes not yet paid for - - -			
Total -	£40	8	8

Trueman, after perusing the items of the bill, calmly said, "Sir, I did not mean to take you in. I never employ deceit even in a good cause. When I told you that Mr. Fantom had opened his whole heart to me, I was going to add, that in this avowal he had expressed the deepest remorse at his engagements with your party: I was going to tell you, that he utterly renounces all his pernicious notions, but your impatience to get your money would not allow me to speak. The discovery you have made has added little to my knowledge of your proceedings."

Saunders, in a great rage, cried out, "Oh, what,

Fantom has *'peached*, has he? The greatest rogue always turns king's evidence." Fearful, however, of provoking Trueman to deliver him up to justice, he affected to laugh it off, as a good joke, saying it was the only way to get money from that covetous fellow. He went on: "Fantom did us some good to be sure. We have friends of all sorts, sir: some help the good cause with their wit; those who, like Fantom, have a plentiful lack of that article, assist us with a little cash. This was the case with this apostate: indeed he did something by his interest with journeymen, and he did pretty well with his tongue: a good off-hand man enough, but a poor pen-and-ink man, so that our party will gain little good, and yours little injury by his writings. His tracts are so stupid, that he may spare his lamentations as to their effect. He puts me in mind of a French author of our school, who had written volumes in the cause: on his death-bed he was weeping and wailing to a friend, what mischief his works would continue to do after he was dead. 'Make yourself quite easy on that score,' said his friend, 'for they are so dull that nobody will read them.'"

Trueman. But, sir, do you feel no compassion for a dying friend? or is cruelty, indeed, as poor Fantom assured me, the chief ingredient in the character of your party?

Saunders. It would be absurd in me to affect feeling for a worthless individual, when I have the cause of a whole kingdom at my heart, and in a good measure, indeed, on my hands.

Trueman. I cannot help observing, that the compassion of your party is always excited in the wrong place, and on the wrong objects. There is Buonaparte now, I frequently hear his situation in a healthy pleasant island, with his chosen friends about him, with the accommodations and luxuries of a king, spoken of with all the cant of false feeling, while every reproach is lavished on the wise measure which placed him there. But never do I hear from any of you a syllable of sorrow, for all the thousands, I may say millions, both in his own country and out of it, who fell through his bloody ambition.

Saunders. Sir, he is a great man, a patriot, and a hero, and the kings and governments who confine him are no better than common gaolers.

Trueman. Again, we hear more of the damps of Cold-Bath-Fields, where some of your friends have found a suitable lodging, and which by the way is perfectly dry, than of all the glorious sufferers in the field of Waterloo. To descend to a still more trumpery compassion: a dirty boy, who was properly chastised for his officious impudence in pulling down a loyal placard, is whined over with all the slang of pity, and a ridiculous affectation of justice and mercy, while I see no compunction for the miseries you were preparing for your entire country, if a merciful God, and a vigilant government, had not spoilt *your* pleasure, and snatched *us* from ruin. I am sick of the nauseous puling pity for contemptible objects. I have my feelings, sir. I feel for the peace, the

safety, the principles of this great empire. I feel for those deluded creatures, whose souls you have ruined by your impiety, and whose necks you have endangered by your meetings and your plunder. I pity the unhappy man above stairs, who laments that he was ever drawn into your snares.

Saunders. He is a cowardly, sneaking, contemptible fellow. Bellingham and Cashman for me. They died like men, like heroes.

Trueman. Sir, they died like demons; hard, impenitent, hopeless, graceless. By their hardness, they seemed to be studiously preparing themselves for the society of lost spirits.

Saunders. You appear to me to be as dead to the cause of freedom as you are ignorant of politics.

Trueman. I remember to have read in some book, a magazine, I suppose, for my reading does not go far, of a great scholar of the last age, Locke, I think, was the gentleman's name, who used to say, that every man should be well acquainted with two things, — religion, and his own business. Now, if I remember right, though this gentleman was both a philosopher and a politician, and a very great friend to liberty, yet he never said a word about every man's studying politics; I suppose by that he thought it a deep study, fit only for such wise men as himself. I myself have heard sensible men say — that to understand politics, it is necessary to understand many other things, more than are to be picked up in a Saturday's Register. Now, as I am no proficient in history,

geography, law, and foreign relations, I act upon Mr. Locke's advice. I follow my trade for the sake of my family, and my religion for the sake of my soul. My trade, I trust, with the blessing of God, will carry me in credit through this world, and my religion with safety to the next. But though my Bible and my Ledger fill up most of my time, I spare a little to read a few other good books: these have given me such a disgust to bad ones, that I stick to the former from choice, as much as from principle.

"Well," said Saunders, "I see that fanatics can make long speeches as well as reformers."

Trueman. If by fanatics you mean, as is commonly the case, religious men, it is a great pleasure to me to have observed, that not one sound Christian of any denomination seems ever to have joined you.

Saunders. We don't desire their company: they are all cowards, and nothing but fear keeps them in order. But have you no feeling, no pity for the thousands that are perishing?

Trueman. We, sir, not only pity but relieve them. *You* create the distress, and then make it a ground of complaint. I see by your bill you collect money enough for every thing but charity. You have money in plenty for mischief; but it is remarked that your names are never seen in any collections for the poor. It is cheaper to ridicule soup-shops than to subscribe to them. It is more popular to hire blankets for deluded travellers,

than to give them to those who are quiet in their cottages.

During this time, it was evident that Saunders was studious to avoid coming to close quarters about the bill. He kept his eyes constantly towards the door, dreading an arrest. The recent suspension of that act *, which while it was in force made his party so fearless, now made his heart beat with apprehension. He had, however, the presence of mind to appear quite at ease; and thought to conceal his fear by assumed indifference.

Saunders. And so you are a decided enemy to liberty and the rights of men?

Trueman. Sir, I am a true friend to true freedom. Let me give you one piece of advice: The only way to become really free is to turn Christian. Then you will be free indeed; free from the tyranny of ambition, of unruly tempers, and sinful passions. There is no tyranny equal to that of sin and Satan. Our Divine Deliverer from both these, came into this world to do for the souls of men what you vainly pretend to do for their bodies: —he came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and to open the prison doors for them that are bound.

Saunders (*Laughing*). Of all places in the world I least expected to find a preacher in Fantom's house.

Trueman. Poor Fantom! and so you won't take one look at your old friend? To witness his

* The Habeas Corpus.

abhorrence of his past sins and his dread of eternal punishment, might be a salutary sight to the stoutest infidel. His ghastly appearance, the despair stamped on his distorted face, even though he should not speak, might leave a useful lesson on your heart.

Saunders. You invite me to a most engaging sight, to be sure: it is a pleasure I shall not accept. I am only sorry that he disgraces our noble cause by his cowardice: I don't care for the man, — I am only sorry he does not *die game.* But to have done with you, will you get Fantom to pay the bill?

Trueman. Whether it is a lawful bill shall be tried in a court of justice. If the Attorney-General approves it, as I am to be Fantom's executor, I will see you paid.

Saunders. Then return me the bill, if you won't pay it.

Trueman. No, sir, it shall never be out of my hands till I place it in those of the law. — *Exit* Saunders in a violent rage. His horse was at the door, and he was out of sight in an instant. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Now, lest some reader should question Trueman's prudence in letting him depart, I can only say that they were in a lone house, and the only man-servant from home. Saunders was a stout young man, himself declining in years; he knew not what weapons he might have about him; so he thought it enough to have secured the bill as a sufficient testimony of his guilt.

When he went up to the sick man, he suppressed, out of tenderness to his weak state, the most offensive parts of their conversation. He said enough, however, to throw him into a dreadful paroxysm. He looked wildly, and said, "Tell me truly, dear Trueman, do you think there will be hereafter a worse hell than that I now feel? Don't deceive me."

Trueman. I should injure my own soul, and perhaps cut off all hope of yours, if I did. As sure as there is a heaven, so sure there is a hell. Many of those who read the Scriptures have tried to soften down this awful truth, to diminish its horrors, to limit its duration, and even to do it entirely away. Thus sinful man affects to be more merciful than God himself. Let such persons only read the 9th chapter of St. Mark, and they will there see — that He who is not only true, but THE TRUTH, has pronounced this dreadful certainty in words more full, more explicit, and more repeatedly, than even the prophets and apostles themselves.

Fantom. Then there is no hope for me. Nothing left but utter despair.

Trueman. Say not so. Despair would be the worst of all your sins. While I would not conceal from you the terrors of the law, nor the threatenings of the Gospel, I dare not limit the mercies of God in Christ Jesus to the truly believing penitent, because the Gospel has set no such limits.

Here the sick man lifted up his eyes, and grasp-

ing Trueman's hand with the one of which he had still some use, cried out, "What! is there a shadow, a glimpse, a possibility? No,—no,—no! But will it be everlasting? No mitigation, no interval, no transient respite, no hope, no end?"

Here he sunk down; he appeared to be gone; but it was only a fit; on recovering from which he fell asleep. Next morning, when he appeared somewhat better, Mr. Trueman thus addressed him: "Allow me to recommend to you to do, without loss of time, what the Ephesian sorcerers did when they began to feel the guilt and danger of sin.* *They burnt their books*, their magical books, with which, like you, they had bewitched the people. Do this; for though it can only be the means of destroying a few copies, yet it will enable me to proclaim to your party, and to their deluded followers, what was your opinion of them and their doctrines, when an awakened conscience and an approaching death had taken away the scales from your eyes, and shown you things in their true light." Fantom eagerly caught at the proposal. Then turning to his wife, who obeyed him with more alacrity than her exhausted spirits seemed capable of admitting, he desired her to order the servant to bring three large trunks into his room. When they were brought in, he desired Mr. Trueman to take out the contents. The first he opened was nearly filled with *Paine's Age of Reason*, and the *Rights of Man*. "There," said Fantom, "there is the seed-plot, there is the

* See 19th chap. Acts of the Apostles.

prime dunghill from which all our noxious weeds have sprung up in such abundance." — "Yes," said Trueman, "but you seem even to have outgone your pattern," as he took out of the second box the Sinecurist's Creed, the Parody on the Litany, the ———; but, though Mr. Trueman repeated to me all their titles, when I sat down to write this history, I will not pollute my pages even with their names. There was one large box entirely filled with his own writings. For a moment he looked as if he felt the natural fondness of a bad author for a bad book, but instantly correcting himself, he cried, "Burn this first. Oh, what a mercy that I am spared to do it! Let it not appear against me in this world; but, oh, I fear, it will rise against me in judgment.

"Now, Trueman," said he, in a faint voice, "let my servants, workmen, and neighbours be called together. Do you collect them in the large court-yard under my window. Burn all these papers and books in their presence. Proclaim a solemn declaration of my penitence, and give an awful warning to those whom I have corrupted, to shun all pestilent tracts, all wicked advisers, all artful seducers, who would draw them from the plain path of duty."

Mr. Trueman lost not a moment: he not only called in the neighbours, but had given notice to the whole adjoining village to meet in Mr. Fantom's yard. *The call to a meeting* had a very alluring sound, and drew numbers together. Mr. Trueman made a speech of great solidity. I have

never been able to obtain an exact copy, but the sense of it may be inferred from his known pious, upright, and loyal character.

As soon as he heard the people were assembled in the yard, Mr. Fantom desired to be taken out of his bed, and to be carried in his easy-chair to the window. The papers and books were raised to a large high pile, and Mr. Trueman himself, after delivering his speech (which produced the happiest effects), took a torch, and with his own hand set fire to this combustible heap. It was an affecting sight, for the window was opened, to behold the dying man exhibiting his distorted frame to the people, lifting up his one whole hand, and waving it with an expression of anguish. At this moment, the fire still blazing with fury, some one called out, and told him that two hundred men were just taken up for seditious practices. "Oh, dreadful thought!" said Fantom, "that I have my full share in all that is past, and in all that may follow! My punishment is greater than I can bear." Then making a strong effort, and pointing to his dead hand, as it fell motionless by his side, he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by those without, "Oh, this sinful hand! (holding it up with the other) Oh, that I had never had the use of it! What guilt had I been spared, had I lost it before it had written so much blasphemy against my God; before it had signed so many petitions against my king; before it had ruined the principles, and perhaps the lives of many to come. Oh, Cranmer,

Cranmer![*] thy hand, which in a moment of human weakness did sign thy recantation, thou didst thrust into the flames, not as an expiation for sin, but as an act of penitence. *Thy* flames were soon extinguished, and thou didst ascend to everlasting glory. *My* fire will begin where thine ended; mine will burn to all eternity; oh, mercy, mercy!" Here his hand fell, his voice failed, his eyes closed, his breath stopped — he was gone for ever! —

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I forbear to make any observations on this awful death. It carries its own comment with it.— Mr. Trueman, to their great content, is left sole trustee to Mrs. Fantom and her daughter. His first care was to enquire after a safe retreat for the unfortunate woman whom Fantom had seduced. His interest with the Magdalen Institution in London, would, doubtless, have obtained a reception for her there, but she died of a broken heart before she could be removed. During her illness, Mrs. Fantom never lost sight of her. She sent her a constant supply of whatever was proper for her situation, and frequently visited her sick-bed, where she administered to her all the Christian consolation her case required. She died an humble penitent. Mr. Trueman hopes to secure for her poor child admittance into that excellent charity, the Orphan Asylum at Bristol. In the mean time, Mrs. Fantom, who buried the mother at her

[*] A real Reformer, who was burnt for adhering to the true religion.

own expense, maintains the child. Mr. Treemam had the pleasure of seeing Jenkins settled in his new cottage, prosperous, grateful, and pious, and of presenting him with half an acre of land, which Mrs. Fantom gave him as some compensation for the burning of his old cottage.

THE DELEGATE.

Mr. James Dawson is a man whose character stands high among his brethren, the weavers of Spital-fields. He is skilful in his business, industrious in his calling, sober in his habits, and punctual in his engagements: laborious in earning his money, and prudent in the use he makes of it. But what makes his good qualities and right habits uniform and consistent is, because they are built on the sure foundation of genuine Christianity. He is not one of those popular characters who are called *good-hearted*, because they have high animal spirits; who are reckoned no one's enemy but their own, because they spend all their gains in jovial company, and whose favourite motto is — A short life and a merry one.

The right actions which some worldly men perform — and happy is it for society that they are performed on *any* motive — are like summer showers, very refreshing where they fall, but soon exhausted, and are never to be depended upon: while the virtues of a real Christian do not depend upon circumstance or accident, but flow from the perpetual fountain of a living principle; and though

much imperfection, much infirmity mixes with his best actions, yet his views will be right, his eye single, his motives pure. This was the case with James Dawson: he had received a better education than most in his rank of life; this, together with the perusal of good books, and the conversation of good men, had greatly improved his natural understanding, as well as strengthened his pious dispositions. But his principal advantages arose from the preaching and the private instructions of the excellent clergyman who has the care of that parish in which his favoured lot had cast him.

A few years ago he married a prudent, well-disposed young woman, who had saved something in a genteel service where she had lived several years. They went on prosperously, and had got rather beforehand with the world. They always adopted that prudent custom of living within their income, whether wages were higher or lower. This they well knew was the great secret of independence; for the man who exceeds his income, whether it be great or small, lays himself open to temptations which he may not always be able to resist. But this can only be avoided by a regular course of self-denial, cutting off all unnecessary indulgences, and governing his whole behaviour in small things as well as great ones by an habitual religious principle.

But the wise man truly observes, that as "the race is not always to the swift," so is not bread always to the man of understanding. In the common course of events, Providence usually blesses

honest industry with success; but the whole history of the world proves that outward prosperity is no certain mark of God's favour. Indeed were this universally the case, we should want one of the strongest arguments for a future state. But if the Divine dispensations are mysterious, we know that they are holy, just, and good. If clouds and darkness are round about the throne of God, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.

Dawson's wife had been visited with a lingering sickness, during the whole of which his affection had led him to procure for her the best advice; and to supply her with every comfort which might alleviate her sufferings. At length she recovered, and things began to look cheerily. But while he was blessing and praising God for her restoration other troubles came upon him. Poor Dawson fell dangerously ill himself, and became a partaker in the general distress with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit this country during this last year. The times grew more and more unfavourable. Dawson never murmured, never expressed or indulged a hard thought of the great Disposer of events; but, by a cheerful continuance in well doing, showed where all his trust and confidence were placed. The alteration in his little affairs appeared only in his resolute self-denial, and his voluntary privations, for he made every struggle to keep his head above water: he resisted every temptation to unnecessary expense; and because he did not repine, people never suspected he

was poor. It is the clamorous who draw attention.

But in this last autumn of 1816, things every where grew worse; till, with rapid strides, distress seemed to overtake the industrious as well as the idle; the sources of industry being dried up by the decline of trade, and the consequent failure of employment. Poor Dawson had that spirit of independence which every honest man feels, not from pride, but from a higher principle. Besides, he saw himself surrounded with the distresses of others, which his charity made him think heavier than his own, and which his humility made him think were less deserved. He did not apply for parochial relief, having observed that where men were eager in their applications of this nature on every slight grievance, the spirit sunk with the circumstances; and there was ever after little desire of struggling with difficulties, and of keeping clear from a dependence to which they had once been reduced. It is not that parish assistance really degrades the man, but it is a blessing on which he is too apt to repose, after having once broken the ice, and reconciled his mind to the habit of dependence, a habit which slackens industry and nourishes sloth.

He had another reason for abstaining in this temporary distress, — he knew that many of his neighbours were still worse off than himself. He was sick, indeed, but he had no children, most of them had several; and his conscience was so tender, that he feared what might be given to him would be taken from them.

Christmas, however, was just at hand; a quarter's rent was due; and he saw with grief, that, for the first time in his life, he should not be able to meet the demands of his landlord, who, to say the truth, was not much richer than himself. This made him consider it as a duty to apply for help, as soon as he should be sufficiently strong to go out. His well-furnished but small apartment began to be stripped, piece by piece, of his neat furniture. While he was conversing one evening with his wife on the approach of absolute want, she burst into tears, and said, "Oh, James, our creditable bed, which I had so much pleasure in buying with the money I saved in service, that I might have something to bring into the common little stock, that I fear must go next." He took her by the hand, saying, "I hope not, Sarah; but even if that should be our sad case, we shall be no worse off than our blessed Master was, who had not where to lay his head. Let us remember that He is our example for holiness, as well as our sacrifice for sin: be comforted. As we are not just now, through the decline of trade, allowed to labour for the meat that perisheth, let us labour more assiduously for that which endureth to eternal life."

"Our clock," said Mrs. Dawson, "is already gone," and she wept as she spoke. "True, my dear Sarah," replied her husband; "but if we are deprived of the pleasure of counting time, we are not debarred from the advantage of meditating on eternity, in which time will be soon swallowed up."

They then mournfully cast their eyes round the room, to see what they had more to part with. Sarah, whether by design or accident, I never could exactly learn, directed hers to a large handsome Bible, which Dawson had taken in every week in numbers during his apprenticeship, and got neatly bound as a present to his wife on their marriage. They cast on each other a look of anguish, but spoke not for some time. James hesitated not a moment between the bed and the Bible; but he trembled lest his wife should bring them into competition. At length, clearing up his voice, he said, "Sarah, when there is a storm at sea, and the ship is likely to go to the bottom, what is the practice of the sailors? They first throw overboard all the heavy lading, then their most precious commodities, all this as the sole chance of saving that which is of most value — their lives. Oh, Sarah! this book is the life of our souls, and we will keep it till the vessel sinks." Sarah said not a word, but shed tears, and looked very contrite.

Dawson went on; "I will put another case to you, my dear Sarah: Suppose for the present you were in distressed circumstances, but that your father had bequeathed you an estate, of which you would be sure to come into possession at no distant day. Suppose he had made over to you, by a great conveyancer, the certain enjoyment of this estate in a book which contained your title-deeds, as the only means by which your right to the estate could be made infallibly sure, of which no

human power could dispossess you, and which would secure to you the certain, though not the immediate, entrance on this estate, for what consideration would you sell this title-deed?" — "Oh, not for the wealth of the whole world!" exclaimed Sarah. "Forgive me, oh, my heavenly Father, that such a thought, for I cannot call it a wish, entered my mind."

"Sarah," said her husband, "I have always admired a certain renowned king of Sweden, who never would allow any thing handsome in his tent except his Bible, which was magnificent; and amidst wars and camps, in which his whole life was spent for the defence of his country, no day ever passed, not even though a battle was to take place, without his reading a portion of Scripture. This book, Sarah, has been the consolation of prisoners in dungeons, and martyrs at the stake, and shall it not support us under our inferior trials?" Here Dawson, starting up, said, "One of the worst effects of sickness and sorrow is — they are apt to make one selfish. Talking of our own concerns, I had quite forgot that I have not been to visit Mrs. Brown since breakfast. Let us go and see how she is." So saying, they went into the adjoining apartment.

In that apartment lodged Mrs. Brown, a widow gentlewoman, who had seen better days, but who had been gradually sinking into extreme poverty, from the failure of a tradesman to whom she had intrusted her small fortune. She had been compelled to give up a decent house of her own, for

this single room. At first she bore this change in her circumstances with extreme impatience. Solitude, sickness, and poverty, were indeed a severe trial to one always accustomed to ease and plenty. Her constant repining aggravated her sufferings; but the kind offices, and the pious conversation, of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, had afforded great support and comfort to her dejected mind. Since matters had been so bad with these poor neighbours, they had agreed to make one fire suffice for both apartments, though it was now the coldest season of the year, and it was settled that it should be lighted alternately in each other's room; Mrs. Dawson kindly undertaking the little cookery for them all. This worthy couple treated this afflicted woman with a delicacy which religion only could have taught them; for in her present destitute situation, they never forgot that she had been their superior.

Having provided her with what poor necessaries they had to spare, they returned to their own room, and sat down cheerfully to their scanty dinner of potatoes and water, but not till they had blessed God that they were not left quite destitute. While James was saying grace there was a loud knocking at the door, and immediately there entered, self-introduced, a couple of smart-looking dashing young men. They had overheard at the door the devout ejaculation of Dawson, and when they beheld the banquet over which it had been pronounced, they burst out into a brutal laugh. "Are these the delicacies for which you are so

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universal plenty, liberty, equality, and the rights of man. Dawson, I know you to be a man of sense, one of the first of the *thinking people.* You have a high character, and great influence over your neighbours in this populous district; and if, as I doubt not, you are a true patriot, you will readily join the cause of liberty, in which I have the honour to be one of the standard-bearers. Scores, I doubt not, will follow your example. Come, come, Dawson, I will pledge myself that you shan't be thankful for potatoes and water any more. You shall eat of the fat of the land, and may depend on a fair share in the division of property which is about to take place. No harm will happen; we shall only cross over, change hands, and figure in, — that's all: you will be whisked into affluence in a twinkling, without knowing or caring how you came by it. You are my friend, countryman, and fellow-citizen; moreover, you are a man of knowledge and reading, and may expect to rise to every thing if you will join us. I will take care to secure you a good birth." — "Sir," replied Dawson, "you are pleased to say, that I am a man of reading. I did in my youth read a stage play, which was taken from true history, where the orator, the man of the people, used just such obsequious complimentary language to the mob as you use to us. Friends, Romans, countrymen, was the slang employed to cajole the populace, whom the speaker despised, and laughed at in his sleeve. All this fulsome talk the mob swallowed just as a few of them do now, and were

weak enough to believe, that the man who was so kind and condescending, was opening the door to freedom and plenty, when they were the very blessings of which he was labouring to deprive them. To his canting speeches he added crocodile tears, all for the sake of his *dear Romans, countrymen, and fellow-citizens;* and to mock them the more completely, in return for the substantial benefits of which he was robbing them, he offered them a *walk in his pleasure-grounds:* just such a *take-in* as your offer of a bit of land, which will never be yours to give, and which, if it were, would be a miserable exchange for all we must part with." Here the Delegate, to show his learning, said, "'Tis not a case in point. Antony wanted to make the people slaves; we want to make our slaves free." Here Dawson's English blood was heated. "Sir," replied he, "'tis true the Roman people were slaves, but the patriot only wanted to make them change masters, not to set them free: Britons are free already, and you would make them slaves. No, sir, as the song says,

"'Britons never shall be slaves.'"

The orator was resolved not to lose his point, by losing his temper; and, therefore, began again to try the power of flattery over Dawson's mind; and repeated, that, by joining them, he might expect to rise to public notice. "Sir," replied Dawson, "when gentlemen speak kindly to the poor, it is soothing and comfortable; but when

they flatter them, and set them above themselves, and try to fill them with high conceits, so as to make them discontented with their lot in life, it is clear they have some design upon them, some bad end to answer. This should lead every prudent man to look about him, and say, How can these things be? Is there not a snake in the grass?"

The more he opposed, the more desirous were the strangers to gain him over. "Sir," said the Delegate, "I have a friendship for you; you speak well, though on the wrong side. To what advantage would your talents appear, were you to exert them in the cause of the people! You may advance your fortune. You can speak well. Join our meeting next week. I will hire a handsome coat for you for the day, as you seem a little out at elbows. Without flattery, when you are well dressed, I know few men who will make a better figure. The pawnbroker, at the three blue balls, is my friend, and often obliges me, for the sake of the cause, with the loan of a hat or a coat, without fee or reward, when I want to dress out a man of a good figure, like you, but to whom Fortune denies her favours."

"I know of no such power as Fortune," said Dawson. "I suppose you mean Divine Providence, the Author and Giver of every good gift."

"Stuff! stuff!" replied the stranger. That nonsense is done away now. We all believe and act as seemeth good in our own eyes. Can you really believe, that if there were such a being as him on whom you profess to depend, he would

suffer such a worthy man as you to want bread? You have been led by priestcraft long enough. Men's eyes are now opened. Paine, Cobbett, and Spence, and those other great enlighteners of the human mind, whose writings I shall leave with you (taking a fresh bundle out of his pocket), have clearly exposed the folly of the old school and the old book there (pointing to the Bible), which have kept so many noble minds in the trammels of superstition for ages." Here Sarah, who had never spoken a word, quietly took up the Bible, pressed it to her heart, and dropt on it a silent tear of love and reverence.

"Sir," said Dawson, "I shall carefully avoid entering on any religious disputes with you, because I should despair of opening your eyes; but I will this night earnestly pray God to convince you of your sin and danger. Though I can bear any ill language offered to myself, I cannot brook an insult on my Maker and my Redeemer; I cannot listen to profaneness towards my God, with the same temper that I can encounter reproach and ridicule on myself; and, as we are not likely to convince each other, we will, if you please, drop the conversation."

"Oh!" returned the Delegate, "you are afraid, you begin to feel the weakness of your own cause, and the strength of mine." — "No, sir," said Dawson, "I feel the strength of my cause does not stand in need of so weak an advocate as myself. Besides, you know who has commanded us not to throw *pearls before swine*." — "Now it is

out," said the other; "you mean that turn-coat patriot, who called the people *the swinish multitude*." Dawson, quite shocked at his ignorance, answered, "No, sir: the words were uttered by the Redeemer of the world; and he applied them not to the populace, of whom his followers chiefly consisted, and for whom he had the utmost tenderness, but to the profane, the scoffer, and the infidel. Unbelief, sir, is the mother of pride, and disobedience and rebellion the offspring."

"Well, well," said the Delegate, "we won't quarrel about trifles. These are matters of inferior consideration. You may believe in your own way, provided you will act in ours. Will you, or will you not, bring a posse of your friends to our meeting next Monday? Let me know which of the gentlemen want coats or hats, and I will take care they shall be well fitted."

"Sir," replied Dawson, "I will cut the matter short. He who is devoted to his God, will be faithful to his king. Did you never observe?—you *must* have observed, had you ever looked into the Bible, how beautifully the religious, the loyal, and the social duties are entwined as it were one within another, so that you cannot tear them apart without violence. 'Fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the king.' Here is a summary of the duties of a Christian citizen. No one will keep either of these commands in perfection who does not keep all."

"All this," cried the orator, "was very well once in the days of ignorance and error. But it

is all done away now; the lower classes think and read, and their understandings are opened." — "No, sir," replied Dawson, "all this is not done away, nor will it be done away while a gracious and long-suffering God, notwithstanding all our sins and provocations, is pleased to continue to us that Sabbath which he at first mercifully instituted. It will not be done away while we have ten or fifteen thousand public instructors, who, I trust, will labour on that Sabbath to counteract all the mischiefs which your party are propagating throughout the week. Working men do, as you observe, read, and though a few of them are drawn in, to read those pernicious tracts and papers which your gentry are cramming down their throats; yet, by the blessing of God on the national and other institutions for general education, and on those excellent societies which place the Bible within every one's reach, I agree with you, that the general understanding *is* improving, and that our beloved King's pious wish will, I hope, soon be fulfilled, that every man in England may be able to read his Bible."

Delegate. Oh, oh! You are one of the saints, I find.

Dawson. No, sir; I am one of the sinners; for I am a human creature, of course corrupt. But I do not, I trust, willingly commit any known sin; now *rebellion is* a known sin.

"Well, Dawson," said the orator, "I have done with you. I was mistaken in your character. You are a low-minded fellow, in love with igno-

rance, hugging your chains, and deserving of the poverty, from which you will not assist to extricate yourself and your country. You will soon sing another note. Your potatoes cannot last for ever." — Sir," replied Dawson, " they are already exhausted. You see there the end of our stock. But I remember an old saying of a good writer, which is not the less true for being quaintly expressed, — that *man's extremity is God's opportunity.* He who feeds the ravens will not suffer us to perish for want: but though he slay me, I will trust in him."

" Well," said the orator, " if you prefer beggary to affluence, obscurity to fame, and no bread at all to a quartern loaf for three-pence, we must leave you to perish on your own dunghill. I would have restored your health, and made your fortune, — that's all." — " Sir," replied Dawson, " I once read, in the Spectator, I think, of a gentleman who had been long ill, and despaired of his own recovery: one of those quacks, with which that age abounded, who professed the magic art, offered the patient to make a perfect cure of him, if he would put himself into his hands. ' Sir,' replied the gentleman, ' I had rather suffer by the hand of God than be cured by the hand of the devil:' — I leave you to make the application."

" You have one comfort, however," said the stranger, " though your food fails, your beverage is likely to hold out. If the rain continues as it has done the last ten months you won't want drink." — " Sir," said Dawson, " the bad weather,

like our other trials, is of God's sending. The use you have made of these dispensations of Providence, by ascribing them to causes not only absurd but impossible, has been one of your grand instruments for unsettling the faith and disturbing the peace of weak minds, and will sooner or later bring down its punishment on the head of the inventors." — "You are an incorrigible fellow," said the Delegate, "and so we will leave you to the enjoyment of your *luxuries;* and be sure don't forget to say grace after *meat*," laying a strong emphasis on the word *meat*. With this cruel scoff he went away, just staying, however, to hear Dawson say, — "That I shall not forget to do, though nothing but the water was left me."

During this long altercation the potatoes had ceased to smoke. This was the day for the fire to be in Mrs. Brown's room, and while Sarah warmed them, Dawson related to the poor lady all that had passed.

About an hour after the strangers had taken leave, another knocking at the door was heard. On opening it, what was his joy to see his own excellent minister. This good man had missed Dawson at church the last two or three Sundays. On any absence of this sort it was his custom to call and enquire the cause; but he had now an additional reason. He was accompanied by another of those benevolent gentlemen, who are giving not only their money, but what is to them of far more value, their time, in searching into the distresses of the Spital-fields' weavers, and, like

their good angels, were every where to be seen exploring and relieving misery.

It happened, as I said before, to be Dawson's day to have no fire. The gentleman cast an eye on the empty grate and sighed, but spoke not. As for Dawson, the joy of seeing his reverend friend filled his whole mind. The gentleman said, "We feared you were in distress, and are come to assist you." — "Oh! thank you, sir," said Dawson; "I am indeed distressed, but the greatest distress is in the next room. I was not bred to great things, and of course do not feel so keenly the pressure of want as those who are fallen from affluence; as is the unhappy case of this lady. Mr. G——, in Threadneedle Street, in whose hands her fortune was placed, is become a bankrupt. If you please I will introduce you to her." So saying, he opened the door. They were affected at the shabby gentility which the room displayed. They addressed her in the most kind and soothing language. Mrs. Brown, who had been used to talk of nothing but her pains and her wants, so that she had driven from her bedside her few friends, now uttered no complaints, but spent what little strength she had in praising her God, and expressing her gratitude to Mr. Dawson. "His wife," said she, "made her last bit of tea for me this morning, but would not touch a drop herself. To this good man I owe, under God, not only my patience under the sufferings of this life, but my hope of happiness in a better. His uniform example, his submission under the severest trials,

have been to me a living sermon! He has proved to me that religon is a REALITY. When I was in prosperity, sir, I did not think of these things. I sometimes went to church, and then I thought all was done; but the world had fast hold of my heart. Mr. Dawson reads the Bible to me every morning, and then shows me by his conduct through the day, that he believes in it, that he acts upon it, that it has made him wise unto salvation." Poor Dawson could not stand this, but had slunk into his own room.

The gentlemen then gave her a liberal present, which she desired might be given into the hands of Dawson, who she knew would lay it out to the best advantage. They then went into Dawson's room after she had told them of his extreme distress. He had been contriving to make a little blaze in the chimney, by a few sticks he had hoarded, and the gentlemen sat down. "Mr. Dawson," said the unknown gentleman, "you must allow me to reprove you for not letting us know how much you were distressed. We should have paid immediate attention to any afflicted fellow-creature, but a man of your character we certainly should not have neglected."

"I humbly thank you, sir," said Dawson: "feeling myself now able to walk, I did propose to wait on the Rev. Mr. —— to-morrow; but for near three weeks I have not been able to stir for the rheumatism." — "And have you been suffering so long," said the lay-gentleman, "without know-

ing what we have been doing?" — "I know nothing, sir," replied he, "but that I heard the gentlemen talked of raising a subscription to relieve the most distressed." — "*Talked,*" said the gentleman, "why it is *done:* we have gone from house to house among the rich to raise money, and among the poor to distribute it. We have collected a large sum, and divided the neighbourhood into districts, which different gentlemen superintend. We attribute the general patience and subordination of our people to the religious instruction which so many of them attend." — Dawson broke out in thanks to God, and to his benefactors, that so many of his fellow-creatures had been so mercifully relieved. The gentleman, with that humility which ever accompanies true piety, disclaimed the praise so justly his due, by saying, that the distressed had found friends and benefactors in every part of the kingdom. After leaving a small present relief they departed.

This was a day of events. After sitting a quarter of an hour with Mrs. Brown, they were summoned back to their own room by a slight noise. A lad was placing on the table a large dish with a cover, and, before they had time to ask any questions, he stepped to the door and brought in a pot of porter; then uncovered the dish, which contained a large smoking beef-steak. All this, which seemed to come by magic, really came from the cook's shop next door, sent by the two gentlemen. Speechless, they carried all into Mrs. Brown's chamber.

Reader! if a heart of flesh makes a part of thy anatomy; if impiety and jacobinism have not turned that heart to stone, thou wouldst have had its best feelings excited, hadst thou beheld this plentiful supper, cheerfully devoured by this little grateful party. Still more, if that heart of thine is alive to the overflowing thankfulness of pious Christians, for unexpected mercies, would that heart have rejoiced to unite in their devotions before they retired to rest. It would have touched thy inmost soul to hear Dawson read the 103d Psalm. He then read the 145th; but when he came to those two verses, "the Lord upholdeth all such as fall, and lifteth up all those that are down," — and again, "the Lord will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, he also will hear their cry, and will help them," — his voice faltered, and he could scarcely articulate. He then prayed that "the hearts of the disobedient might be turned to the wisdom of the just." But did he call down fire from heaven on those "unreasonable and wicked men," when he prayed that their evil designs might be frustrated? No; he kept his promise, in imploring God to change the hearts of the Delegate and his friend, that they might not be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, but that they might repent, before repentance was too late. He concluded with a fervent petition for his country, for the church and the state, and prayed that no weapon formed against them might prosper; — *a petition which, at this critical time, the writer of this little history humbly recommends to all the readers of it.*

Next morning they found on their table a little provision of tea and sugar, and soon after arrived a supply of coals. A few days afterwards one of the gentlemen called again; he then told them he had taken down the name of the person in whose hands Mrs. Brown's money was when he failed. He had waited on the assignees, and had the satisfaction to learn that, though the pressure of the times had produced a temporary distress, yet Mr. G—— had satisfied his creditors that he should immediately pay fifteen shillings in the pound, and, probably, before the year was out, the whole demand. Of course, Mrs. Brown's dividend would be forthcoming. "Then," exclaimed she, "Mr. Dawson, your quarter's rent, that sits so heavy at your heart, shall be discharged the first thing. No thanks, I insist; for may you not say to me, as St. Paul did to Philemon, 'Thou owest unto me even thine own self?'" The gentleman then informed them, that he had engaged a warehouse to employ Sarah in plain work, and assured Dawson that he should have regular assistance till his health was restored. He even gave him hope that trade would soon revive, and that he would not be long without employment. Dawson, with tears of gratitude, could only repeat his favourite adage, that MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE

VALLEY OF TEARS;

OR,

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

A VISION.

ONCE upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name, not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly meet with in their journey through it, but also because most of these travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast valley was full of people of all colours, ages, sizes, and descriptions: but whether white, or black, or tawney, all were travelling the same road, or rather they were taking different little paths which all led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet all resembled each

other in this one respect, that each had a burthen on his back, which he was destined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive, by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compassion for these poor pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief: —

In their full view over the entrance of the valley, there were written, in great letters of gold, the following words: —

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

Now I saw in my vision that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription; and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. They uniformly desired to avail themselves of the assistance which by this injunction others were bound to offer them, but seldom considered that the obligation was mutual, and that reciprocal wants and reciprocal services formed the strong cord in the bond of charity. In short, I saw that too many of those people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a

thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly show the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of this Valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the benefit of helping each other, was as mutual as the obligation. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came by-and-bye, and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance; for so the Lord of the Valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor way-faring people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket-porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier, and some were lighter; but, from a burthen of one kind or other, not one traveller was entirely free. There might be some difference in the degree, and some distinction in the nature, but exemption there was none.

THE WIDOW.

A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burthen of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, moved heavily on, and would have been bowed

down by her heavy load, had not her surviving children with great alacrity stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness, after a while, so much lightened the load which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness, and more than repaid their help, by applying the strength she derived from it to their future assistance.

THE HUSBAND.

I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burthen so heavy, that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles: there were poverty, oppression, sickness, debt, and, what made by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. It was not the smallest part of the benefit, that she was anxious to conceal it. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him, that "through much tribulation we must enter into rest;" that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she so supported his fainting spirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was set before him."

THE KIND NEIGHBOUR.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen, in which were packed sickness and want, with numberless other of those raw materials, out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself, who, though she had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow-traveller who was still more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the traveller, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him seemed to lighten the load. — But to return to this kind neighbour. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were torn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read her a few words out of this book, such as the following: — "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of

heaven." — "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." — "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." — "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." These quickened the pace, and sustained the spirits of the blind traveller: and the kind neighbour, by thus directing the attention of the poor sufferer to the blessings of a better world, helped to enable her to sustain the afflictions of this, more effectually than if she had had gold and silver to bestow on her.

THE CLERGYMAN.

A pious minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unably to bear, was suddenly relieved by a charitable widow, who came up and took all the sick and hungry on her own shoulders as her part of the load. The burthen of the parish thus divided became tolerable. The minister, being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how those two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish; though singly, either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, more of this acting in concert, by

which all the burthens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than *the law of kindness.*

THE NEGROES.

I now spied a swarm of poor black men, women, and children, a multitude which no man could number: these groaned, and toiled, and sweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet seen. But for a while no man helped them: at length a few white travellers were touched with the sorrowful sighing of those millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens. One heroic genius gave an impulse to the whole. He first conceived the project of their deliverance; he guided the counsels, directed the movements, sustained the opposition, and stood in the fore front of this hard-fought battle. He and his friends never lost sight of those poor heavy-laden wretches: though often repulsed, they returned again to the charge; though discomfited, they renewed the effort, and some even pledged themselves to an annual attempt till the project was accomplished; and as the number of these generous helpers increased every year, I felt a comfortable hope that before all the blacks got out of the valley, the whites would fairly divide the burthen, and the loads would be effectually lightened. At length the triumph was complete, and this darkest stain on the British character wiped out.

Among the travellers I had occasion to remark

that those who most kicked and struggled unde their burthens only made them so much the heavier, for their shoulders became extremely galled by those vain and ineffectual struggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers, for so the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed; but as to these grumblers, they had all the smart, and none of the benefit; they had the present suffering, without the future reward. But the thing which made all these burthens seem so very heavy was, that in every one, without exception, there was a certain *inner packet*, which most of the travellers took pains to conceal, and kept carefully wrapped up; and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few said a word about this; though, in truth, it was the pressing weight of this *secret packet* which served to render the general burthen so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it. I found in each that this packet had the same label: the word SIN was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing; but I was surprised to see that they did not try to get rid of the load, but the label. If any kind friend who assisted these people in bearing their burthens, did but so much as hint at the *secret packet*, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their portmanteau; and it was those whose *secret*

packet swelled to the most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any.

I saw with pleasure that some who had long laboured and prayed heartily to get rid of this *inward packet*, at length found it much diminished; and that the more this packet shrunk in size, the lighter the other parts of their burthens gradually became.

And now there appeared suddenly, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, burthens of a new and unexpected nature. While these poor travellers were beginning to pluck up their spirits, and to be thankful for the close of a long war, which had unavoidably increased their load, the old burdens were suddenly enlarged, and innumerable fresh ones appeared. It made one's very heart ache to see so many travellers, lately so light-hearted, who, though they *had* burthens, scarcely felt them, now sinking almost prostrate; poverty, in all its forms, now bowing down to the earth, not only the sick, and the idle, and the depraved, but the industrious, the young, and the healthy. But was there no helping hand left, no compassionate friend to be found? or did the prosperous, like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side? No; the good Samaritan himself, He who is touched with the feeling of our infirmity, He who in all our afflictions is himself afflicted, moved the hearts of the affluent in favour of their more heavy-laden brethren. But though God is always better to us than our fears, it most unfortunately happened that the kind helpers themselves were

more heavily burthened than they had ever been before. You would have thought that so many suffered, there would be none to assist: but this was not the case.

There was now nothing but bustle in the Valley. All were touched as with one common feeling. If there was much misery, there was much mercy also. Oh! it was a sight to melt the hardest heart to see one common sentiment of brotherhood and Christian charity influence all the superior inhabitants of the Valley. All was activity. Here you might see princes, and nobles, and merchants, in a country "whose merchants are princes," all contriving to make those burthens supportable which they could not wholly remove. There you might see individuals pressing to cheer individuals, societies to relieve societies, beautiful ladies putting their hands to lighten the load of mothers, and even children helping children. I saw that all this kindness gave consolation to every feeling and grateful heart, and Hope once more shed a ray of peace through the Valley.

But, alas! a dark cloud now began to spread over the whole Valley, and to overcast the brightening prospect. It was not of God's sending; for though nothing happens without his permission, many things happen to oppose his will. The real burthens of these poor travellers were now grievously aggravated by imaginary ones. Artful men were upon the watch how they could turn the actual sufferings of the travellers to their own account. They contrived a method by which the

load on their backs might be swelled out to any size, by a material of no weight in itself, but which, by cunning heads practising on weak ones, might be made to feel as if it were a heavier weight than all their real hardships.

Their old tumours then were swelled out, and new ones raised by certain papers and little books, which had the power over many silly travellers to infuse into them more pain and repining than all their solid sufferings. These papers purported that the present visitations of the Valley were not sent by God, but were the invention of their rulers. They told them that the sure way to get rid of all their burthens was to get rid of their governors, both in heaven and earth; that every one of these poor men ought to be his own providence, his own law-giver; in short, that misrule and confusion (which they took care to call by other names) would make them all free, rich, and happy at once.

Now these hollow-hearted men had every one of them a very large *secret packet*, which they took special care to conceal by covering them with a large and very thick cloak. They thronged about some of the more ignorant and heavy-laden, with the most fawning expressions of affection, and the most deceitful promises of certain help; nay, they were so absurd that they promised to take off their whole burthens which their ancestors had carried from the days of Adam. They then thrust a list of their imaginary troubles into their bundles. The poor dupes received them gladly; but what

is very remarkable, the less there was in them the heavier they were made to appear. The more extravagant the delusion, the more easily it was swallowed; and it was curious to see poor fellows poking with eagerness the list of fancied sorrows into bags that really seemed before full of real ones. They who would not believe that a better season would bring more bread, were made to believe that it was in the power of the promiser, by some hocus-pocus art, to produce it at once; they were brought to believe that men, who had no riches of their own, could cause a shower of gold to fall on the heads of the poor, and that with a *hey-presto-pass* every thing could be made to change hands in an hour.

I remarked, however, with pleasure, that the number of the deluded was comparatively small; that it consisted chiefly of raw youths who were caught by novelty, and of idle men who were fond of a mob and an ale-house.

But it rejoiced me to see that the *generality* even of the heavy-laden did not lose their understanding with their prosperity; that whatever they had lost, they had preserved their English character, their good principles, and good sense. So the small party stuck by the TALKERS and the PROMISERS for a little time, and the great majority by the DOERS and the GIVERS.

Then methought, all at once, I heard as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out, and saying to the overburthened travellers, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will

give you rest." — "Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee." Then the angel seemed to address himself in a tone of encouragement to the liberal *helpers* of those who were oppressed with their load, — "Inasmuch as you do it to one of the least of these, you do it unto me." This cheering approbation seemed to add to the bounty, as well as to purify the principles, and elevate the motives of the benefactors.

The heavenly voice then seemed to address itself to all the travellers of every rank and description. "Ye afflicted pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which you, in common with every child of mortality, are doomed to bear through this Valley of Tears? Know ye not, that as soon as you have escaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen shall at once drop off? But though I speak to *all*, this shall only be the case of those who by watching and prayer have, by the aid of Divine grace, subdued the *secret packet, the burthen of sin;* who have looked to a better righteousness than their own for eternal salvation. Study then the word, and obey the will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from his own teaching how your heaviest burthens may now be lessened, and how they shall soon be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and Hope can cheer you, not only through this Valley, but through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. The passage, though it seems long to weary travellers, is comparatively short, for there is beyond it a Land of everlasting rest, where 'ye shall hunger no more,

neither thirst any more, where ye shall stray in green pastures, where ye shall be led by living waters,' and 'God himself shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.'"

THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

MR. BRAGWELL.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS.

PART I.

The Visit.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy happened to meet last year at Weyhill-fair. They were glad to see each other, as they had but seldom met of late; Mr. Bragwell having removed some years before from Mr. Worthy's neighbourhood, to a distant village, where he had bought an estate.

Mr. Bragwell was a substantial farmer and grazier. He had risen in the world by what worldly men call a run of good fortune. He had also been a man of great industry; that is, he had paid a diligent and constant attention to his own interest. He understood business, and had a knack of turning almost every thing to his own advantage. He had that sort of sense which good men call cunning, and knaves call wisdom. He was too prudent ever to do any thing so wrong that the law could take hold of him; yet he was not over scrupulous about the morality of an action, when the prospect of enriching himself by it was very

success than himself as no better than fools, yet he did not extend this opinion to Mr. Worthy, whom he looked upon not only as a good but a wise man. They had been bred up when children in the same house; but with this difference, that Worthy was the nephew of the master, and Bragwell the son of the servant.

Bragwell's father had been ploughman in the family of Mr. Worthy's uncle, a sensible man, who farmed a small estate of his own, and who, having no children, bred up young Worthy as his son, instructed him in the business of husbandry, and at his death left him his estate. The father of Worthy was a pious clergyman, who lived with his brother the farmer, in order to help out a narrow income. He had bestowed much pains on the instruction of his son. While he took care that he should be made an excellent farmer, he filled up his leisure hours in improving his mind; so that young Worthy had read more good books, and understood them better, than most men in his station. His reading, however, had been chiefly confined to husbandry and divinity, the two subjects which were of the most immediate importance to him.

The reader will see by this time that Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy were likely to be as opposite to each other as two men could well be, who were nearly of the same age and condition, and who were neither of them without credit in their little world. Bragwell, indeed, made far the greater figure; for he liked to *cut a dash*, as he called it. It was his delight to make the ancient gentry of

the neighbourhood stare, at seeing a grazier vie with them in show, and exceed them in expense. And while it was the study of Worthy to conform to his station, and to set a good example to those about him, it was the delight of Bragwell to eclipse, in his way of life, men of larger fortune. He did not see how much this vanity raised the envy of his inferiors, the ill-will of his equals, and the contempt of his betters.

His wife was a notable stirring woman, but vain, violent, and ambitious; very ignorant, and very high-minded. She had married Bragwell before he was worth a shilling, and as she had brought him a good deal of money, she thought herself the grand cause of his rising in the world; and thence took occasion to govern him most completely. Whenever he ventured to oppose her, she took care to put him in mind that he owed every thing to her; that had it not been for her he might still have been stumping after a plough-tail, or serving hogs in old Worthy's farm-yard; but that it was she who had made a gentleman of him. In order to set about making him a gentleman, she had begun by teazing him till he had turned away all his poor relations who worked in the farm: she next drew him off from keeping company with his old acquaintance; and at last persuaded him to remove from the place where he had got his money. Poor woman! she had not sense and virtue enough to see how honourable it is for a man to raise himself in the world by fair means, and then to help forward his poor relations and friends; engaging

their services by his kindness, and endeavouring to turn his own advancement in life to the best account, that of making it the instrument of assisting those who had a natural claim to his protection.

Mrs. Bragwell was an excellent mistress, according to her own notions of excellence; for no one could say that she ever lost an opportunity of scolding a servant, or was ever guilty of the weakness of overlooking a fault. Towards her two daughters her behaviour was far otherwise. In them she could see nothing but perfections; but her extravagant fondness for these girls was full as much owing to pride as to affection. She was bent on making a family; and having found out that she was too ignorant, and too much trained to the habits of getting money, ever to hope to make a figure herself, she looked to her daughters as the persons who were to raise the family of the Bragwells; and in this hope she foolishly submitted to any drudgery for their sakes, and bore every kind of impertinence from them.

The first wish of her heart was to set them above their neighbours; for she used to say, what was the use of having substance, if her daughters might not carry themselves above girls who had nothing? To do her justice, she herself would be about early and late to see that the business of the house was not neglected. She had been bred to great industry, and continued to work when it was no longer necessary, both from early habit, and the desire of heaping up money for her daughters. Yet

her whole notion of gentility was, that it consisted in being rich and idle; and though she was willing to be a drudge herself, she resolved to make her daughters gentlewomen on this principle. To be well dressed, to eat elegantly, and to do nothing, or nothing which is of any use, was what she fancied distinguished people in genteel life. And this is too common a notion of a fine education among a certain class; they do not esteem things by their use but by their show. They estimate the value of their children's education by the money it costs, and not by the knowledge and goodness it bestows. People of this stamp often take a pride in the expense of learning, instead of taking pleasure in the advantages of it. And the silly vanity of letting others see that they can afford any thing, often sets parents on letting their daughters learn not only things of no use, but things which may be really hurtful in their situation; either by setting them above their proper duties, or by taking up their time in a way inconsistent with them.

Mrs. Bragwell sent her daughters to a boarding-school, where she instructed them to hold up their heads as high as any body; to have more spirit than *to be put upon* by any one; never to be pitiful about money, but rather to show that they could afford to spend with the best; to keep company with the richest and most fashionable girls in the school, and to make no acquaintance with farmers' daughters.

They came home at the usual age of leaving school, with a large portion of vanity grafted on

their native ignorance. The vanity was added, but the ignorance was not taken away. Of religion they could not possibly learn any thing, since none was taught; for at that seminary Christianity was considered as a part of education which belonged only to charity-schools. They went to church, indeed, once on a Sunday; yet effectually to counteract any benefit such an attendance might produce, it was the rule of the school that they should use only French prayer-books; of course, such superficial scholars as Miss Bragwells would always be literally praying in an unknown tongue; while girls of better capacity and more industry, would infallibly be picking out the nominative case, the verb, and participle of a foreign language, in the solemn act of kneeling before the Father of Spirits, "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins." During the remainder of the Sunday, they learnt their worldly tasks, all except actual needle-work, which omission alone marked the distinction of Sunday from other days; and the governess being a French Roman Catholic, it became a doubtful point with some people, whether her zeal or her negligence in the article of religion would be most to the advantage of her pupils. Of knowledge the Miss Bragwells had got just enough to laugh at their fond parents' rustic manners and vulgar language, and just enough taste to despise and ridicule every girl who was not as vainly dressed as themselves.

The mother had been comforting herself for the heavy expense of their bringing up, by looking

forward to the pleasure of seeing them become fine ladies, and the pride of marrying them above their station; and to this hope she constantly referred in all her conversations with them; assuring them that all her happiness depended on their future elevation.

Their father hoped, with far more judgment, that they would be a comfort to him both in sickness and in health. He had had no learning himself, and could write but poorly, and owed what skill he had in figures to his natural turn for business. He reasonably hoped that his daughters, after all the money he had spent on them, would now write his letters and keep his accounts. And as he was now and then laid up with a fit of the gout, he was enjoying the prospect of having two affectionate children to nurse him, as well as two skilful assistants to relieve him.

When they came home, however, he had the mortification to find that though he had two smart showy ladies to visit him, he had neither dutiful daughters to nurse him, nor faithful stewards to keep his books, nor prudent children to manage his house. They neither soothed him by their kindness when he was sick, nor helped him by their industry when he was busy. They thought the maid might take care of him in the gout as she did before; for they fancied that nursing was a coarse and servile employment: and as to their skill in cyphering, he soon found, to his cost, that though they knew how to *spend* both pounds, shillings, and pence, yet they did not know so well

how to cast them up. Indeed, it is to be regretted that women in general, especially in the middle class, are so little grounded in so indispensable, solid, and valuable an acquirement as arithmetic.

Mrs. Bragwell being one day very busy in preparing a great dinner for the neighbours, ventured to request her daughters to assist in making the pastry. They asked her, with a scornful smile, whether she had sent them to boarding-school to learn to cook; and added, that they supposed she would expect them next to make hasty-puddings for the haymakers. So saying they coolly marched off to their music. When the mother found her girls were too polite to be of any use, she would take comfort in observing how her parlour was set out with their filigree and flowers, their embroidery and cut paper. They spent the morning in bed, the noon in dressing, the evening at the harpsichord, and the night in reading novels.

With all these fine qualifications, it is easy to suppose, that as they despised their sober duties, they no less despised their plain neighbours. When they could not get to a horse-race, a petty ball, or a strolling play, with some company as idle and as smart as themselves, they were driven for amusement to the circulating library. Jack, the plough-boy, on whom they had now put a livery jacket, was employed half his time in trotting backwards and forwards with the most wretched trash the little neighbouring book-shop could furnish. The choice was often left to Jack, who could not read, but who had general orders

to bring all the new story-books, and a great many of them.

It was a misfortune, that at the school at which they had been bred, and at some others, there was no system of education which had any immediate reference to the station of life to which the girls chiefly belonged. As persons in the middle line, for want of that acquaintance with books, and with life and manners, which the great possess, do not always see the connection between remote consequences and their causes, the evils of a corrupt and inappropriate system of education do not strike *them* so forcibly; and provided *they can pay for it*, which is made the grand criterion between the fit and the unfit, they are too little disposed to consider the value, or rather the worthlessness, of the thing which is paid for; but literally go on to *give their money for that which is not bread.*

Their subsequent course of reading serves to establish all the errors of their education. Instead of such books as might help to confirm and strengthen them in all the virtues of their station; in humility, economy, meekness, contentment, self-denial, and industry; the studies now adopted are, by a graft on the old stock, made to grow on the habits acquired at school. Of those novels and plays which are so eagerly devoured by persons of this description, there is, perhaps, scarce one which is not founded upon principles which would lead young women of the middle ranks to be discontented with their station. It is *rank*, — it is *elegance*, — it is *beauty*, — it is *sentimental feelings*,

— it is *sensibility*, — it is some heedless, or some superficial, or some other quality hurtful, even in that fashionable person to whom the author ascribes it, which is the ruling principle. This quality transferred into the heart and the conduct of an illiterate woman in an inferior station becomes impropriety, becomes absurdity, becomes sinfulness.

Things were in this state in the family we are describing, or rather growing worse (for idleness and vanity are never at a stand), when these two wealthy farmers, Bragwell and Worthy, met at Weyhill-fair, as was said before. After many hearty salutations had passed between them, it was agreed that Mr. Bragwell should spend the next day with his old friend, whose house was not many miles distant. Bragwell invited himself in the following manner: "We have not had a comfortable day's chat for years," said he; "and as I am to look at a drove of lean beasts in your neighbourhood, I will take a bed at your house, and we will pass the evening in debating as we used to do. You know I always loved a bit of an argument, and am reckoned not to make the worst figure at our club: I had not, to be sure, such good learning as you had, because your father was a parson, and you got it for nothing; but I can bear my part pretty well for all that. When any man talks to me about his learning, I ask if it has helped him to get a good estate; if he says, No, then I would not give him a rush for it; for of what use is all the learning in the world,

if it does not make a man rich? But, as I was saying, I will come and see you to-morrow; but now don't let your wife put herself into a fuss for me: don't alter your own plain way; for I am not proud, I assure you, nor above my old friends; though, I thank GOD, I am pretty well in the world."

To all this flourishing speech Mr. Worthy coolly answered, that, certainly, worldly prosperity ought never to make any man proud, since it is GOD who giveth strength to get riches, and without his blessing, *'tis in vain to rise up early, and to eat the bread of carefulness.*

About the middle of the next day Mr. Bragwell reached Mr. Worthy's neat and pleasant dwelling. He found every thing in it the reverse of his own. It had not so many ornaments, but it had more comforts. And when he saw his friend's good old-fashioned arm-chair in a warm corner, he gave a sigh to think how his own had been banished to make room for his daughter's piano-forte. Instead of made flowers in glass-cases, and tea-chests, and screens too fine to be used, which he saw at home, and about which he was cautioned, and scolded as often as he came near them, his daughters watching his motions with the same anxiety as they would have watched the motions of a cat in a china-shop; instead of this, I say, he saw some neat shelves of good books for the service of the family, and a small medicine-chest for the benefit of the poor.

Mrs. Worthy and her daughters had prepared

a plain but neat and good dinner. The tarts were so excellent, that Bragwell felt a secret kind of regret that his own daughters were too genteel to do any thing so very useful. Indeed he had been always unwilling to believe that any thing which was very proper and very necessary, could be so extremely vulgar and unbecoming as his daughters were always declaring it to be. And his late experience of the little comfort he found at home, inclined him now still more strongly to suspect that things were not so right there as he had been made to suppose. But it was in vain to speak; for his daughters constantly stopped his mouth by a favourite saying of theirs, which equally indicated affectation and vulgarity, that it was better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Soon after dinner the women went out to their several employments, and Mr. Worthy being left alone with his guest, the following discourse took place.

Bragwell. You have a couple of sober pretty looking girls, Worthy; but I wonder they don't tiff off a little more. Why, my girls have as much fat and flour on their heads as would half maintain my reapers in suet pudding.

Worthy. Mr. Bragwell, in the management of my family, I don't consider what I might afford only, though that is one great point; but I consider, also, what is needful and becoming in a man of my station; for there are so many useful ways of laying out money, that I feel as if it were a sin to spend one unnecessary shilling. Having had the

blessing of a good education myself, I have been able to give the like advantage to my daughters. One of the best lessons I have taught them is, to know themselves; and one proof that they have learnt this lesson is, that they are not above any of the duties of their station. They read and write well, and when my eyes are bad, they keep my accounts in a very pretty manner. If I had put them to learn what you call *genteel things*, these might either have been of no use to them, and so both time and money might have been thrown away; or they might have proved worse than nothing to them by leading them into wrong notions, and wrong company. Though we do not wish them to do the laborious parts of the dairy work, yet they always assist their mother in the management of it. As to their appearance, they are every day nearly as you see them now; and on Sundays they are very neatly dressed, but it is always in a decent and modest way. There are no lappets, fringes, furbelows, and tawdry ornaments; no trains, turbans, and flounces, fluttering about among my cheese and butter. And I should feel no vanity, but much mortification, if a stranger, seeing Farmer Worthy's daughters at church, should ask who those fine ladies were.

Bragwell. Now I own I should like to have such a question asked concerning my daughters. I like to make people stare and envy. It makes one feel one's self somebody. I never enjoy the pleasure of having handsome things so much as when I see they raise curiosity: and I consider

the envy of others as a fresh evidence of my own prosperity. But as to yourself, to be sure, you best know what you can afford: and indeed there is some difference between your daughters and the Miss Bragwells.

Worthy. For my part, before I engage in any expense, I always ask myself these two short questions; First, Can I afford it? — Secondly, Is it proper for me?

Bragwell. Do you so? Now I own I ask myself but one: for if I find I can afford it, I take care to make it proper for me. If I can pay for a thing, no one has a right to hinder me from having it.

Worthy. Certainly. But a man's own prudence, his love of propriety and sense of duty, ought to prevent him from doing an improper thing, as effectually as if there were somebody to hinder him.

Bragwell. Now I think a man is a fool who is hindered from having any thing he has a mind to; unless, indeed, he is in want of money to pay for it. I am no friend to debt. A poor man must want on.

Worthy. But I hope my children have learnt not to want any thing which is not proper for them. They are very industrious; they attend to business all day, and in the evening they sit down to their work and a good book. I take care that neither their reading nor conversation shall excite any desires or tastes unsuitable to their condition. They have little vanity, because the kind of knowledge they have is of too sober a sort to raise ad-

miration; and from that vanity which attends a little smattering of frivolous accomplishments I have secured them, by keeping them in total ignorance of all such. I think they live in the fear of GOD. I trust they are humble and pious, and I am sure they seem cheerful and happy. If I am sick, it is pleasant to see them dispute which shall wait upon me; for they say the maid cannot do it so tenderly as themselves. ——

This part of the discourse staggered Bragwell. An involuntary tear rushed into his eye. Vain as he was, he could not help feeling what a difference a religious and a worldly education made on the heart, and how much the former regulated even the natural temper. Another thing which surprised him was, that these girls, living a life of domestic piety, without any public diversions, should be so very cheerful and happy; while his own daughters, who were never contradicted, and were indulged with continual amusements, were always sullen and ill-tempered. That they who were more humoured should be less grateful, and they who were more amused less happy, disturbed him much. He envied Worthy the tenderness of his children, though he would not own it, but turned it off thus:

Bragwell. But my girls are too smart to make mopes of, that is the truth. Though ours is such a lonely village, it is wonderful to see how soon they get the fashions. What with the descriptions in the Magazines, and the pictures in the pocket-books, they have them in a twinkling, and

out-do their patrons all to nothing. I used to take in the County Journal, because it was useful enough to see how oats went, the time of high-water, and the price of stocks. But when my ladies came home, forsooth, I was soon wheedled out of that, and forced to take a London paper, that tells a deal about caps and feathers, and all the trumpery of the quality, and the French dress and the French undress. When I want to know what hops are a bag, they are snatching the paper to see what violet soap is a pound. And as to the dairy, they never care how cow's milk goes, as long as they can get some stuff which they call milk of roses. Seeing them disputing violently the other day about cream and butter, I thought it a sign they were beginning to care for the farm, till I found it was cold cream for the hands, and jessamine butter for the hair.

Worthy. But do your daughters never read?

Bragwell. Read! I believe they do too. Why, our Jack, the plough-boy, spends half his time in going to a shop in our market town, where they let out books to read with marble covers. And they sell paper with all manner of colours on the edges, and gim-cracks, and powder-puffs, and wash-balls, and cards without any pips, and every thing in the world that's genteel and of no use. 'Twas but the other day I met Jack with a basket full of these books; so, having some time to spare, I sat down to see a little what they were about.

Worthy. Well, I hope you there found what was likely to improve your daughters, and teach them the true use of time.

Bragwell. Oh, as to that, you are pretty much out. I could make neither head nor tail of it: it was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring: it was all about my Lord, and Sir Harry, and the Captain. But I never met with such nonsensical fellows in my life. Their talk was no more like that of my old landlord, who was a Lord you know, nor the Captain of our fencibles, than chalk is like cheese. I was fairly taken in at first, and began to think I had got hold of a *godly* book: for there was a deal about hope and despair, and death, and heaven, and angels, and torments, and everlasting happiness. But when I got a little on, I found there was no meaning in all these words, or, if any, it was a bad meaning. Eternal misery, perhaps, only meant a moment's disappointment about a bit of a letter; and everlasting happiness meant two people talking nonsense together for five minutes. In short, I never met with such a pack of lies. The people talk such wild gibberish as no folks in their sober senses ever did talk; and the things that happen to them are not like the things that ever happen to me or any of my acquaintance. They are at home one minute, and beyond sea the next; beggars to-day, and lords to-morrow; waiting-maids in the morning, and duchesses at night. Nothing happens in a natural gradual way, as it does at home; they grow rich by the stroke of a wand, and poor by the magic of a word; the disinherited orphan of this hour is the overgrown heir of the next: now a bride and bridegroom turn out to be brother and sister, and

the brother and sister prove to be no relations at all. You and I, Master Worthy, have worked hard many years, and think it very well to have scraped a trifle of money together; you, a few hundreds, I suppose, and I, a few thousands. But one would think every man in these books had the bank of England in his 'scritoir. Then there is another thing which I never met with in true life. We think it pretty well, you know, if one has got one thing, and another has got another: I will tell you how I mean. You are reckoned sensible, our parson is learned, the squire is rich, I am rather generous, one of your daughters is pretty, and both mine are genteel. But in these books, (except here and there one, whom they make worse than Satan himself,) every man and woman's child of them, are all wise, and witty, and generous, and rich, and handsome, and genteel, and all to the last degree. Nobody is middling, or good in one thing and bad in another, like my live acquaintance; but it is all up to the skies, or down to the dirt. I had rather read Tom Hickathrift, or Jack the Giant Killer, a thousand times.

Worthy. You have found out, Mr. Bragwell, that many of these books are ridiculous; I will go further, and say that, to me, they appear wicked also; and I should account the reading of them a great mischief, especially to people in middling and low life, if I only take into the account the great loss of time such reading causes, and the aversion it leaves behind for what is more serious and solid. But this, though a bad part, is not the worst:

these books give false views of human life. They teach a contempt for humble and domestic duties; for industry, frugality, and retirement. Want of youth and beauty is considered, in them, as ridiculous. Plain people, like you and me, are objects of contempt. Parental authority is set at nought. Nay, plots and contrivances against parents and guardians fill half the volumes. They consider love as the great business of human life, and even teach that it is impossible for this love to be regulated or restrained; and to the indulgence of this passion every duty is, therefore, sacrificed. A country life, with a kind mother or a sober aunt, is described as a state of intolerable misery: and one would be apt to fancy from their painting, that a good country-house is a prison, and a worthy father the gaoler. Vice is set off with every ornament which can make it pleasing and amiable; while virtue and piety are made ridiculous, by tacking to them something that is silly or absurd. Crimes which would be considered as hanging matter at our county assizes, — (at least, if I were a juryman, I should bring in the whole train of heroes, *Guilty*, — *Death*,) — are here made to take the appearance of virtue, by being mixed with some wild flight of unnatural generosity. Those crying sins, ADULTERY, GAMING, DUELS, and SELF-MURDER, are made so familiar, and the wickedness of them is so disguised by fine words and soft descriptions, that even innocent girls get to lose their abhorrence, and to talk with compla-

cency, *of things which should not be so much as named by them.*

I should not have said so much on this mischief (continued Mr. Worthy), from which, I dare say, great folks fancy people in our station are safe enough, if I did not know, and lament that this corrupt reading is now got down even among some of the lowest class. And it is an evil which is spreading every day. Poor industrious girls, who get their bread by the needle or the loom, spend half their night in listening to these books. Thus the labour of one girl is lost, and the minds of the rest are corrupted; for though their hands are employed in honest industry, which might help to preserve them from a life of sin, yet their hearts are, at that very time, polluted by scenes and descriptions which are too likely to plunge them into it: and when their vain weak heads compare the soft and delicious lives of the heroines in the book, with their own mean garb and hard labour, the effect is obvious; and I think I do not go too far when I say, that the vain and showy manner in which young women, who have to work for their bread, have taken to dress themselves, added to the poison they draw from these books, contribute, together, to bring them to destruction, more than almost any other cause. Now, tell me, do not you think these wild books will hurt your daughters?

Bragwell. Why, I do think they are grown full of schemes, and contrivances, and whispers; that's the truth on't. Every thing is a secret.

They always seem to be on the look-out for *something*, and when nothing comes on't, then they are sulky and disappointed. They will not keep company with their equals: they despise trade and farming; and I own *I'm for the stuff.* I should not like them to marry any but a man of substance, if he was ever so smart. Now they will hardly sit down with a substantial country dealer. But if they hear of a recruiting party in our market town, on goes the finery, — off they are. Some flimsy excuse is patched up. They want something at the book-shop or the milliner's; because, I suppose, there is a chance that some Jack-a-napes of an ensign may be there buying sticking-plaister. In short, I do grow a little uneasy; for I should not like to see all I have saved thrown away on a knapsack.

So saying, they both rose and walked out to view the farm. Mr. Bragwell affected greatly to admire the good order of every thing he saw; but never forgot to compare it with something larger, and handsomer, or better of his own. It was easy to see that *self* was his standard of perfection in every thing. All he himself possessed gained some increased value in his eyes from being his; and in surveying the property of his friend, he derived food for his vanity, from things which seemed least likely to raise it. Every appearance of comfort, of success, of merit, in any thing which belonged to Mr. Worthy, led him to speak of some superior advantage of his own of the same kind: and it was clear that the chief part of the satisfaction he felt

in walking over the farm of his friend, was caused by thinking how much larger his own was.

Mr. Worthy, who felt a kindness for him, which all his vanity could not cure, was always on the watch how to turn their talk to some useful point. And whenever people resolve to go into company with this view, it is commonly their own fault if some opportunity of turning it to account does not offer.

He saw Bragwell was intoxicated with pride, and undone by success; and that his family was in the high-road to ruin through mere prosperity. He thought that if some means could be found to open his eyes on his own character, to which he was now totally blind, it might be of the utmost service to him. The more Mr. Worthy reflected, the more he wished to undertake this kind office. He was not sure that Mr. Bragwell would bear it, but he was very sure it was his duty to attempt it. As Mr. Worthy was very humble himself, he had great patience and forbearance with the faults of others. He felt no pride at having escaped the errors into which they had fallen, for he knew who it was had *made him to differ*. He remembered that God had given him many advantages; a pious father, and a religious education: this made him humble under a sense of his own sins, and charitable towards the sins of others, who had not had the same privileges.

Just as he was going to try to enter into a very serious conversation with his guest, he was stopped by the appearance of his daughter, who told them

supper was ready. — This interruption obliges me to break off also, and I shall reserve what follows to the next month, when I promise to give my readers the second part of this history.

PART II.

A Conversation.

Soon after supper Mrs. Worthy left the room with her daughters, at her husband's desire; for it was his intention to speak more plainly to Bragwell than was likely to be agreeable to him to hear before others. The two farmers being seated at their little table, each in a handsome old-fashioned great chair, Bragwell began: —

" It is a great comfort, neighbour Worthy, at a certain time of life to be got above the world: my notion is, that a man should labour hard the first part of his days, that he may then sit down and enjoy himself for the remainder. Now, though I hate boasting, yet, as you are my oldest friend, I am about to open my heart to you. Let me tell you then, I reckon I have worked as hard as any man in my time, and that I now begin to think I have a right to indulge a little. I have got my money with character, and I mean to spend it with credit. I pay every one his own, I set a good example, I keep to my church, I serve

God, I honour the king, and I obey the laws of the land."

"This is doing a great deal indeed," replied Mr. Worthy; "but," added he, "I doubt that more goes to the making up all these duties than men are commonly aware of. Suppose, then, that you and I talk the matter over coolly, we have the evening before us. What if we sit down together as two friends, and examine one another."

Bragwell, who loved argument, and who was not a little vain both of his sense and his morality, accepted the challenge, and gave his word that he would take in good part any thing that should be said to him. Worthy was about to proceed, when Bragwell interrupted him for a moment, by saying, —"But stop, friend, before we begin, I wish you would remember that we have had a long walk, and I want a little refreshment; have you no liquor that is stronger than this cyder? I am afraid it will give me a fit of the gout."

Mr. Worthy immediately produced a bottle of wine, and another of spirits; saying, that though he drank neither spirits, nor even wine, himself, yet his wife always kept a little of each as a provision in case of sickness or accidents.

Farmer Bragwell preferred the brandy, and began to taste it. "Why," said he, "this is no better than English; I always use foreign myself." — "I bought this for foreign," said Mr. Worthy. — "No, no, it is English spirits, I assure you; but I can put you into a way to get foreign nearly as cheap

as English." Mr. Worthy replied, that he thought that was impossible.

Bragwell. Oh, no; there are ways and means — a word to the wise — there is an acquaintance of mine that lives upon the south coast — you are a particular friend, and I will get you half-a-dozen gallons for a trifle.

Worthy. Not if it be smuggled, Mr. Bragwell, though I should get it for sixpence a bottle. — "Ask no questions," said the other; "I never said anything to any one, and who is the wiser?" — "And so this is your way of obeying the laws of the land," said Mr. Worthy; — "here is a fine specimen of your morality."

Bragwell. Come, come, don't make a fuss about trifles. If *every one* did it, indeed, it would be another thing; but as to *my* getting a little good brandy cheap, why that can't hurt the revenue much.

Worthy. Pray, Mr. Bragwell, what should you think of a man who would dip his hand into a bag, and take out a few guineas?

Bragwell. Think! why I think that he should be hanged, to be sure.

Worthy. But suppose that bag stood in the king's treasury?

Bragwell. In the king's treasury! worse and worse! What, rob the king's treasury! Well, I hope, if any one has done it, the robber will be taken up and executed; for I suppose we shall all be taxed to pay the damage.

Worthy. Very true. If one man takes money

out of the treasury, others must be obliged to pay the more into it. But what think you if the fellow should be found to have stopped some money *in its way* to the treasury, instead of taking it out of the bag after it got there?

Bragwell. Guilty, Mr. Worthy; it is all the same, in my opinion. If I were judge, I would hang him without benefit of clergy.

Worthy. Hark ye, Mr. Bragwell, he that deals in smuggled brandy is the man who takes to himself the king's money in its way to the treasury, and he as much robs the government as if he dipt his hands into a bag of guineas in the treasury chamber: it comes to the same thing exactly. Here Bragwell seemed a little offended, and exclaimed, — "What, Mr. Worthy! do you pretend to say I am not an honest man because I like to get my brandy as cheap as I can? and because I like to save a shilling to my family? Sir, I repeat it; I do my duty to God and my neighbour. I say the Lord's prayer most days: I go to church on Sundays: I repeat my creed, and keep the ten commandments; and though I now and then get a little brandy cheap, yet, upon the whole, I will venture to say, I do as much as can be expected of any man, and more than the generality."

Worthy. Come, then, since you say you keep the commandments, you cannot be offended if I ask you whether you understand them.

Bragwell. To be sure I do. I dare say I do; look'ee, Mr. Worthy, I don't pretend to much reading: I was not bred to it as you were. If my

father had been a parson, I fancy I should have made as good a figure as some other folks; but I hope good sense and *a good heart* may teach a man his duty without much scholarship.

Worthy. To come to the point; let us now go through the ten commandments, and let us take along with us those explanations of them which our Saviour gave us in his sermon on the mount.

Bragwell. Sermon on the mount! why the ten commandments are in the 20th chapter of Exodus. Come, come, Mr. Worthy, I know where to find the commandments as well as you do; for it happens that I am churchwarden, and I can see from the altar-piece where the ten commandments are, without your telling me, for my pew directly faces it.

Worthy. But I advise you to read the sermon on the mount, that you may see the full meaning of them.

Bragwell. What! do you want to make me believe that there are two ways of keeping the commandments?

Worthy. No; but there may be two ways of understanding them.

Bragwell. Well, I am not afraid to be put to the proof; I defy any man to say I do not keep at least all the four first that are on the left side of the altar-piece.

Worthy. If you can prove that, I shall be more ready to believe you observe those of the other table; for he who does his duty to God, will be likely to do his duty to his neighbour also.

Bragwell. What! do you think that I serve two Gods? Do you think, then, that I make graven images, and worship stocks or stones? Do you take me for a Papist or an idolater?

Worthy. Don't triumph quite so soon, master Bragwell. Pray, is there nothing in the world you prefer to God, and thus make an idol of? Do you not love your money, or your lands, or your crops, or your cattle, or your own will, and your own way, rather better than you love God? Do you never think of these with more pleasure than you think of Him, and follow them more eagerly than your religious duty?

Bragwell. Oh! there's nothing about that in the 20th chapter of Exodus.

Worthy. But Jesus Christ has said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." Now it is certainly a man's duty to love his father and mother; nay, it would be wicked not to love them, and yet we must not love even these more than our Creator and our Saviour. Well, I think on this principle, your heart pleads guilty to the breach of the first and second commandments; let us proceed to the third.

Bragwell. That is about swearing, is it not?

Mr. Worthy, who had observed Bragwell guilty of much profaneness in using the name of his Maker (though all such offensive words have been avoided in writing this history), now told him that he had been waiting the whole day for an oppor-

tunity to reprove him for his frequent breach of the third commandment.

"Good L—d! I break the third commandment!" said Bragwell; "no, indeed, hardly ever. I once used to swear a little to be sure, but I vow I never do it now, except now and then when I happen to be in a passion: and in such a case, why, good G—d, you know the sin is with those who provoke me, and not with me; but, upon my soul, I don't think I have sworn an oath these three months, no, not I, faith, as I hope to be saved."

Worthy. And yet you have broken this holy law no less than five or six times in the last speech you have made.

Bragwell. Lord bless me! Sure you mistake. Good heavens, Mr. Worthy! I call G—d to witness, I have neither cursed nor swore since I have been in the house.

Worthy. Mr. Bragwell, this is the way in which many who call themselves very good sort of people deceive themselves. What! is it no profanation of the name of your Maker to use it lightly, irreverently, and familiarly as you have done? Our Saviour has not only told us not to swear by the immediate name of God, but he has said, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven nor by the earth;" and in order to hinder our inventing any other irreligious exclamations or expressions, he has even added, "but let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this simple affirmation and denial cometh of

evil." Nay more, so greatly do I reverence that high and holy name, that I think even some good people have it too frequently in their mouths; and that they might convey the idea without the word.

Bragwell. Well, well, I must take a little more care, I believe. I vow to Heaven I did not know there had been so much harm in it; but my daughters seldom speak without using some of these words, and yet they wanted to make me believe the other day that it was monstrous vulgar to swear.

Worthy. Women, even gentlewomen, who ought to correct this evil habit in their fathers, and husbands, and children, are too apt to encourage it by their own practice. And, indeed, they betray the profaneness of their own minds also by it; for none who truly venerate the holy name of God, can either profane it in this manner themselves, or hear others do so without being exceedingly pained at it.

Bragwell. Well, since you are so hard upon me, I believe I must e'en give up this point: — so let us pass on to the next, and here I tread upon sure ground; for as sharp as you are upon me, you can't accuse me of being a Sabbath-breaker, since I go to church every Sunday of my life, unless on some very extraordinary occasion.

Worthy. For those occasions the gospel allows, by saying, "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." Our own sickness, or attending on the sickness of others, are lawful impediments.

Bragwell. Yes, and I am now and then obliged to look at a drove of beasts, or to go a journey, or take some medicine, or perhaps some friend may call upon me, or it may be very cold, or very hot, or very rainy.

Worthy. Poor excuses! Mr. Bragwell. Do you call these lawful impediments? I am afraid they will not pass for such on the day of judgment. But how is the rest of your Sunday spent?

Bragwell. O, why, I assure you I often go to church in the afternoon also, and even if I am ever so sleepy.

Worthy. And so you finish your nap at church, I suppose,

Bragwell. Why, as to that, to be sure we do contrive to have something a little nicer than common for dinner on a Sunday; in consequence of which one eats, you know, a little more than ordinary; and having nothing to do on that day, one has more leisure to take a cheerful glass; and all these things will make one a little heavy, you know.

Worthy. And don't you take a little ride in the morning, and look at your sheep when the weather is good; and so fill your mind just before you go to church with thoughts of them? and when the weather is bad, don't you settle an account, or write a few letters of business after church?

Bragwell. I can't say but I do; but that is nothing to any body, as long as I set a good example by keeping to my church.

Worthy. And how do you pass your Sunday evenings?

Bragwell. My wife and daughters go a visiting Sunday afternoons. My daughters are glad to get out at any rate; and as to my wife, she says, that being ready dressed, it is a pity to lose the opportunity: besides, it saves her time on a week day: so then you see I have it all my own way; and when I have got rid of the ladies, who are ready to faint at the smell of tobacco, I can venture to smoke a pipe and drink a sober glass of punch with half-a-dozen friends.

Worthy. Which punch, being made of smuggled brandy, and drunk on the Lord's day, in very vain, as well as profane and worldly company, you are enabled to break both the law of God and that of your country at a stroke: and I suppose when you are got together, you speak of your cattle, or of your crops; after which, perhaps, you talk over a few of your neighbours' faults, and then you brag a little of your own wealth or your own achievements.

Bragwell. Why you seem to know us so well, that any one would think you had been sitting behind the curtain; and yet you are a little mistaken, too; for I think we have hardly said a word for several of our last Sundays on any thing but politics.

Worthy. And do you find that you much improve your Christian charity by that subject?

Bragwell. Why, to be sure, we do quarrel till we are very near fighting; that is the worst on't.

Worthy. And then you call names, and swear a little, I suppose?

Bragwell. Why when one is contradicted and put in a passion, you know, and when people, especially if they are one's inferiors, won't adopt all one's opinions, flesh and blood can't bear it.

Worthy. And when all your friends are gone home, what becomes of the rest of the evening?

Bragwell. That is just as it happens; sometimes I read the newspaper; and as one is generally most tired on the days one does nothing, I go to bed earlier on Sundays than on other days, that I may be more fit to get up to my business the next morning.

Worthy. So you shorten Sunday as much as you can, by cutting off a bit at both ends, I suppose; for I take it for granted, you lie a little later in the morning?

Bragwell. Come, come; we shan't get through the whole ten to-night, if you stand snubbing one at this rate. You may pass over the fifth; for my father and mother have been dead ever since I was a boy; so I am clear of that scrape.

Worthy. There are, however, many relative duties included in that commandment; unkindness to all kindred is forbidden.

Bragwell. O, if you mean my turning off my nephew Tom, the ploughboy, you must not blame me for that; it was all my wife's fault. He was as good a lad as ever lived, to be sure, and my own brother's son; but my wife could not bear that a boy in a carter's frock should be about the house,

calling her aunt. We quarrelled like dog and cat about it; and when he was turned away she and I did not speak for a week.

Worthy. Which was a fresh breach of the commandment: a worthy nephew turned out of doors, and a wife not spoken to for a week, are no very convincing proofs of your observance of the fifth commandment.

Bragwell. Well, I long to come to the sixth; for you don't think I commit murder, I hope?

Worthy. I am not sure of that.

Bragwell. Murder! What! I kill any body?

Worthy. Why, the laws of the land, indeed, and the disgrace attending it, are almost enough to keep any man from actual murder: let me ask, however, do you never give way to unjust anger, and passion, and revenge? as, for instance, do you never feel your resentment kindle against some of the politicians who contradict you on a Sunday night? and do you never push your animosity against somebody that has affronted you, further than the occasion can justify?

Bragwell. Hark'ee, Mr. Worthy, I am a man of substance, and no man shall offend me without my being even with him. So as to injuring a man, if he affronts me first, there's nothing but good reason in that.

Worthy. Very well! only bear in mind that you wilfully break this commandment, whether you abuse your servant, are angry at your wife, watch for a moment to revenge an injury on your neighbour, or even wreak your passion on a harmless

have robbed him of the honour due unto his name: — you have robbed him of his holy day, by doing your own work, and finding your own pleasure in it:—you have robbed his poor, particularly in the instance of Giles, by withholding from them, as overseer, such assistance, as should prevent their being driven to the sin of stealing.

Bragwell. Why, you are now charging me with other men's sins as well as my own.

Worthy. Perhaps the sins which we cause other men to commit, through injustice, inconsideration, and evil example, may dreadfully swell the sum of our responsibility in the great day of account.

Bragwell. Well, come let us make haste and get through these Commandments. The next is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Thank God, neither I nor my family can be said to break the seventh commandment.

Worthy. Here, again, remember how Christ himself hath said, "Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." These are no far-fetched expressions of mine, Mr. Bragwell, — they are the words of Jesus Christ. I hope you will not charge him with having carried things too far; for if you do, you charge him with being mistaken in the religion he taught; and this can only be accounted for, by supposing him an imposter.

Bragwell. Why, upon my word, Mr. Worthy, I don't like these sayings of his, which you quote upon me so often, and that is the truth of it, and I can't say I feel much disposed to believe them.

Worthy. I hope you believe in Jesus Christ. I hope you believe that creed of yours, which you also boasted of repeating so regularly.

Bragwell. Well, well. I'll believe any thing you say, rather than stand quarrelling with you.

Worthy. I hope then, you will allow, that since it is committing adultery to look at a woman with even an irregular thought, it follows from the same rule, that all immodest dress in your daughters, or indecent jests and double meanings in yourself; all loose songs or novels; and all diversions also which have a like dangerous tendency, are forbidden by the seventh commandment; for it is most plain from what Christ has said, that it takes in not only the act, but the inclination, the desire, the indulged imagination; the act is only the last and highest degree of any sin; the topmost round, as it were, of a ladder, to which all the lower rounds are only as so many steps and stages.

Bragwell. Strict, indeed! Mr. Worthy; but let us go on to the next; you won't pretend to say *I steal.* Mr. Bragwell, I trust, was never known to rob on the highway, to break open his neighbour's house, or to use false weights or measures.

Worthy. No, nor have you ever been under any temptation to do it, and yet there are a thousand ways of breaking the eighth commandment besides actual stealing. For instance, — do you never hide the faults of the goods you sell, and heighten the faults of those you buy? Do you never take advantage of an ignorant dealer, and ask more for a thing than it is worth? Do you

never turn the distressed circumstances of a man who has something to sell to your own unfair benefit; and thus act as unjustly by him as if you had stolen? Do you never cut off a shilling from a workman's wages, under a pretence which your conscience can't justify? Do you never pass off an unsound horse for a sound one? Do you never conceal the real rent of your estate from the overseers, and thereby rob the poor-rates of their legal due?

Bragwell. Pooh! these things are done every day. I shan't go to set up for being better than my neighbours in these sort of things: these little matters will pass muster. I don't set up for a reformer. If I am as good as the rest of my neighbours, no man can call me to account; I am not worse, I trust, and I don't pretend to be better.

Worthy. You must be tried hereafter at the bar of God, and not by a jury of your fellow-creatures; and the Scriptures are given us, in order to show by what rule we shall be judged. How many or how few do as you do, is quite aside from the question; Jesus Christ has even told us to strive to enter in at the *straight* gate; so that we ought rather to take fright, from our being like the common run of people, than to take comfort from our being so.

Bragwell. Come, I don't like all this close work, — it makes a man feel I don't know how: — I don't find myself so happy as I did: — I don't like this fishing in troubled waters: — I am as merry as the day is long when I let these things

alone: — I'm glad we are got to the ninth. But I suppose I shall be lugged in there too, head and shoulders. Any one now who did not know me, would really think I was a great sinner, by your way of putting things: I don't bear false witness, however.

Worthy. You mean, I suppose, you would not swear away a man's life falsely before a magistrate; but do you take equal care not to slander or backbite him? Do you never represent a good action of a man you have quarrelled with, as if it were a bad one? or do you never make a bad one worse than it is, by your manner of telling it? Even when you invent no false circumstances, do you never give such a colour to those you relate, as to leave a false impression on the mind of the hearers? Do you never twist a story so as to make it tell a little better for yourself, and a little worse for your neighbour, than truth and justice warrant?

Bragwell. Why, as to that matter, all this is only natural.

Worthy. Aye, much too natural to be right, I doubt. Well, now we are got to the last of the commandments.

Bragwell. Yes, I have run the gauntlet finely through them all: you will bring me in guilty here, I suppose, for the pleasure of going through with it; for you condemn without judge or jury, Master Worthy.

Worthy. The culprit, I think, has hitherto pleaded guilty to the evidence brought against him. The tenth commandment, however, goes to

the root and principle of evil, it dives to the bottom of things: this commandment checks the first rising of sin in the heart; teaches us to strangle it in the birth, as it were, before it breaks out in those acts which are forbidden: as for instance, every man covets before he proceeds to steal; nay, many covet knowing they can do it with impunity, who dare not steal, lest they should suffer for it.

Bragwell. Why, look'ee, Mr. Worthy, I don't understand these new-fashioned explanations: one should not have a grain of sheer goodness left, if every thing one does is to be frittered away at this rate. I am not, I own, quite so good as I thought, but if what you say were true, I should be so miserable, I should not know what to do with myself. Why, I tell you all the world may be said to break the commandments at this rate.

Worthy. Very true. All the world, and I myself also, are but too apt to break them, if not in the letter, at least in the spirit of them. Why then all the world are (as the Scripture expresses it) "guilty before God." And if guilty, they should own they are guilty, and not stand up and justify themselves, as you do, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Well, according to my notion, I am a very honest man, and honesty is the sum and substance of all religion, say I.

Worthy. All truth, honesty, justice, order, and obedience grow out of the Christian religion. The true Christion acts, at all times, and on all occasions, from the pure and spiritual principle of love to God and Christ. On this principle, he is up-

right in his dealings, true to his word, kind to the poor, helpful to the oppressed. In short, if he truly loves God, he *must* do justice, and *can't help* loving mercy. Christianity is a uniform, consistent thing. It does not allow us to make up for the breach of one part of God's law by our strictness in observing another. There is no sponge in one duty that can wipe out the spot of another sin.

Bragwell. Well, but at this rate I should be always puzzling and blundering, and should never know for certain whether I was right or not; whereas I am now quite satisfied with myself, and have no doubts to torment me.

Worthy. One way of knowing whether we really desire to obey the whole law of God is this: when we find we have as great a regard to that part of it, the breach of which does not touch our own interest, as to that part which does. For instance, a man robs me: I am in a violent passion with him; and when it is said to me, Doest thou well to be angry? I answer, I do well. *Thou shalt not steal,* is a law of God, and this fellow has broken that law. Aye, but says conscience, 'Tis *thy own property* which is in question. He has broken *thy* hedge, — he has stolen *thy* sheep, — he has taken *thy* purse. Art thou, therefore, sure whether it is his violation of thy property, or of God's law, which provokes thee? I will put a second case: — I hear another swear most grievously, or I meet him coming drunk out of an alehouse, or I find him singing a loose profane song. If I am not as much grieved for this blasphemer, or this drunk-

ard, as I was for the robber; if I do not take the same pains to bring him to a sense of his sin, which I did to bring the robber to justice, "how dwelleth the love of God in me?" Is it not clear that I value my own sheep more than God's commandments? that I prize my purse more than I love my Maker? In short, whenever I find out that I am more jealous for my own property than for God's law; more careful about my own reputation than *his* honour, I always suspect I am got upon wrong ground, and that even my right actions are not proceeding from a right principle.

Bragwell. Why, what in the world would you have me do? It would distract me, if I must run up every little action to its spring in this manner.

Worthy. You must confess that your sins *are* sins. You must not merely call them sins, while you see no guilt in them; but you must confess them so as to hate and detest them; so as to be habitually humbled under the sense of them; so as to trust for salvation, not in your freedom from them, but in the mercy of a Saviour; and so as to make it the chief business of your life to contend against them, and in the main to forsake them. And remember, that if you seek for a deceitful gaiety, rather than a well-grounded cheerfulness, if you prefer a false security to final safety, and now go away to your cattle and your farm, and dismiss the subject from your thoughts, lest it should make you uneasy, I am not sure that this simple discourse may not appear against you at the day of account, as a fresh proof that you

"loved darkness rather than light," and so increase your condemnation.

Mr. Bragwell was more affected than he cared to own. He went to bed with less spirits and more humility than usual. He did not, however, care to let Mr. Worthy see the impression which it had made upon him; but at parting next morning, he shook him by the hand more cordially than usual, and made him promise to return his visit in a short time.

What befell Mr. Bragwell and his family on his going home may, perhaps, make the subject of a future part of this history.

PART III.

The Visit returned.

Mr. Bragwell, when he returned home from his visit to Mr. Worthy, as recorded in the Second Part of this History, found that he was not quite so happy as he had formerly been. The discourses of Mr. Worthy had broken in not a little on his comfort, and he began to suspect that he was not so completely in the right as his vanity had led him to believe. He seemed also to feel less satisfaction in the idle gentility of his own daughters, since he had been witness to the simplicity, modesty, and usefulness of those of Mr. Worthy. And he

could not help seeing that the vulgar violence of his wife did not produce so much family happiness at home as the humble piety and quiet diligence of Mrs. Worthy produced in the house of his friend.

Happy would it have been for Mr. Bragwell if he had followed up those new convictions of his own mind, which would have led him to struggle against the power of evil principles in himself, and to have controlled the force of evil habits in his family. But his convictions were just strong enough to make him uneasy under his errors, without driving him to reform them. The slight impression soon wore off, and he fell back into his old practices. Still his esteem for Mr. Worthy was not at all abated by the plain dealing of that honest friend. It is true, he dreaded his piercing eye: he felt that his example held out a constant reproof to himself; yet such is the force of early affection and rooted reverence, that he longed to see him at his house. This desire, indeed, as is commonly the case, was made up of mixed motives. He wished for the pleasure of his friend's company; he longed for that favourite triumph of a vulgar mind, an opportunity of showing him his riches; and he thought it would raise his credit in the world, to have a man of Mr. Worthy's character at his house.

Mr. Bragwell, it is true, still went on with the same eagerness in gaining money, and the same ostentation in spending it. But though he was as covetous as ever, he was not quite so sure that it

was right to be so. While he was actually engaged abroad, indeed, in transactions with his dealers, he was not very scrupulous about the means by which he *got* his money; and while he was indulging in festivity with his friends at home, he was easy enough as to the manner in which he *spent* it. But a man can neither be making bargains nor making feasts always: there must be some intervals between these two great objects for which worldly men may be said to live; and in some of these intervals the most worldly form, perhaps, some random plans of amendment. And though many a one may say in the fulness of enjoyment, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," yet hardly any man, perhaps, allows himself to say, even in the most secret moments, I will *never* retire from business, — I will *never* repent, — I will *never* think of death, — Eternity shall *never* come into my thoughts. The most that such an one probably ventures to say is, I need not repent *yet:* I will continue such a sin a little longer: it will be time enough to think on the next world when I am no longer fit for the business or the pleasures of this.

Such was the case with Bragwell. He set up in his own mind a general distant sort of resolution, that *some years hence,* when he should be a *few years older,* and a *few* thousands richer; when a few more of his *present schemes should be completed,* he would then think of altering his course of life; he would then certainly set about spending a religious old age; he would reform some practices in his dealings, or, perhaps, quit business entirely; he

would think about reading good books; and when he had completed such and such a purchase, he would even begin to give something to the poor, but at present he really had little to spare for charity. The very reason why he should have given more, was just the cause he assigned for not giving at all, namely, the *hardness of the times*. The true grand source of charity, self-denial, never came into his head. *Spend less*, that you may *save* more, he would have thought a shrewd maxim enough. But *spend less*, that you may *spare more*, never entered into his book of Proverbs.

At length the time came when Mr. Worthy had promised to return his visit. It was, indeed, a little hastened by notice that Mr. Bragwell would have, in the course of the week, a piece of land to sell by auction; and though Mr. Worthy believed the price was likely to be above his pocket, yet he knew it was an occasion which would be likely to bring the principal farmers of that neighbourhood together, some of whom he wanted to meet. And it was on this occasion that Mr. Bragwell prided himself, that he should show his neighbours so sensible a man as his dear friend Mr. Worthy.

Worthy arrived at his friend's house on the Saturday, time enough to see the house and garden, and grounds of Mr. Bragwell, by daylight. He saw with pleasure (for he had a warm and generous heart) those evident signs of his friend's prosperity; but as he was a man of a sober mind, and was a most exact dealer in truth, he never allowed his tongue the license of immodest com-

mendation, which he used to say either savoured of flattery or envy. Indeed he never rated mere worldly things so highly as to bestow upon them undue praise. His calm approbation somewhat disappointed the vanity of Mr. Bragwell, who could not help secretly suspecting that his friend, as good a man as he was, was not quite free from envy. He felt, however, very much inclined to forgive this jealousy, which he feared the sight of his ample property, and handsome habitation must naturally awaken in the mind of a man whose own possessions were so inferior. He practised the usual trick of ordinary and vulgar minds, that of pretending himself to find some fault with those things which were particularly deserving praise, when he found Worthy disposed to pass them over in silence.

When they came in to supper, he affected to talk of the comforts of Mr. Worthy's *little* parlour, by way of calling his attention to his own large one. He repeated the word *snug*, as applied to every thing at Mr. Worthy's, with the plain design to make comparisons favourable to his own more ample domains. He contrived, as he passed by to his chair, by a seeming accident, to push open the door of a large beaufet in the parlour, in which all the finery was most ostentatiously set out to view. He protested, with a look of satisfaction which belied his words, that for his part he did not care a farthing for all this trumpery; and then smiling and rubbing his hands, added, with an air of no small importance, "What a good thing it is,

though, for people of substance, that the tax on plate is taken off. You are a happy man, Mr. Worthy: you do not feel these things: tax or no tax, it is all the same to you." He took care, during this speech, by a cast of his eye, to direct Mr. Worthy's attention to a great profusion of the brightest cups, salvers, and tankards, and other shining ornaments, which crowded the beaufet. Mr. Worthy gravely answered, "Mr. Bragwell, it was, indeed, a tax which could not affect so plain a man as myself; but as it fell on a mere luxury, and therefore could not hurt the poor, I was always sorry that it could not be made productive enough to be continued. A man in my middling situation, who is contented with a good glass of beer, poured from a handsome earthen mug,—the glass, the mug, and the beer, all of English manufacture, — will be but little disturbed at taxes on plate or on wine; but he will regret, as I do, that many of these taxes are so much evaded, that new taxes are continually brought on to make up the deficiencies of the old."

During supper the young ladies sat in disdainful silence, not deigning to bestow the smallest civility on so plain a man as Mr. Worthy. They left the room with their mamma as soon as possible; being impatient to get away to ridicule their father's old-fashioned friend at full liberty.

The Dance; or, the Christmas Merry-making: exemplifying the Effects of modern Education in a Farm-House.

As soon as they were gone, Mr. Worthy asked Bragwell how his family comforts stood, and how his daughters, who, he said, were really fine young women, went on. "O, as to that," replied Bragwell, "pretty much like other men's handsome daughters, I suppose; that is, worse and worse. I really begin to apprehend that their fantastical notions have gained such a head, that after all the money I have scraped together, I shall never get them well married.

"Betsey has just lost as good an offer as any girl could desire; young Wilson, an honest, substantial grazier as any in the country. He not only knows every thing proper for his station, but is pleasing in his behaviour, and a pretty scholar into the bargain. He reads history books and voyages, of a winter's evening, to his infirm father, instead of going to the card-assembly in our town. He neither likes drinking nor sporting; and is a sort of favourite with our parson, because he takes in the weekly numbers of a fine Bible with cuts, and subscribes to the Sunday-school, and makes a fuss about helping the poor; and sets up soup-shops, and sells bacon at an under-price, and gives odd bits of ground to his labourers to help them in these dear times, as they call them; but I think they are good times for *us*, Mr. Worthy.

"Well, for all this, Betsey only despised him, and laughed at him; but as he is both handsome and rich, I thought she might come round at last; and so I invited him to come and stay a day or two at Christmas, when we have always a little sort of merry-making here. But it would not do. He scorned to talk that palavering stuff which she has been used to in the marble-covered books I told you of. He told her, indeed, that it would be the happiness of his heart to live with her; which, I own, I thought was as much as could be expected of any man. But Miss had no notion of marrying one who was only desirous of living with her. No, no, forsooth, her lover must declare himself ready to die for her, which honest Wilson was not such a fool as to offer to do. In the afternoon, however, he got a little into her favour by making out a rebus or two in the Lady's Diary; and she condescended to say, she did not think Mr. Wilson had been so good a scholar; but he soon spoilt all again. We had a little dance in the evening. The young man, though he had not much taste for those sort of gambols, yet thought he could foot it a little in the old-fashioned way. So he asked Betsey to be his partner. But when he asked what dance they should call, Miss drew up her head, and, in a strange gibberish, said she should dance nothing but a *Menuet de la Cour*, and ordered him to call it. Wilson stared, and honestly told her she must call it herself; for he could neither spell nor pronounce such outlandish words, nor assist in such an outlandish performance.

I burst out a laughing, and told him, I supposed it was something like questions and commands; and if so, that was much merrier than dancing. Seeing her partner standing stock still, and not knowing how to get out of the scrape, the girl began by herself, and fell to swimming, and sinking, and capering, and flourishing, and posturing, for all the world just like the man on the slack rope at our fair. But seeing Wilson standing like a stuck pig, and we all laughing at her, she resolved to wreak her malice upon him; so, with a look of rage and disdain, she advised him to go down country bumpkin with the dairy maid, who would make a much fitter partner, as well as wife, for him, than she could do.

"'I am quite of your mind, Miss,' said he, with more spirit than I thought was in him: 'you may make a good partner for a dance, but you would make a sad one to go through life with. I will take my leave of you, Miss, with this short story. I had lately a pretty large concern in hay-jobbing, which took me to London. I waited a good while in the Hay-market for my dealer, and, to pass away the time, I stepped into a sort of foreign singing play-house there, where I was grieved to the heart to see young women painted and dizened out, and capering away just as you have been doing. I thought it bad enough in them, and wondered the quality could be entertained with such indecent mummery. But little did I think to meet with the same paint, finery, and posturing tricks in a farm-house. I will never

marry a woman who despises me, nor the station in which I should place her, and so I take my leave.' — Poor girl, how she *was* provoked! to be publicly refused, and turned off, as it were, by a grazier! But it was of use to some of the other girls, who have not held up their heads quite so high since, nor painted quite so red, but have condescended to speak to their equals.

"But how I run on! I forget it is Saturday night; and that I ought to be paying my workmen, who are all waiting for me without."

Saturday Night; or the Workmen's Wages.

As soon as Mr. Bragwell had done paying his men, Mr. Worthy, who was always ready to extract something useful from accidental circumstances, said to him, "I have made it a habit, and I hope not an unprofitable one, of trying to turn to some moral use, not only all the events of daily life, but all the employments of it too. And though it occurs so often, I hardly know one that sets me thinking more seriously than the ordinary business you have been discharging."—"Aye," said Bragwell, "it sets me thinking too, and seriously, as you say, when I observe how much the price of wages is increased."—"Yes, yes, you are ready enough to think of that," said Worthy; "but you say not a word of how much the value of your land is increased, and that the more you pay, the more you can afford to pay. But the thoughts I spoke of are quite of another cast.

"When I call in my labourers on a Saturday

night, to pay them, it often brings to my mind the great and general day of account, when I, and you, and all of us, shall be called to our grand and awful reckoning, when we shall go to receive *our* wages, master and servants, farmer and labourer. When I see that one of my men has failed of the wages he should have received, because he has been idling at a fair; another has lost a day by a drinking-bout; a third confesses that, though he had task-work, he might have earned still more, yet he has been careless, and has not his full pay to receive; this, I say, sometimes sets me on thinking whether I also have made the most of my time. And when I come to pay even the more diligent, who have worked all the week; when I reflect that even these have done no more than it was their duty to do, I cannot help saying to myself, Night is come; Saturday night is come. No repentance or diligence on the part of these poor men can now make a bad week's work good. This week is gone into eternity. To-morrow is the season of rest; working-time is over. 'There is no knowledge nor device in the grave.' My life also will soon be swallowed up in eternity; soon the space allotted me for diligence, for labour, will be over. Soon will the grand question be asked, 'What hast thou done? — Give an account of thy stewardship. Didst thou use thy working days to the end for which they were given?' With some such thoughts I commonly go to bed, and they help to quicken me to a keener diligence for the next week."

Some Account of a Sunday in Mr. Bragwell's Family.

Mr. Worthy had been for so many years used to the sober ways of his own well-ordered family, that he greatly disliked to pass a Sunday in any house of which religion was not the governing principle. Indeed, he commonly ordered his affairs, and regulated his journies, with an eye to this object. "To pass a Sunday in an irreligious family," said he, "is always unpleasant, often unsafe. I seldom find I can do them any good, and they may, perhaps, do me some harm. At least, I am giving a sanction to their manner of passing it, if I pass it in the same manner. If I reprove them, I subject myself to the charge of singularity and of being 'righteous over-much;' if I do *not* reprove them, I confirm and strengthen them in evil. And whether I reprove them or not, I certainly partake of their guilt, if I spend it as they do."

He had, however, so strong a desire to be useful to Mr. Bragwell, that he at length determined to break through his common practice, and pass the Sunday at his house. Mr. Worthy was surprised to find that though the church bell was going, the breakfast was not ready, and expressed his wonder how this should be the case in so industrious a family. Bragwell made some awkward excuses. He said his wife worked her servants so hard all the week, that even she, as notable as she was, a little relaxed from the strictness of her demands

on Sunday mornings; and he owned that in a general way no one was up early enough for church. He confessed that his wife commonly spent the morning in making puddings, pies, syllabubs, and cakes, to last through the week; as Sunday was the only leisure time she and her maids had. Mr. Worthy soon saw an uncommon bustle in the house; all hands were busy; it was nothing but baking, and boiling, and stewing, and frying, and roasting, and running, and scolding, and eating. The boy was kept from church to clean the plate, the man to gather the fruit, the mistress to make the cheese-cakes, the maids to dress the dinner, and the young ladies to dress themselves.

The truth was, Mrs. Bragwell, who had heard much of the order and good management of Mr. Worthy's family, but who looked down with disdain upon them as far less rich than herself, was resolved to indulge her vanity on the present occasion. She was determined to be even with Mrs. Worthy, in whose praises Bragwell had been so loud, and felt no small pleasure in the hope of making her guest uneasy, in comparing her with his own wife, when he should be struck dumb with the display both of her skill and her wealth. Mr. Worthy was, indeed, struck to behold as large a dinner as he had been used to see at a justice's meeting. He, whose frugal and pious wife had accustomed him only to such a plain Sunday's dinner as could be dressed without keeping any one from church, when he surveyed the

loaded table of his friend, instead of feeling that envy which these grand preparations were meant to raise, felt nothing but disgust at the vanity of his friend's wife, mixed with much thankfulness for the piety and simplicity of his own.

After having made the dinner wait a long time, the Miss Bragwells marched in, dressed as if they were going to the Assize ball: they looked very scornfully at having been so hurried, though they had been dressing ever since they got up; and their fond father, when he saw them so fine, forgave all their impertinence, and cast an eye of triumph on Mr. Worthy, who felt he had never loved his own humble daughters so well as at that moment.

In the afternoon, the whole party went to church. To do them justice, it was, indeed, their common practice once a day, when the weather was good and the road was neither dusty nor dirty, when the minister did not begin too early, when the young ladies had not been disappointed of their new bonnets on the Saturday night, and when they had no smart company in the house, who rather wished to stay at home. When this last was the case, which, to say the truth, happened pretty often, it was thought a piece of good manners to conform to the humour of the guests. Mr. Bragwell had this day forborne to ask any of his usual company; well knowing that their vain and worldly conversation would only serve to draw on him some new reprimand from his friend.

Mrs. Bragwell and her daughters picked up, as

usual, a good deal of acquaintance at church. Many compliments passed, and much of the news of the week was retailed before the service began. They waited with impatience for the reading the lessons, as a licensed season for whispering; and the subject begun during the lessons was finished while they were singing the Psalms. The young ladies made an appointment for the afternoon with a friend in the next pew, while their mamma took the opportunity of enquiring aloud the character of a dairy-maid, which she observed, with a compliment to her own good management, would save time on a week-day.

Mr. Worthy, who found himself quite in a new world, returned home with his friend alone. In the evening he ventured to ask Bragwell, if he did not, on a Sunday night, at least, make it a custom to read and pray with his family. Bragwell told him, he was sorry to say he had no family at home, else he should like to do it for the sake of example. But as his servants worked hard all the week, his wife was of opinion that they should then have a little holiday. Mr. Worthy pressed it home upon him, whether the utter neglect of his servants' principles was not likely to make a heavy article in his final account; and asked him if he did not believe that the too general liberty of meeting together, jaunting, and diverting themselves on Sunday evenings, was not often found to produce the worst effects on the morals of servants and the good order of families? "I put it to your conscience," said he, "Mr. Bragwell, whether Sunday, which was meant as a

blessing and a benefit, is not, as it is commonly kept, turned into the most mischievous part of the week, by the selfish kindness of masters, who, not daring to set their servants about any public work, allot them that day to follow their own devices, that they themselves may with more rigour refuse them a little indulgence, and a reasonable holiday, in the working part of the week, which a good servant has now and then a fair right to expect. Those masters who will give them half, or all the Lord's day, will not spare them a single hour of a working day. *Their* work *must* be done; God's work may be let alone."

Mr. Bragwell owned that Sunday had produced many mischiefs in his own family: that the young men and maids, having no eye upon them, frequently went to improper places with other servants, turned adrift like themselves. That in these parties the poor girls were too frequently led astray, and the men got to public houses and fives-playing. But it was none of his business to watch them. His family only did as others do; indeed, it was his wife's concern; and as she was so good a manager on other days, that she would not spare them an hour to visit a sick father or mother, it would be hard, she said, if they might not have Sunday afternoon to themselves, and she could not blame them for making the most of it. Indeed, she was so indulgent in this particular, that she often excused the men from going to church, that they might serve the cattle, and the maids, that they might get the milking done before the holiday

part of the evening came on. She would not, indeed, hear of any competition between doing *her* work and taking their pleasure; but when the difference lay between their going to church and taking their pleasure, he *must* say that for his wife, she always inclined to the good-natured side of the question. She is strict enough in keeping them sober; because drunkenness is a costly sin; and, to do her justice, she does not care how little they sin at her expense.

"Well," said Mr. Worthy, "I always like to examine both sides fairly, and to see the different effects of opposite practices; now, which plan produces the greatest share of comfort to the master, and of profit to the servants in the long run? Your servants, 'tis likely, are very much attached to you; and very fond of living where they get their own way in so great a point."

"O," as to that, replied Bragwell, "you are quite out. My house is a scene of discord, mutiny, and discontent. And though there is not a better manager in England than my wife, yet she is always changing her servants; so that every quarter-day is a sort of gaol-delivery at my house; and when they go off, as they often do, at a moment's warning, to own the truth, I often give them money privately that they may not carry my wife before the justice to get their wages."

"I see," said Mr. Worthy "that all your worldly compliances do not procure you even worldly happiness. As to my own family, I take care to let them see that their pleasure is bound up with

their duty, and that what they may call my strictness, has nothing in view but their safety and happiness. By this means I commonly gain their love as well as secure their obedience. I know that, with all my care, I am liable to be disappointed, 'from the corruption that is in the world through sin.' But whenever this happens, so far from encouraging me in remissness, it only serves to quicken my zeal. If by God's blessing my servant turns out a good Christian, I have been an humble instrument in His hand of saving a soul committed to my charge."

Mrs. Bragwell came home, but brought only one of her daughters with her; the other, she said, had given them the slip, and was gone with a young friend, and would not return for a day or two. Mr. Bragwell was greatly displeased; as he knew that young friend had but a slight character, and kept bad acquaintances. Mrs. Bragwell came in, all hurry and bustle, saying, if her family did not go to bed with the lamb on Sundays, when they had nothing to do, how could they rise with the lark on Mondays, when so much was to be done.

Mr. Worthy had this night much matter for reflection. "We need not," said he, "go into the great world to look for dissipation and vanity. We can find both in a farm-house. 'As for me and my house,' continued he, 'we will serve the Lord' every day, but especially on Sundays. 'It is the day which the Lord hath made; hath made for himself; we will rejoice in it,' and con-

sider the religious use of it, not only as a duty, but as a privilege."

The next morning Mr. Bragwell and his friend set out early for the Golden Lion. What passed on this little journey, my readers shall hear soon.

PART IV.

The Subject of Prayer discussed in a Morning's Ride.

It was mentioned in the last part of this History that the chief reason which had drawn Mr. Worthy to visit his friend just at the present time was, that Mr. Bragwell had a small estate to sell by auction. Mr. Worthy, though he did not think he should be a bidder, wished to be present, as he had business to settle with one or two persons, who were expected at the Golden Lion on that day, and he had put off his visit till he had seen the sale advertised in the county paper.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy set out early on the Monday morning, on their way to the Golden Lion, a small inn in a neighbouring market town. As they had time before them, they had agreed to ride slowly, that they might converse on some useful subject; but here, as usual, they had two opinions about the same thing. Mr. Bragwell's notion of a useful subject was, something by which money was to be got, and a good bargain struck. Mr. Worthy was no less a man of business than his

friend. His schemes were wise, and his calculations just. His reputation for integrity and good sense made him the common judge and umpire in his neighbours' affairs, while no one paid a more exact attention to every transaction of his own. But the business of getting money was not with him the first, much less was it the whole, concern of the day. He sought, in the *first place*, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Every morning when he rose, he remembered that he had a Maker to worship, as well as a family to maintain. Religion, however, never made him neglect business, though it sometimes led him to postpone it. He used to say, no man had any reason to expect God's blessing through the day, who did not ask it in the morning; nor was he likely to spend the day in the fear of God, who did not begin it with His worship. But he had not the less sense, spirit, and activity, when he was among men abroad, because he had first served God at home.

As these two farmers rode along, Mr. Worthy took occasion, from the fineness of the day and the beauty of the country through which they passed, to turn the discourse to the goodness of God, and our infinite obligations to Him. He knew that the transition from thanksgiving to prayer would be natural and easy; and he, therefore, sliding by degrees into that important subject, observed, that secret prayer was a duty of universal obligation, which every man had it in his power to fulfil, and which he seriously believed

was the groundwork of all religious practice, and of all devout affections.

Mr. Bragwell felt conscious that he was very negligent and irregular in the performance of this duty; indeed he considered it as a mere ceremony, or at least, as a duty which might give way to the slightest temptation of drowsiness at night, or of business in the morning. As he knew he did not live in the conscientious performance of this practice, he tried to ward off the subject, knowing what a home-way his friend had of putting things. After some evasion, he at last said, he certainly thought private prayer a good custom, especially for people who have time; and that those who were sick, or old, or out of business, could not do better; but that for his part, he believed much of these sort of things was not expected from men in active life.

Mr. Worthy. I should think, Mr. Bragwell, that those who are most exposed to temptation stand most in need of prayer; now there are few, methinks, who are more exposed to temptation than men in business; for they must be in most danger, at least, from the world, who have most to do with it. And if this be true, ought we not to prepare ourselves in the closet for the trials of the market, the field, and the shop? It is but putting on our armour before we go out to battle.

Bragwell. For my part, I think example is the whole of religion, and if the master of a family is orderly, and regular, and goes to church, he does every thing which can be required of him,

and no one has a right to call him to account for any thing more.

Worthy. Give me leave to say, Mr. Bragwell, that highly as I rate a good example, still I must set a good principle above it. I know I must keep good order, indeed, for the sake of others; but I must keep a good conscience for my own sake. To God I owe secret piety, I must therefore pray to him in private. To my family I owe a Christian example, and for that, among other reasons, I must not fail to go to church.

Bragwell. You are talking, Mr. Worthy, as if I were an enemy to religion. Sir, I am no heathen; sir, I am a Christian: I belong to the church; I go to church; I always drink prosperity to the church. You yourself, as strict as you are, in never missing it twice a day, are not a warmer friend to the church than I am.

Worthy. That is to say, you know its inestimable value as a political institution; but you do not seem to know that a man may be very irreligious under the best religious institutions; and that even the most excellent only furnishes the *means* of being religious, and is no more religion itself than brick and mortar are prayers and thanksgivings. I shall never think, however high their profession, and even however regular their attendance, that those men truly respect the church, who bring home little of that religion which is taught in it into their own families, or their own hearts, or who make the whole of Christianity to consist in a mere formal attendance there. Excuse me, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I am persuaded that religion is quite a proper thing for the poor; and I don't think that the multitude can ever be kept in order without it; and I am a sort of a politician you know. We *must* have bits, and bridles, and restraints for the vulgar.

Worthy. Your opinion is very just, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, since it does not go to the root of the evil; for while you value yourself on the soundness of this principle as a politician, I wish you also to see the reason of it as a Christian: depend upon it, if religion be good for the community at large, it is equally good for every family; and what is right for a family is equally right for each individual in it. You have therefore yourself brought the most unanswerable argument why you ought to be religious yourself, by asking how we shall keep others in order without religion. For believe me, Mr. Bragwell, there is no particular clause to except *you* in the Gospel. There are no exceptions there in favour of any one class of men. The same restraints which are necessary for the people at large are equally necessary for men of every order, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, learned and ignorant. If Jesus Christ died for no one particular rank, class, or community, then there is no one rank, class, or community exempt from the obedience to his laws enjoined by the Gospel. May I ask you, Mr. Bragwell, what is your reason for going to church?

Bragwell. Sir, I am shocked at your question. How can I avoid doing a thing so customary and so creditable? Not go to church, indeed! What do you take me for, Mr. Worthy? I am afraid you suspect me to be a Papist, or a heathen, or of some religion or other that is not Christian.

Worthy. If a foreigner were to hear how violently one set of Christians in this country often speak against another, how earnest would he suppose us all to be in religious matters; and how astonished to discover that many a man has perhaps little other proof to give of the sincerity of his own religion except the violence with which he hates the religion of another party. It is not *irreligion* which such men hate; but the religion of the man, or the party whom they are set against: now hatred is certainly no part of the religion of the Gospel. Well, you have told me why you go to church; now pray tell me, why do you confess there on your bended knees every Sunday, that "you have erred and strayed from God's ways?" — "that there is no health in you?" — "that you have done what you ought not to do?" — "and that you are a miserable sinner?"

Bragwell. Because it is in the Common-prayer Book, to be sure; a book which I have heard you yourself say was written by wise and good men; the glory of Christianity, the pillars of the Protestant church.

Worthy. But have you no other reason?

Bragwell. No, I can't say I have.

Worthy. When you repeat that excellent form of confession, do you really feel that you *are* a miserable sinner?

Bragwell. No, I can't say I do. But that is no objection to my repeating it; because it may suit the case of many who are so. I suppose the good doctors who drew it up intended that part for wicked people only, such as drunkards, and thieves, and murderers; for I imagine they could not well contrive to make the same prayer quite suit an honest man and a rogue; and so I suppose they thought it safer to make a good man repeat a prayer which suited a rogue, than to make a rogue repeat a prayer which suited a good man; and you know it is so customary for every body to repeat the general confession, that it can't hurt the credit of the most respectable persons, though every respectable person must know they have no particular concern in it, as they are not sinners.

Worthy. Depend upon it, Mr. Bragwell, those good doctors you speak of were not quite of your opinion; they really thought that what you call honest men were grievous sinners in a certain sense, and that the best of us stand in need of making that humble confession. Mr. Bragwell, do you believe in the fall of Adam?

Bragwell. To be sure I do, and a sad thing for Adam it was; why, it is in the Bible, is it not? It is one of the prettiest chapters in Genesis. Don't *you* believe it, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Yes, truly I do. But I don't believe it *merely* because I read it in Genesis; though I

know, indeed, that I am bound to believe every part of the word of God. But I have still an additional reason for believing in the fall of the first man.

Bragwell. Have you, indeed? Now, I can't guess what that can be.

Worthy. Why, my own observation of what is within myself teaches me to believe it. It is not only the third chapter of Genesis which convinces me of the truth of the fall, but also the sinful inclinations which I find in my own heart corresponding with it. This is one of those leading truths of Christianity of which I can never doubt a moment: first, because it is abundantly expressed or implied in Scripture; and next, because the consciousness of the evil nature I carry about with me confirms the doctrine beyond all doubt. Besides, is it not said in Scripture, that by one man sin entered into the world, and that "all we, like lost sheep, have gone astray;" — "that by one man's disobedience many were made sinners;" — and so again in twenty more places that I could tell you of.

Bragwell. Well; I never thought of this. But is not this a very melancholy sort of doctrine, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. It is melancholy, indeed, if we stop here. But while we are deploring this sad truth, let us take comfort from another, that "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Bragwell. Yes; I remember I thought those very fine words, when I heard them said over my

poor father's grave. But as it was in the burial of the dead, I did not think of taking it to myself; for I was then young and hearty, and in little danger of dying, and I have been so busy ever since, that I have hardly had time to think of it.

Worthy. And yet the service pronounced at the burial of all who die is a solemn admonition to all who live. It is there said, as, indeed, the Scripture says also, "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever *believeth in me* shall never die, but I will raise him up at the last day." Now do you think you *believe in Christ*, Mr. Bragwell?

Bragwell. To be sure I do; why, you are always fancying me an atheist.

Worthy. In order to believe in Christ, we must believe first in our own guilt and our own unworthiness; and when we do this we shall see the use of a Saviour, and not till then.

Bragwell. Why, all this is a new way of talking. I can't say I ever meddled with such subjects before in my life. But now, what do you advise a man to do upon your plan of religion?

Worthy. Why all this leads me back to the ground from which we set out, I mean the duty of prayer; for if we believe that we have an evil nature within us, and that we stand in need of God's grace to help us, and a Saviour to redeem us, we shall be led of course to pray for what we so much need; and without this conviction we shall not be led to pray.

Bragwell. Well, but don't you think, Mr. Worthy, that you good folks, who make so much

of prayer, have lower notions than we have of the wisdom of the Almighty? You think he wants to be informed of the things you tell him; whereas, I take it for granted that he knows them already, and that, being so good as he is, he will give me every thing he sees fit to give me, without my asking it.

Worthy. God, indeed, who knows all things, knows what we want before we ask him; but still has he not said that "with prayer and supplication we must make known our requests unto him?" Prayer is the way in which God hath said that his favour must be sought. It is the channel through which he hath declared it is his sovereign will and pleasure that his blessings should be conveyed to us. What ascends up in prayer descends again to us in blessings. It is like the rain which just now fell, and which had been drawn up from the ground in vapours to the clouds before it descended from them to the earth in that refreshing shower. Besides, prayer has a good effect on our minds; it tends to excite a right disposition towards God in us, and to keep up a constant sense of our dependence. But above all, it is the way to get the good things we want. "Ask," says the Scripture, "and ye shall receive."

Bragwell. Now, that is the very thing which I was going to deny: for the truth is, men do not always get what they ask; I believe if I could get a good crop for asking it, I should pray oftener than I do.

Worthy. Sometimes, Mr. Bragwell, men "ask and

receive not, because they ask amiss;" — "they ask that they may consume it on their lusts." They ask worldly blessings, perhaps, when they should ask spiritual ones. Now, the latter, which are the good things I spoke of, are always granted to those who pray to God for them, though the former are not. I have observed in the case of some worldly things I have sought for, that the grant of my prayer would have caused the misery of my life; so that God equally consults our good in what he withholds, and in what he bestows.

Bragwell. And yet you continue to pray on, I suppose?

Worthy. Certainly; but then I try to mend as to the object of my prayers. I pray for God's blessing and favour, which is better than riches.

Bragwell. You seem very earnest on this subject.

Worthy. To cut the matter short; I ask, then, whether prayer is not positively commanded in the Gospel? When this is the case, we can never dispute about the necessity or the duty of a thing, as we may when there is no such command. Here, however, let me just add also, that a man's prayers may be turned to no small use in the way of discovering to him whatever is amiss in his life.

Bragwell. How so, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Why, suppose, now, you were to try yourself by turning into the shape of a prayer every practice in which you allow yourself. For instance, let the prayer in the morning be a sort of preparation for the deeds of the day, and the prayer at night a sort of retrospection of those deeds.

You, Mr. Bragwell, I suspect, are a little inclined to covetousness; excuse me, sir. Now, suppose after you have been during a whole day a little too eager to get rich; suppose, I say, you were to try how it would sound to beg of God at night on your knees to give you still more money, though you have already so much that you know not what to do with it. Suppose you were to pray in the morning, "O Lord, give me more riches, though those I have are a snare and a temptation to me;" and ask him in the same solemn manner to bless all the grasping means you intend to make use of in the day, to add to your substance.

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I have no patience with you for thinking I could be so wicked.

Worthy. Yet to make such a covetous prayer as this is hardly more wicked, or more absurd, than to lead the life of the covetous, by sinning up to the spirit of that very prayer which you would not have the courage to put into words. Still further, observe how it would sound to confess your sins, and pray against them all, except one favourite sin. "Lord, do thou enable me to forsake all my sins, except the love of money;" — "in this one thing pardon thy servant."— Or, "Do thou enable me to forgive all who have injured me, except old Giles." This you will object against, as a wicked prayer; but if wicked in prayer, it must be wicked in practice. It is even more shocking to make it the language of the heart, or of the life, than of the lips. And yet, because you have been used to see people act thus, and have not been used to hear

them pray thus, you are shocked at the one and not shocked at the other.

Bragwell. Shocked, indeed! Why, at this rate, you would teach one to hate ones-self.

Worthy. Hear me out, Mr. Bragwell: you turned your good nephew, Tom Broad, out of doors, you know; you owned to me it was an act of injustice. Now, suppose on the morning of your doing so you had begged of God, in a solemn act of prayer, to prosper the deed of cruelty and oppression, which you intended to commit that day. I see you are shocked at the thought of such a prayer. Well, then, would not hearty prayer have kept you from committing that wicked action? In short, what a life must that be, no act of which you dare beg God to prosper and bless? If once you can bring yourself to believe that it is your bounden duty to pray for God's blessing on your day's work, you will certainly grow careful about passing such a day as you may safely ask his blessing upon. The remark may be carried to sports, diversions, company. A man, who once takes up the serious use of prayer, will soon find himself obliged to abstain from such diversions, occupations, and societies, as he cannot reasonably desire that God will bless to him; and thus he will see himself compelled to leave off either the practice or the prayer. Now, Mr. Bragwell, I need not ask you which of the two he that is a real Christian will give up, sinning or praying.

Mr. Bragwell began to feel that he had not the

best of the argument, and was afraid he was making no great figure in the eyes of his friend. Luckily, however, he was relieved from the difficulty into which the necessity of making some answer must have brought him, by finding they were come to the end of their little journey; and he never beheld the bunch of grapes, which decorated the sign of the Golden Lion, with more real satisfaction.

I refer my readers for the transactions at the Golden Lion, and for the sad adventures which afterwards befell Mr. Bragwell's family, to the Fifth Part of the History of the Two Wealthy Farmers.

PART V.

The Golden Lion.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy alighted at the Golden Lion. It was market-day: the inn, the yard, the town, was all alive. Mr. Bragwell was quite in his element. Money, company, and good cheer always set his spirits afloat. He felt himself the principal man in the scene. He had three great objects in view, — the sale of his land, the letting Mr. Worthy see how much he was looked up to by so many substantial people, and the showing these people what a wise man his most intimate friend, Mr. Worthy, was. It was his way to try to borrow a little credit from every per-

son, and every thing he was connected with, and by that credit to advance his interest and increase his wealth.

The farmers met in a large room; and while they were transacting their various concerns, those whose pursuits were the same naturally herded together. The tanners were drawn to one corner, by the common interest which they took in bark and hides. A useful debate was carrying on at another little table, whether the practice of sowing wheat or of planting it were most profitable. Another set were disputing whether horses or oxen were best for ploughs. Those who were concerned in canals, sought the company of other canallers; while some, who were interested in the new bill for inclosures, wisely looked out for such as knew most about waste lands.

Mr. Worthy was pleased with all these subjects, and picked up something useful on each. It was a saying of his, that most men understood some one thing, and that he who was wise would try to learn from every man something on the subject he best knew; but Mr. Worthy made a further use of the whole. "What a pity is it," said he, "that Christians are not as desirous to turn their time to good account as men of business are! When shall we see religious persons as anxious to derive profit from the experience of others as these farmers? When shall we see them as eager to to turn their time to good account? While I approve these men for not being *slothful in business*, let me improve the hint, by being also *fervent in spirit*."

Showing how much wiser the Children of this Generation are than the Children of Light.

When the hurry was a little over, Mr. Bragwell took a turn on the Bowling-green. Mr. Worthy followed him, to ask why the sale of the estate was not brought forward. "Let the auctioneer proceed to business," said he: "the company will be glad to get home by day-light. I speak mostly with a view to others; for I do not think of being a purchaser myself."—"I know it," said Bragwell, "or I would not be such a fool as to let the cat out of the bag. But is it really possible," proceeded he, with a smile of contempt, "that you should think I will sell my estate before dinner? Mr. Worthy, you are a clever man at books, and such things; and, perhaps, can make out an account on paper in a handsomer manner than I can. But I never found much was to be got by fine writing. As to figures, I can carry enough of them in my head to add, divide, and multiply more money than your learning will ever give you the fingering of. You may beat me at a book, but you are a very child at a bargain. Sell my land before dinner, indeed!"

Mr. Worthy was puzzled to guess how a man was to show more wisdom by selling a piece of ground at one hour than at another, and desired an explanation. Bragwell felt rather more contempt for his understanding than he had ever done before. "Look'ee, Mr. Worthy," said he; "I do not think that knowledge is of any use to a man, unless he has sense enough to turn it to account.

Men are my books, Mr. Worthy; and it is by reading, spelling, and putting them together to good purpose, that I have got up in the world. I shall give you a proof of this to-day. These farmers are most of them come to the Lion with a view of purchasing this bit of land of mine, if they should like the bargain. Now, as you know a thing can't be any great bargain both to the buyer and the seller too, to them and to me, it becomes me, as a man of sense, who has the good of his family at heart, to secure the bargain to myself. I would not cheat any man, sir, but I think it fair enough to turn his weakness to my own advantage: there is no law against that, you know; and this is the use of one man's having more sense than another. So, whenever I have a piece of land to sell, I always give a handsome dinner, with plenty of punch and strong beer. We fill up the morning with other business, and I carefully keep back any talk about the purchase till we have dined. At dinner we have, of course, a slice of politics. This puts most of us into a passion, and you know anger is thirsty. Besides, 'Church and King' naturally brings on a good many other toasts. Now, as I am master of the feast, you know, it would be shabby in me to save my liquor; so I push about the glass one way, and the tankard the other, till all my company are as merry as kings. Every man is delighted to see what a fine hearty fellow he has to deal with, and Mr. Bragwell receives a thousand compliments. By this time they have gained as much in good humour as they have

lost in sober judgment, and this is the proper moment for setting the auctioneer to work; and this I commonly do to such good purpose, that I go home with my purse a score or two of pounds heavier than if they had not been warmed by their dinner. In the morning men are cool and suspicious, and have all their wits about them; but a cheerful glass cures all distrust. And, what is lucky, I add to my credit as well as my pocket, and get more praise for my dinner than blame for my bargain."

Mr. Worthy was struck with the absurd vanity which could tempt a man to own himself guilty of an unfair action for the sake of showing his wisdom. He was beginning to express his disapprobation, when they were told dinner was on table. They went in and were soon seated. All was mirth and good cheer. Every body agreed that no one gave such hearty dinners as Mr. Bragwell. Nothing was pitiful where he was master of the feast. Bragwell, who looked with pleasure on the excellent dinner before him, and enjoyed the good account to which he should turn it, heard their praises with delight, and cast an eye on Worthy; as much as to say, who is the wise man now? Having a mind, for his own credit, to make his friend talk, he turned to him, saying, "Mr. Worthy, I believe no people in the world enjoy life more than men of our class. We have money and power, we live on the fat of the land, and have as good a right to gentility as the best."

"As to gentility, Mr. Bragwell," replied Worthy, "I am not sure that this is amongst the wisest of our

pretensions. But I will say, that ours is a creditable and respectable business. In ancient times, farming was the employment of princes and patriarchs; and, now-a-days, an honest, humane, sensible, English yeoman, I will be bold to say, is not only a very useful but an honourable character. But, then, he must not merely think of *enjoying life*, as you call it, but he must think of living up to the great ends for which he was sent into the world. A wealthy farmer not only has it in his power to live well but to do much good. He is not only the father of his own family but of his workmen, his dependents, and the poor at large, especially in these hard times. He has it in his power to raise into credit all the parish offices which have fallen into disrepute by getting into bad hands; and he can convert what have been falsely thought mean offices into very important ones, by his just and Christian-like manner of filling them. An upright juryman, a conscientious constable, a humane overseer, an independent elector, an active superintendent of a workhouse, a just arbitrator in public disputes, a kind counsellor in private troubles; such an one, I say, fills up a station in society no less necessary, and, as far as it reaches, scarcely less important than that of a magistrate, a sheriff of a county, or even a member of parliament. That can never be a slight or a degrading office, on which the happiness of a whole parish may depend."

Bragwell, who thought the good sense of his friend reflected credit on himself, encouraged

Worthy to go on, but he did it in his own vain way. "Aye, very true, Mr. Worthy," said he, "you are right; a leading man in our class ought to be looked up to as an example, as you say; in order to which he should do things handsomely and liberally, and not grudge himself, or his friends, any thing," casting an eye of complacency on the good dinner he had provided. — "True," replied Mr. Worthy, "he should be an example of simplicity, sobriety, and plainness of manners. But he will do well," added he, "not to affect a frothy gentility, which will sit but clumsily upon him. If he has money, let him spend prudently, lay up moderately for his children, and give liberally to the poor. But let him rather seek to dignify his own station by his virtues than to get above it by his vanity. If he acts thus, then, as long as this country lasts, a farmer of England will be looked upon as one of its most valuable members; nay, more, by this conduct he may contribute to make England last the longer. The riches of the farmer, corn and cattle, are the true riches of a nation; but let him remember, that though corn and cattle *enrich* a country, nothing but justice, integrity, and religion, can *preserve* it."

Here one of the company, who was known to be a man of loose principles, and who seldom went to public worship, said he had no objection to religion, and was always ready to testify his regard to it by drinking "Church and King." On this Mr. Worthy remarked, that he was afraid that too many contented themselves with making this toast

include the whole of their religion, if not of their loyalty. "It is with real sorrow," continued he, "that I am compelled to observe, that though there are numberless honourable instances to the contrary, yet I have seen more contempt and neglect of Christianity in men of our calling than in almost any other. They too frequently hate the rector on account of his tithes, to which he has as good a right as they have to their farms, and the curate on account of his poverty; but the truth is, religion itself is often the concealed object of their dislike. I know too many, who, while they affect a violent outward zeal for the church, merely because they conceive its security to be somehow connected with their own political advantages, yet prove the hollowness of their attachment, by showing little regard to its ministers, and less to its ordinances."

Young Wilson, the worthy grazier, whom Miss Bragwell had turned off because he did not understand French dances, thanked Mr. Worthy for what he had said, and hoped he should be the better for it as long as he lived, and desired his leave to be better acquainted. Most of the others declared they had never heard a finer speech, and then, as is usual, proceeded to show the good effect it had on them, by loose conversation, hard drinking, and whatever could counteract all that Worthy had been saying.

Mr. Worthy was much concerned to hear Mr. Bragwell, after dinner, whisper to the waiter, to put less and less water into every fresh bowl of

punch. This was his old way: if the time they had to sit was long, then the punch was to be weaker, as he saw no good in wasting money to make it stronger than the time required. But if time pressed, then the strength was to be increased in due proportion, as a small quantity must then intoxicate them as much in a short time as would be required of a greater quantity had the time been longer. This was one of Mr. Bragwell's nice calculations, and this was the sort of skill on which he so much valued himself.

At length the guests were properly primed for business: just in that convenient stage of intoxication which makes men warm and rash, yet keeps short of that absolute drunkenness which disqualifies for business, the auctioneer set to work. All were bidders, and, if possible, all would have been purchasers; so happily had the feast and the punch operated. They bid on with a still increasing spirit, till they got so much above the value of the land, that Bragwell, with a wink and a whisper, said, "Who would sell his land fasting? Eh! Worthy?" At length the estate was knocked down at a price very far above its worth.

As soon as it was sold, Bragwell again said softly to Worthy, "Five from fifty and there remain forty-five. The dinner and drink won't cost me five pounds, and I have got fifty more than the land was worth. Spend a shilling to gain a pound, this is what I call practical arithmetic, Mr. Worthy."

Mr. Worthy was glad to get out of this scene;

and seeing that his friend was quite sober, he resolved, as they rode home, to deal plainly with him. Bragwell had found out, among his calculations, that there were some sins which could only be committed, by a prudent man, one at a time. For instance, he knew that a man could not well get rich, and get drunk, at the same moment; so that he used to practise one first, and the other after; but he had found out that some vices made very good company together; thus, while he had watched himself in drinking, lest he should become as unfit to sell as his guests were to buy, he had indulged, without measure, in the good dinner he had provided. Mr. Worthy, I say, seeing him able to bear reason, rebuked him for this day's proceedings with some severity. Bragwell bore his reproofs with that sort of patience which arises from an opinion of one's own wisdom, accompanied by a recent flush of prosperity. He behaved with that gay good humour which grows out of united vanity and good fortune. "You are too squeamish, Mr. Worthy," said he; "I have done nothing discreditable. These men came with their eyes open. There is no compulsion used. They are free to bid, or to let it alone. I make them welcome, and I shall not be thought a bit the worse of by them, to-morrow, when they are sober. Others do it besides me; and I shall never be ashamed of any thing as long I have custom on my side."

Worthy. I am sorry, Mr. Bragwell, to hear you support such practices by such arguments.

There is not, perhaps, a more dangerous snare to the souls of men than is to be found in that word CUSTOM. It is a word invented to reconcile corruption with credit, and sin with safety. But no custom, no fashion, no combination of men, to set up a false standard, can ever make a wrong action right. That a thing is often done, is so far from a proof of its being right, that it is the very reason which will set a thinking man to enquire if it be not really wrong, lest he should be following "a multitude to do evil." Right is right, though only one man in a thousand pursues it; and wrong will be for ever wrong, though it be the allowed practice of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. If this shameful custom be really common, which I can hardly believe, that is a fresh reason why a conscientious man should set his face against it. And I must go so far as to say, (you will excuse me, Mr. Bragwell,) that I see no great difference, in the eye of conscience, whatever there may be in the eye of law, between your making a man first lose his reason, and then getting fifty guineas out of his pocket *because* he has lost it, and your picking the fifty guineas out of his pocket, if you had met him dead drunk in his way home to-night. Nay, he who meets a man already drunk and robs him commits but one sin, while he who makes him drunk first, that he may rob him afterwards, commits two.

Bragwell gravely replied, "Mr. Worthy, while I have the practice of people of credit to support me, and the law of the land to protect me, I

see no reason to be ashamed of any thing I do." — "Mr. Bragwell," answered Worthy, "a truly honest man is not always looking sharp about him, to see how far custom and the law will bear him out: if he be honest on principle he will consult the law of his conscience, and if he be a Christian, he will consult the written law of God. We never deceive ourselves more than when we over-reach others. You would not allow that you had robbed your neighbour for the world, yet you are not ashamed to own you have out-witted him. I have read this great truth in the works of an heathen, Mr. Bragwell, that the chief misery of man arises from his not knowing how to make right calculations."

Bragwell. Sir, the remark does not belong to me. I have not made an error of a farthing. Look at the account, sir; — right to the smallest fraction.

Worthy. Sir, I am talking of final accounts, spiritual calculations, arithmetic in the long run. Now, in this your real Christian is the only true calculator: he has found out that we shall be richer in the end, by denying than by indulging ourselves. He knows that when the balance comes to be struck, when profit and loss shall be summed up, and the final account adjusted, that whatever ease, prosperity, and delight we had in this world, yet if we have lost our souls in the end, we cannot reckon that we have made a good bargain. We cannot pretend that a few items of present pleasure make any great figure, set over against the sum-total

of eternal misery. So you see it is only for want of a good head at calculation that men prefer time to eternity, pleasure to holiness, earth to heaven. You see if we get our neighbour's money at the price of our own integrity; hurt his good name, but destroy our own souls; raise our outward character, but wound our inward conscience; when we come to the last reckoning we shall find that we were only knaves in the second instance, but fools in the first. In short, we shall find that whatever other wisdom we possessed, we were utterly ignorant of the skill of true calculation.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Mr. Bragwell got home in high spirits, for no arguments could hinder him from feeling that he had the fifty guineas in his purse.

There is to a worldly man something so irresistible in the actual possession of present, and visible, and palpable pleasures, that he considers it as a proof of his wisdom to set them in decided opposition to the invisible realities of eternity.

As soon as Bragwell came in, he gaily threw the money he had received on the table, and desired his wife to lock it up. Instead of receiving it with her usual satisfaction, she burst into a violent fit of passion, and threw it back to him. "You may keep your cash yourself," said she. "It is all over: we want no more money. You are a ruined man! A wicked creature, scraping and working as we have done for her!" Bragwell trembled, but durst not ask what he dreaded to hear. His wife spared him the trouble, by crying

out, as soon as her rage permitted, — "The girl is ruined: Polly is gone off!" Poor Bragwell's heart sunk within him: he grew sick and giddy; and as his wife's rage swallowed up her grief, so, in his grief, he almost forgot his anger. The purse fell from his hand; and he cast a look of anguish upon it, finding, for the first time, that money could not relieve his misery.

Mr. Worthy, who, though much concerned, was less discomposed, now called to mind, that the young lady had not returned with her mother and sister the night before: he begged Mrs. Bragwell to explain this sad story. She, instead of soothing her husband, fell to reproaching him. "It is all your fault," said she: "you were a fool for your pains. If I had had my way, the girls would never have kept company with any but men of substance, and then they could not have been ruined."—"Mrs. Bragwell," said Worthy, "if she has chosen a bad man, it would be still a misfortune, even though he had been rich." — "O, that would alter the case," said she; "*a fat sorrow is better than a lean one.* But to marry a beggar; there is no sin like that." Here Miss Betsey, who stood sullenly by, put in a word, and said, her sister, however, had not disgraced herself by having married a farmer or a tradesman; she had, at least, made choice of a gentleman. "What marriage? what gentleman?" cried the afflicted father. "Tell me the worst!" He was now informed that his darling daughter was gone off with a strolling player, who had been acting in the neighbouring villages lately.

Miss Betsey again put in, saying, he was no stroller, but a gentleman in disguise, who only acted for his own diversion. "Does he so?" said the now furious Bragwell, "then he shall be transported for mine."

At this moment a letter was brought him from his new son-in-law, who desired his leave to wait upon him, and implore his forgiveness. He owned he had been shopman to a haberdasher; but thinking his person and talents ought not to be thrown away upon trade, and being also a little behind hand, he had taken to the stage with a view of making his fortune: that he had married Miss Bragwell entirely for love, and was sorry to mention so paltry a thing as money, which he despised, but that his wants were pressing; his landlord, to whom he was in debt, having been so vulgar as to threaten to send him to prison. He ended with saying, — "I have been obliged to shock your daughter's delicacy, by confessing my unlucky real name: I believe I owe part of my success with her to my having assumed that of Augustus Frederic Theodosius. She is inconsolable at this confession, which, as you are now my father, I must also make to you, and subscribe myself, with many blushes, by the vulgar name of your dutiful son, "TIMOTHY INCLE."

"Oh!" cried the afflicted father, as he tore the letter in a rage, "Miss Bragwell married to a strolling actor! How shall I bear it?" — "Why, I would not bear it at all," cried the enraged mother: "I would never see her; I would never

forgive her; I would let her starve at one corner of the barn, while that rascal, with all those Pagan, Popish names, was ranting away at the other." — "Nay," said Miss Betsey, "if he is only a shopman, and if his name be really Timothy Incle, I would never forgive her neither. But who would have thought it by his looks, and by his *monstrous genteel* behaviour? no, he never can have so vulgar a name."

"Come, come," said Mr. Worthy, "were he really an honest haberdasher, I should think there was no other harm done, except the disobedience of the thing. Mr. Bragwell, this is no time to blame you, or hardly to reason with you. I feel for you sincerely. I ought not, perhaps, just at present, to reproach you for the mistaken manner in which you have bred up your daughters, as your error has brought its punishment along with it. You now see, because you now feel, the evil of a false education. It has ruined one of your daughters; your whole plan unavoidably led to some such end. The large sums you spent to qualify them, as you thought, for a high station, only served to make them despise their own, and could do them nothing but harm, while your habits of life properly confined them to company of a lower class. While they were better drest than the daughters of the first gentry, they were worse taught, as to real knowledge, than the daughters of your ploughmen. Their vanity has been raised by excessive finery, and kept alive by excessive flattery. Every evil temper has been fostered by

indulgence. Their pride has never been controlled; their self-will has never been subdued; their idleness has laid them open to every temptation, and their abundance has enabled them to gratify every desire; their time, that precious talent, has been entirely wasted. Every thing they have been taught to do is of no use, while they are utterly unacquainted with all which they ought to have known. I deplore Miss Polly's false step. That she should have married a run-away shopman, turned stroller, I truly lament. But for what better husband was she qualified? For the wife of a farmer, she was too idle; for the wife of a tradesman, she was too expensive; for the wife of a gentleman, she was too ignorant. You, yourself, was most to blame. You expected her to act wisely, though you never taught her that *fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.* I owe it to you as a friend, and to myself as a Christian, to declare, that your practices in the common transactions of life, as well as your present misfortune, are almost the natural consequences of those false principles which I protested against when you were at my house." *

Mrs. Bragwell attempted several times to interrupt Mr. Worthy, but her husband would not permit it. He felt the force of all his friend said, and encouraged him to proceeed. Mr. Worthy thus went on: — "It grieves me to say how much your own indiscretion has contributed even to bring on your present misfortune. You gave

* See Part II.

your countenance to this very company of strollers, though you knew they are acting in defiance to the laws of the land, to say no worse. They go from town to town, and from barn to barn, stripping the poor of their money, the young of their innocence, and all of their time. Do you remember with how much pride you told me that you had bespoke *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, for the benefit of this very Mr. Frederic Theodosius? To this pernicious ribaldry you not only carried your own family, but wasted I know not how much money in treating your workmen's wives and children; in these hard times, too, when they have scarcely bread to eat, or a shoe on their feet: and all this only that you might have the absurd pleasure of seeing those flattering words, *By Desire of Mr. Bragwell*, stuck up in print at the public-house, on the blacksmith's shed, at the turnpike-gate, and on the barn-door."

Mr. Bragwell acknowledged that his friend's rebuke was but too just, and he looked so very contrite as to raise the pity of Mr. Worthy, who, in a mild voice, thus went on: — "What I have said is not so much to reproach you with the ruin of one daughter, as from a desire to save the other. Let Miss Betsey go home with me. I do not undertake to be her gaoler, but I will be her friend. She will find in my daughters kind companions, and in my wife a prudent guide. I know she will dislike us at first, but I do not despair in time of convincing her that a sober, humble, useful, pious

life, is as necessary to make us happy on earth, as it is to fit us for heaven."

Poor Miss Betsey, though she declared it would be *frightful dull*, and *monstrous vulgar*, and *dismal melancholy*, yet was she so terrified at the discontent and grumbling which she would have to endure at home, that she sullenly consented. She had none of that filial tenderness which led her to wish to stay and soothe and comfort her afflicted father. All she thought about was to get out of the way of her mother's ill humour, and to carry so much finery with her as to fill the Miss Worthys with envy and respect. Poor girl! She did not know that envy was a feeling they never indulged; and that fine clothes were the last thing to draw their respect.

Mr. Worthy took her home next day. When they reached his house, they found there young Wilson, Miss Betsey's old admirer. She was much pleased at this, and resolved to treat him well. But her good or ill treatment now signified but little. This young grazier reverenced Mr. Worthy's character, and ever since he had met him at the Lion, had been thinking what a happiness it would be to marry a young woman bred up by such a father. He had heard much of the modesty and discretion of both the daughters, but his inclination now determined him in favour of the elder.

Mr. Worthy, who knew him to be a young man of good sense and sound principles, allowed him to become a visitor at his house, but deferred his

consent to the marriage [illegible] thoroughly. Mr. Wilson [illegible] the domestic piety of [illegible] both in the [illegible] and Mr. Worthy [illegible] valuable character. [illegible] Miss Bragwell's hopes [illegible] in a new dress [illegible] tification of being [illegible] by one whom she [illegible] Mr. Wilson [illegible] greatly her [illegible] ance; but [illegible] pious. Miss Bragwell [illegible] of what Mr. Wilson [illegible] woman [illegible] who would [illegible]

Hitherto Mr. Bragwell [illegible] only learnt [illegible] had produced [illegible] whether they were [illegible] sense of their [illegible] of this history.

Part [illegible]

Good Resolution.

Mr. Bragwell was [illegible] affected [illegible] graceful marriage of [illegible] with Timothy [illegible] the [illegible]

never fully recovered his spirits. His cheerfulness, which had arisen from an high opinion of himself, had been confirmed by a constant flow of uninterrupted success; and that is a sort of cheerfulness which is very liable to be impaired, because it lies at the mercy of every accident and cross event in life. But though his pride was now disappointed, his misfortunes had not taught him any humility, because he had not discovered that they were caused by his own fault; nor had he acquired any patience or submission, because he had not learnt that all afflictions come from the hand of God, to awaken us to a deep sense of our sins, and to draw off our hearts from the perishing vanities of this life. Besides, Mr. Bragwell was one of those people, who, even if they would be thought to bear with tolerable submission such trials as appear to be sent more immediately from Providence, yet think they have a sort of right to rebel at every misfortune which befalls them through the fault of a fellow-creature; as if our fellow-creatures were not the agents and instruments by which Providence often sees fit to try or to punish us.

In answer to his heavy complaints, Mr. Worthy wrote him a letter, in which he expatiated on the injustice of our impatience, and on the folly of our vindicating ourselves from guilt in the distinctions we make between those trials which seem to come more immediately from God and those which proceed directly from the faults of our fellow-creatures. "Sickness, losses, and death, we think," continued

consent to the marriage till he knew him more thoroughly. Mr. Wilson, from what he saw of the domestic piety of this family, improved daily, both in the knowledge and practice of religion; and Mr. Worthy soon formed him into a most valuable character. During this time Miss Bragwell's hopes had revived; but though she appeared in a new dress almost every day, she had the mortification of being beheld with great indifference by one whom she had always secretly liked. Mr. Wilson married before her face a girl who was greatly her inferior in fortune, person, and appearance; but who was humble, frugal, meek, and pious. Miss Bragwell now strongly felt the truth of what Mr. Wilson had once told her, that a woman may make an excellent partner for a dance, who would make a very bad companion for life.

Hitherto Mr. Bragwell and his daughters had only learnt to regret their folly and vanity, as it had produced them mortification in this life; whether they were ever brought to a more serious sense of their errors, may be seen in a future part of this history.

PART VI.

Good Resolutions.

Mr. Bragwell was so much afflicted at the disgraceful marriage of his daughter, who ran off with Timothy Incle, the strolling player, that he

secret to lament her loss. She soon found out she was undone, and wrote in a strain of bitter repentance to ask his forgiveness. She owned that her husband, whom she had supposed to be a man of fashion in disguise, was a low person in distressed circumstances. She implored that her father, though he refused to give her husband that fortune for which alone it was now too plain he had married her, would at least allow her some subsistence; for that Mr. Incle was much in debt, and she feared in danger of a gaol.

The father's heart was half melted at this account, and his affection was for a time awakened. But Mrs. Bragwell opposed his sending her any assistance. She always made it a point of duty never to forgive; for she said it only encouraged those who had done wrong once to do worst next time. For her part, she had never yet been guilty of so mean and pitiful a weakness as to forgive any one; for to pardon an injury always showed either want of spirit to feel it, or want of power to resent it. She was resolved she would never squander the money for which she had worked early and late, on a baggage who had thrown herself away on a beggar, while she had a daughter single who might yet raise her family by a great match. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Bragwell's anger was not owing to the undutifulness of the daughter, or the worthlessness of the husband; poverty was in her eyes the grand crime. The doctrine of forgiveness, as a religious principle, made no more a part of Mr. Bragwell's system than of his wife's; but

[redacted]

bad, [redacted]

bad [redacted]

now and then read a chapter in the Bible; but all this was because his spirits were low, and no because his heart was changed. The outwar actions were more regular, but the inward man w the same. The forms of religion were resorted as a painful duty; but this only added to misery, while he was utterly ignorant of its sp and its power. He still, however, reserved reli as a loathsome medicine, to which he feare must have recourse at last, and of which he now considered every abstinence from pleasu every exercise of piety, as a bitter dose. health also was impaired, so that his friend him in a pitiable state, neither able to receive sure from the world, which he so dearly nor from religion, which he so greatly feare expected to have been much commended by W for the change in his way of life; but W who saw that the alteration was only owing loss of animal spirits, and to the casual al of temptation, was cautious of flattering hi much. "I thought, Mr. Worthy," said h have received more comfort from you. told, too, that religion was full of comfort, do not much find it." — "You were to truth," replied Worthy: "religion is comfort; but you must first be brought into fit to receive it before it can become so; yo be brought to a deep and humbling sense To give you comfort while you are puffed u high thoughts of yourself, would be to give strong cordial in a high fever. Religion

in natural feeling, particularly for this offending daughter, he much exceeded her.

In a few months the youngest Miss Bragwell desired leave to return home from Mr. Worthy's. She had, indeed, only consented to go thither as a less evil of the two, than staying in her father's house after her sister's elopement. But the sobriety and simplicity of Mr. Worthy's family were irksome to her. Habits of vanity and idleness were become so rooted in her mind, that any degree of restraint was a burden; and though she was outwardly civil, it was easy to see that she longed to get away. She resolved, however, to profit by her sister's faults; and made her parents easy, by assuring them she never would throw herself away on a *man who was worth nothing.* Encouraged by these promises, which her parents thought included the whole sum and substance of human wisdom, and which was all they said they could in reason expect, her father allowed her to come home.

Mr. Worthy, who accompanied her, found Mr. Bragwell gloomy and dejected. As his house was no longer a scene of vanity and festivity, Mr. Bragwell tried to make himself and his friend believe that he was grown religious; whereas he was only become discontented. As he had always fancied that piety was a melancholy, gloomy thing, and as he felt his own mind really gloomy, he was willing to think that he was growing pious. He had, indeed, gone more constantly to church, and had taken less pleasure in feasting and cards, and

now and then read a chapter in the Bible; but all this was because his spirits were low, and not because his heart was changed. The outward actions were more regular, but the inward man was the same. The forms of religion were resorted to as a painful duty; but this only added to his misery, while he was utterly ignorant of its spirit and its power. He still, however, reserved religion as a loathsome medicine, to which he feared he must have recourse at last, and of which he even now considered every abstinence from pleasure, or every exercise of piety, as a bitter dose. His health also was impaired, so that his friend found him in a pitiable state, neither able to receive pleasure from the world, which he so dearly loved, nor from religion, which he so greatly feared. He expected to have been much commended by Worthy for the change in his way of life; but Worthy, who saw that the alteration was only owing to the loss of animal spirits, and to the casual absence of temptation, was cautious of flattering him too much. "I thought, Mr. Worthy," said he, "to have received more comfort from you. I was told, too, that religion was full of comfort, but I do not much find it." — "You were told the truth," replied Worthy: "religion is full of comfort; but you must first be brought into a state fit to receive it before it can become so; you must be brought to a deep and humbling sense of sin. To give you comfort while you are puffed up with high thoughts of yourself, would be to give you a strong cordial in a high fever. Religion keeps

back her cordials till the patient is lowered and emptied, — emptied of self, Mr. Bragwell. If you had a wound, it must be examined and cleansed, aye, and probed too, before it would be safe to put on a healing plaster. Curing it to the outward eye, while it was corrupt at bottom, would only bring on a mortification, and you would be a dead man while you trusted that the plaster was curing you. You must be, indeed, a Christian, before you can be entitled to the comforts of Christianity."

"I am a Christian," said Bragwell: "many of my friends are Christians; but I do not see it has done us much good." — "Christianity itself," answered Worthy, "cannot make us good, unless it be applied to our hearts. Christian privileges will not make us Christians unless we make use of them. On that shelf I see stands your medicine. The doctor orders you to take it. *Have* you taken it?" — "Yes," replied Bragwell. — "Are you the better for it?" said Worthy. — "I think I am," he replied. — "But," added Worthy, "are you the better because the doctor has ordered it merely, or because you have also taken it?" — "What a foolish question!" cried Bragwell. "Why, to be sure the doctor might be the best doctor, and his physic the best physic in the world; but if it stood for ever on the shelf, I could not expect to be cured by it. My doctor is not a mountebank. He does not pretend to cure by a charm. The physic is good, and as it suits my case, though it is bitter, I take it."

"You have now," said Worthy, "explained,

undesignedly, the reason why religion does so little good in the world. It is not a mountebank; it does not work by a charm; but it offers to cure your worst corruptions by wholesome though sometimes bitter prescriptions. But you will not take them; you will not apply to God with the same earnest desire to be healed with which you apply to your doctor; you will not confess your sins to the one as honestly as you tell your symptoms to the other, nor read your Bible with the same faith and submission with which you take your medicine. In reading it, however, you must take care not to apply to yourself the comforts which are not suited to your case. You must, by the grace of God, be brought into a condition to be entitled to the promises, before you can expect the comfort of them. Conviction is not conversion; that worldly discontent which is the effect of worldly disappointment, is not that *godly sorrow which worketh repentance.* Besides, while you have been pursuing all the gratifications of the world, do not complain that you have not all the comforts of religion too. Could you live in the full enjoyment of both, *the Bible would not be true.*"

Bragwell. Well, sir, but I do a good action sometimes; and God, who knows he did not make us perfect, will accept it, and for the sake of my good actions will forgive my faults.

Worthy. Depend upon it, God will never forgive your sins for the sake of your virtues. There is no commutation tax there. But he will forgive them, on your sincere repentance, for the

sake of Jesus Christ. [illegible] act to be done; so that [illegible] achieved it, and the thing [illegible] that is to be constantly [illegible] tinual struggle with the [illegible] must reckon himself [illegible] already done; though [illegible] evidence that he is [illegible] constant disposition [illegible] But every Christian [illegible] enough left to do: [illegible] cause he has [illegible] sit down and take a [illegible].

Bragwell. But I [illegible] not be so watchful [illegible] you so often tell me [illegible].

Worthy. Do not [illegible] lical doctrines, while [illegible] Saviour, do not [illegible] they rather magnify it. [illegible] by the extenuation [illegible] repentance towards God [illegible] Jesus Christ. It is not by [illegible] your debt but by [illegible] have nothing to pay [illegible] hoped.

Bragwell. I don't [illegible] to have me as good as a [illegible] a sinner at the same time.

Worthy. I expect of every [illegible] is, every real penitent, [illegible] get his heart and life [illegible]

of the Gospel. I expect to see him aiming at a conformity in spirit and in practice to the will of God in Jesus Christ. I expect to see him gradually attaining towards an entire change from his natural self. When I see a man at constant war with those several pursuits and tempers which are with peculiar propriety termed *worldly*, it is a plain proof to me that that change must have passed on him which the Gospel emphatically terms becoming "a new man."

Bragwell. I hope, then, I am altered enough to please you. I am sure affliction has made such a change in me, that my best friends hardly know me to be the same man.

Worthy. That is not the change I mean. 'Tis true, from a merry man you are become a gloomy man; but that is because you have been disappointed in your schemes, — the principle remains unaltered. A great match for your single daughter would at once restore all the spirits you have lost by the imprudence of your married one. The change the Gospel requires is of quite another cast: it is having "a new heart and a right spirit;" — it is being "God's workmanship;" — it is being "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works;" — it is becoming "new creatures;" — it is "old things being done away, and all things made new;" — it is by so "learning the truth as it is in Jesus; — to the putting off the old man, and putting on the new, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness;" — it is by "partaking of the Divine nature." — Pray observe, Mr. Bragwell, these are not my words,

sake of Jesus Christ. Goodness is not a single act to be done; so that a man can say, I have achieved it, and the thing is over; but it is a habit that is to be constantly maintained; it is a continual struggle with the opposite vice. No man must reckon himself good for any thing he has already done; though he may consider it as an evidence that he is in the right way, if he feels a constant disposition to resist every evil temper. But every Christian grace will always find work enough left to do; and he must not fancy that because he has conquered once, his virtue may now sit down and take a holiday.

Bragwell. But I thought we Christians need not be so watchful against sin; because Christ, as you so often tell me, died for sinners.

Worthy. Do not deceive yourself: the evangelical doctrines, while they so highly exalt a Saviour, do not diminish the heinousness of sin, they rather magnify it. Do not comfort yourself by the extenuation or mitigation of sin; but by repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. It is not by diminishing or denying your debt but by confessing it, by owning you have nothing to pay, that forgiveness is to be hoped.

Bragwell. I don't understand you. You want to have me as good as a saint, and as penitent as a sinner at the same time.

Worthy. I expect of every real Christian, that is, every real penitent, that he should labour to get his heart and life impressed with the stamp

might have more leisure for devotion; though not *just now*, while the markets were so high; and then he began to think of sending a handsome subscription to the infirmary; though, on second thoughts, he concluded he need not be *in a hurry*, but might as well leave it in his will; though to *give*, and *repent*, and *reform*, were three things he was bent upon. But when his daughter came home at midnight, so happy and so fine! and telling how she had danced with Squire Squeeze the great corn-contractor, and how many fine things he had said to her, Mr. Bragwell felt the old spirit of the world return in its full force. A marriage with Mr. Dashall Squeeze, the great contractor, was beyond his hopes; for Mr. Squeeze was supposed from a very low beginning to have got rich during the war.

As for Mr. Squeeze, he had picked up as much of the history of his partner between the dances as he desired: he was convinced there would be no money wanting; for Miss Bragwell, who was now looked on as an only child, must needs be a great fortune, and Mr. Squeeze was too much used to advantageous contracts to let this slip. As he was gaudily dressed, and possessed all the arts of vulgar flattery, Miss Bragwell eagerly caught at his proposal to wait on her father next day. Squeeze was quite a man after Bragwell's own heart, a genius at getting money, a fine dashing fellow at spending it. He told his wife that this was the very sort of man for his daughter; for he got money like a Jew, and spent it like a prince; but

nor words picked out of any fanatical book; they are the words of that Gospel you profess to believe; it is not a new doctrine, it is as old as our religion itself. Though I cannot but observe, that men are more reluctant in believing, more averse to adopting this doctrine than almost any other: and, indeed, I do not wonder at it; for there is, perhaps, no one which so attacks corruption in its strong-holds; no one which so thoroughly prohibits a lazy Christian from uniting a life of sinful indulgence with an outward profession of piety.

Bragwell now seemed resolved to set about the matter in earnest; but he resolved in his own strength; he never thought of applying for assistance to the Fountain of Wisdom; to Him, who giveth might to them who have no strength. Unluckily, the very day Mr. Worthy took leave, there happened to be a grand ball at the next town on account of the assizes. An assize-ball, courteous reader! is a scene to which gentlemen and ladies periodically resort to celebrate the crimes and calamities of their fellow-creatures by dancing and music, and to divert themselves with feasting and drinking, while unhappy wretches are receiving sentence of death!

To this ball Miss Bragwell went, dressed out with a double portion of finery, pouring out on her head, in addition to her own ornaments, the whole band-box of feathers, beads, and flowers, her sister had left behind her. While she was at the ball her father formed many plans of religious reformation; he talked of lessening his business, that he

friend honestly reminded him of the vanity and uncertainty of worldly greatness, and the error he had been guilty of in marrying his daughter before he had taken time to enquire into the real character of the man; saying, that he could not help foreboding that the happiness of a match made at a ball might have an untimely end.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bragwell had paid down a larger fortune than was prudent, for fear Mr. Squeeze should fly off, yet he was surprised to receive very soon a pressing letter from him, desiring him to advance a considerable sum, as he had the offer of an advantageous purchase, which he must lose for want of money. Bragwell was staggered, and refused to comply; but his wife told him he must not be shabby to such a gentleman as 'Squire Squeeze; for that she heard on all sides such accounts of their grandeur, their feasts, their carriages, and their liveries, that she and her husband ought even to deny themselves comforts to oblige such a generous son, who did all this in honour of their daughter; besides, if he did not send the money soon, they must be obliged to lay down their coach, and then she should never be able to show her face again. At length Mr. Bragwell lent him the money on his bond: he knew Squeeze's income was large; for he had carefully enquired into this particular, and for the rest he took his word. Mrs. Squeeze also got great presents from her mother, by representing to her how expensively they were forced to live to keep up their credit, and what honour she was conferring

whether it was fairly got, or wisely spent, he was too much a man of the world to enquire. Mrs. Bragwell was not so run away with by appearances, but that she desired her husband to be careful, and make himself quite sure it was the right Mr. Squeeze, and no impostor. But being assured by her husband that Betsey would certainly keep her carriage, she never gave herself one thought with what sort of man she was to ride in it. To have one of her daughters to drive in her own coach, filled up all her ideas of human happiness, and drove the other daughter quite out of her head. The marriage was celebrated with great splendour, and Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze set off for London, where they had taken a house.

Mr. Bragwell now tried to forget that he had any other daughter; and if some thoughts of the resolutions he had made of entering on a more religious course would sometimes force themselves upon him, they were put off, like the repentance of Felix, *to a more convenient season*; and finding he was likely to have a grandchild, he became more worldly and more ambitious than ever; thinking this a just pretence for adding house to house, and field to field. And there is no stratagem by which men more fatally deceive themselves, than when they make even unborn children a pretence for that rapine, or that hoarding, of which their own covetousness is the true motive. Whenever he ventured to write to Mr. Worthy about the wealth, the gaiety, and the grandeur of Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze, that faithful

friend honestly reminded him of the vanity and uncertainty of worldly greatness, and the error he had been guilty of in marrying his daughter before he had taken time to enquire into the real character of the man; saying, that he could not but foreboding that the happiness of a match made in a ball might have an untimely end.

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n the family of the Bragwells, by spending their ..oney in such grand company. Among many ..er letters she wrote her the following: —

" *To Mrs. Bragwell.*

" You can't imagine, dear mother, how charm-..gly we live. — I lie a-bed almost all day, and am ..p all night; but it is never dark for all that, for we burn such numbers of candles all at once, that the sun would be of no use at all in London. — Then I am so happy! for we are never quiet a moment, Sundays or working-days; nay, I should not know which was which, only that we have most pleasure on a Sunday; because it is the only day on which people have nothing to do but divert themselves. — Then the great folks are all so kind, and so good; they have not a bit of pride, for they will come and eat, and drink, and win my money, just as if I was their equal; and if I have got but a cold, they are so very unhappy that they send to know how I do; and though I suppose they can't rest till the footman has told them, yet they are so polite, that if I have been dying they seem to have forgotten it next time we meet, and not to know but they have seen me the day before. O! they are true friends; and for ever smiling, and so fond of one another, that they like to meet and enjoy one another's company by hundreds, and always think the more the merrier. I shall never be tired of such a delightful life.

" Your dutiful daughter,

" BETSEY SQUEEZE."

The style of her letters, however, altered in a few months. She owned that though things went on gayer and grander than ever, yet she hardly ever saw her husband, except her house was full of company, and cards or dancing was going on; that he was often so busy abroad he could not come home all night; that he always borrowed the money her mother sent her when he was going out on this nightly business; and that the last time she had asked *him* for money, he cursed and swore, and bid her apply to the old farmer and his rib, who were made of money. This letter Mrs. Bragwell concealed from her husband.

At length, on some change in public affairs, Mr. Squeeze, who had made an overcharge of some thousand pounds in one article, lost his contract: he was found to owe a large debt to government, and his accounts must be made up immediately. This was impossible: he had not only spent his large income, without making any provision for his family, but had contracted heavy debts by gaming and other vices. His creditors poured in upon him. He wrote to Bragwell to borrow another sum; but without hinting at the loss of his contract. These repeated demands made Bragwell so uneasy, that instead of sending him the money, he resolved to go himself secretly to London, and judge by his own eyes how things were going on, as his mind strangely misgave him. He got to Mr. Squeeze's house about eleven at night, and knocked gently, concluding that they must needs be gone to bed. But what was his

astonishment to find the hall was full of men: he pushed through in spite of them, though to his great surprise they insisted on knowing his name, saying they must carry it in to their lady. This affronted him: he refused, saying, "It is not because I am ashamed of my name; it will pass for thousands in any market in the west of England. Is this your London manners, not to let a man of my credit in without knowing his name, indeed?" What was his amazement to see every room as full of card-tables and of fine gentlemen and ladies as it would hold. All was so light, and so gay, and so festive, and so grand, that he reproached himself for his suspicions, thought nothing too good for them, and resolved secretly to give Squeeze another five hundred pounds to help to keep up so much grandeur and happiness. At length seeing a footman he knew, he asked him where were his master and mistress, for he could not pick them out among the company; or rather his ideas were so confused with the splendour of the scene, that he did not know whether they were there or not. The man said, that his master had just sent for his lady up stairs, and he believed that he was not well. Mr. Bragwell said he would go up himself and look for his daughter, as he could not speak so freely to her before all that company.

He went up, knocked at the chamber door, and its not being opened, made him push it with some violence. He heard a bustling noise within, and again made a fruitless attempt to open the door. At this the noise increased, and Mr. Bragwell

was struck to the heart at the sound of a pistol from within. He now kicked so violently against the door that it burst open, when the first sight he saw was his daughter falling to the ground in a fit, and Mr. Squeeze dying by a shot from a pistol which was dropping out of his hand. Mr. Bragwell was not the only person whom the sound of the pistol had alarmed. The servants, the company, all heard it, and all ran up to this scene of horror. Those who had the best of the game took care to bring up their tricks in their hands, having had the prudence to leave the very few who could be trusted to watch the stakes, while those who had a prospect of losing profited by the confusion, and threw up their cards. All was dismay and terror. Some ran for a surgeon, others examined the dying man: some removed Mrs. Squeeze to her bed, while poor Bragwell could neither see, nor hear, nor do any thing. One of the company took up a letter which lay open upon the table, and was addressed to him: they read it, hoping it might explain the horrid mystery. It was as follows: —

"*To Mr. Bragwell.*

"Sir,

"Fetch home your daughter: I have ruined her, myself, and the child to which she every hour expects to be a mother. I have lost my contract. My debts are immense. You refuse me money; I must die then; but I will die like a man of spirit. They wait to take me to prison: I have two exe-

..itions in my house; but I have ten card-tables in . I would die as I have lived. I invited all this ·mpany, and have drunk hard since dinner to get . med for the dreadful deed. My wife refuses to ·ite to you for another thousand, and she must .ke the consequences. *Vanity* has been my ruin: · has caused all my crimes. Whoever is resolved ·· live beyond his income is liable to every sin. He can never say to himself, Thus far shalt thou ·, and no farther. Vanity led me to commit acts ·f rapine, that I might live in splendour; vanity .akes me commit self-murder, because I will not .ve in poverty. The new philosophy says, that death is an eternal sleep; but the new philosophy ies. Do you take heed; it is too late for me: the dreadful gulf yawns to swallow me; I plunge into perdition: there is no repentance in the grave, no hope in hell.

" Yours, &c.

" DASHALL SQUEEZE."

The dead body was removed, and Mr. Bragwell remaining almost without speech or motion, the company began to think of retiring, much out of humour at having their party so disagreeably broken up: they comforted themselves, however, that as it was *so early* (for it was now scarcely twelve), they could finish their evening at another party or two; so completely do habits of *pleasure*, as it is called, harden the heart, and steel it not only against virtuous impressions, but against natural feelings! Now it was, that those who had

nightly rioted at the expense of these wretched people were the first to abuse them. Not an offer of assistance was made to this poor forlorn woman; not a word of kindness or of pity, nothing but censure was now heard, "Why must these upstarts ape people of quality?" though as long as these upstarts could feast them, their vulgarity and their bad character had never been produced against them. "As long as thou dost well unto thyself, men shall speak good of thee." One guest, who, unluckily, had no other house to go to, coolly said, as he walked off, "Squeeze might as well as have put off shooting himself till the morning. It was monstrously provoking that he could not wait an hour or two."

As every thing in the house was seized, Mr. Bragwell prevailed on his miserable daughter, weak as she was, next morning to set out with him to the country. His acquaintance with polite life was short, but he had seen a great deal in a little time. They had a slow and a sad journey. In about a week, Mrs. Squeeze lay-in of a dead child; she herself languished a few days, and then died; and the afflicted parents saw the two darling objects of their ambition, for whose sakes they had made *too much haste to be rich*, carried to the land where all things are forgotten. Mrs. Bragwell's grief, like her other passions, was extravagant; and poor Bragwell's sorrow was rendered so bitter by self-reproach, that he would quite have sunk under it had he not thought of his old expedient in distress, that of sending for Mr. Worthy to comfort him.

is too heavy for me; I cannot survive this shock: I do not desire it, I only wish to die." — "We are very apt to talk most of dying when we are least fit for it," said Worthy. "This is not the language of that submission which makes us prepare for death; but of that despair which makes us out of humour with life. Oh, Mr. Bragwell! you are indeed disappointed of the grand ends which made life so delightful to you; but till your heart is humbled, till you are brought to a serious conviction of sin, till you are brought to see what is the true end of life, you can have no hope in death. You think you have no business on earth, because those for whose sake you too eagerly heaped up riches are no more. But is there not under the canopy of heaven some afflicted being whom you may yet relieve, some modest merit which you may bring forward, some helpless creature you may save by your advice, some perishing Christian you may sustain by your wealth? When you have no sins of your own to repent of, no mercies of God to be thankful for, no miseries of others to relieve, then, and not till then, I consent you should sink down in despair, and call on death to relieve you."

Mr. Worthy attended his afflicted friend to the funeral of his unhappy daughter and her babe. The solemn service, — the committing his late gay and beautiful daughter to darkness, to worms, and to corruption; — the sight of the dead infant, for whose sake he had resumed all his schemes of vanity and covetousness, when he thought he had got the better of them; — the melancholy conviction

[illegible]

[illegible]

was [illegible]

breathe[illegible]

[illegible]

W[illegible]

your [illegible]

business [illegible]

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Bragwel [illegible]

refuse [illegible]

about the door of which stood a crowd of people. "She is not dead," said one: "she moves her head." — "But she wants air," said all of them, while they all, according to custom, pushed so close upon her, that it was impossible she should get any. A fine boy of two or three years old stood by her, crying, "Mammy is dead, mammy is starved." Mr. Worthy made up to the poor woman, holding his friend by the arm: in order to give her air, he untied a large black bonnet which hid her face; when Mr. Bragwell, at that moment casting his eyes on her, saw in this poor stranger the face of his own run-away daughter, Mrs. Incle. He groaned, but could not speak; and as he was turning away to conceal his anguish, the little boy fondly caught hold of his hand, lisping out, — "Oh, stay, and give mammy some bread!" His heart yearned towards the child: he grasped his little hand in his, while he sorrowfully said to Mr. Worthy, "It is too much, send away the people. It is my dear naughty child: *my punishment is greater than I can bear.*" Mr. Worthy desired the people to go and leave the stranger to them; but by this time she was no stranger to any of them. Pale and meagre as was her face, and poor and shabby as was her dress, the proud and flaunting Miss Polly Bragwell was easily known by every one present. They went away; but with the mean revenge of little minds, they paid themselves by abuse, for all the airs and insolence they had once endured from her. "Pride must have a fall," said one: — "I remember when she was too good to speak to a

or body," said another: — "Where are her unces and furbelows now? It is come home to r at last: her child looks as if he would be glad the worst bit she formerly denied us."

In the mean time Mr. Bragwell had sunk into an l wicker chair which stood behind, and groaned t, "Lord forgive my hard heart! Lord subdue y proud heart! *Create a clean heart, O God! and ew a right spirit within me.*" This was, per- ps, the first word of genuine prayer he had ever ered up in his whole life. Worthy overheard and in his heart rejoiced; but this was not a time r talking, but doing. He asked Bragwell what is to be done with the unfortunate woman, who w seemed to recover fast; but she did not see hem, for they were behind. She embraced her oy, and faintly said, "My child, what shall we ?? *I will arise and go to my father, and say unto m, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before e.*" This was a joyful sound to Mr. Worthy, who was inclined to hope that her heart might be as much changed for the better as her circum- stances were altered for the worse; and he valued the goods of fortune so little, and contrition of soul so much, that he began to think the change on the whole might be a happy one. The boy then sprung from his mother, and ran to Bragwell, saying, "Do be good to mammy." Mrs. Incle looking round, now perceived her father: she fell at his feet, saying, "Oh, forgive your guilty child, and save your innocent one from starving!" Brag- well sunk down by her, and prayed God to forgive

both her and himself, in terms of genuine sorrow. To hear words of real penitence and heart-felt prayer from this once high-minded father and vain daughter was music to Worthy's ears, who thought this moment of outward misery was the only joyful one he had ever spent in the Bragwell family.

He was resolved not to interfere, but to let the father's own feelings work out the way in which he was to act.

Bragwell said nothing, but slowly led to his own house, holding the little boy by the hand, and pointing to Worthy to assist the feeble steps of his daughter, who once more entered her father's doors; but the dread of seeing her mother quite overpowered her. Mrs. Bragwell's heart was not changed, but sorrow had weakened her powers of resistance; and she rather suffered her daughter to come in, than gave her a kind reception. She was more astonished than pleased; and, even in this trying moment, was more disgusted with the little boy's mean clothes than delighted with his rosy face. As soon as she was a little recovered, Mr. Bragwell desired his daughter to tell him how she happened to be at that place just at that time.

In a weak voice she began: — "My tale, sir, is short, but mournful." — Now, I am very sorry that my readers must wait for this short, but mournful, tale a little longer.

PART VII.

Mrs. Incle's Story.

"I LEFT your house, dear father," said Mrs. Incle, "with a heart full of vain triumph. I had no doubt but my husband was a great man, who had put on that disguise to obtain my hand. Judge, then, what I felt to find that he was a needy impostor, who wanted my money, but did not care for me. This discovery, though it mortified, did not humble me. I had neither affection to bear with the man who had deceived me, nor religion to improve by the disappointment. I have found that change of circumstances does not change the heart, till God is pleased to do it. My misfortune only taught me to rebel more against him. I thought God unjust: — I accused my father, — I was envious of my sister, — I hated my husband; — but never once did I blame myself.

"My husband picked up a wretched subsistence by joining himself to any low scheme of idle pleasure that was going on. He would follow a mountebank, carry a dice-box, or fiddle at a fair. He was always taunting me for that gentility on which I so much valued myself. — 'If I had married a poor working girl,' said he 'she could now have got her bread; but a fine lady without money is a disgrace to herself, a burden to her husband, and a plague to society.' — Every trial which affection might have made lighter, we doubled by animosity: at length my husband was detected in

using false dice: he fought with his accuser; both were seized by a press-gang, and sent to sea. I was now left to the wide world; and miserable as I had thought myself before, I soon found there were higher degrees of misery. I was near my time, without bread for myself, or hope for my child. I set out on foot in search of the village where I had heard my husband say his friends lived. It was a severe trial to my proud heart to stoop to those low people; but hunger is not delicate, and I was near perishing. My husband's parents received me kindly, saying, that though they had nothing but what they earned by their labour, yet I was welcome to share their hard fare; for they trusted that God who sent mouths would send meat also. They gave me a small room in their cottage, and furnished me with many necessaries, which they denied themselves."

"Oh, my child!" interrupted Bragwell, "every word cuts me to the heart. These poor people gladly gave thee of their little, while thy rich parents left thee to starve."

"How shall I own," continued Mrs. Incle, "that all this goodness could not soften my heart, for God had not yet touched it. I received all their kindness as a favour done to them; and thought them sufficiently rewarded for their attentions by the rank and merit of their daughter-in-law. When my father brought me home any little dainty which he could pick up, and my mother kindly dressed it for me, I would not condescend to eat it with them, but devoured it sullenly in my

little garret alone; suffering them to fetch and carry every thing I wanted. As my haughty behaviour was not likely to gain their affection, it was plain they did not love me; and as I had no notion that there were any other motives to good actions but fondness, or self-interest, I was puzzled to know what could make them so kind to me; for of the powerful and constrained law of Christian charity I was quite ignorant. To cheat the weary hours, I looked about for some books, and found, among a few others of the same cast, *Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* But all those sort of books were addressed to *sinners*; now as I knew I was not a sinner, I threw them away in disgust. Indeed they were ill suited to a taste formed by plays and novels, to which reading I chiefly trace my ruin; for, vain as I was, I should never have been guilty of so wild a step as to run away, had not my heart been tainted and my imagination inflamed by those pernicious books.

"At length my little George was born. This added to the burden I had brought on this poor family, but it did not diminish their kindness; and we continued to share their scanty fare without any upbraiding on their part, or any gratitude on mine. Even this poor baby did not soften my heart: I wept over him, indeed, day and night, but they were tears of despair: I was always idle; and wasted those hours in sinful murmurs at his fate which I should have employed in trying to maintain him. Hardship, grief, and impatience, at length brought on a fever. Death seemed now at

hand; and I felt a gloomy satisfaction in the thought of being rid of my miseries, to which, I fear, was added a sullen joy, to think that you, sir, and my mother, would be plagued to hear of my death when it would be too late; and in this your grief I anticipated a gloomy sort of revenge. But it pleased my merciful God not to let me thus perish in my sins. My poor mother-in-law sent for a good clergyman, who pointed out to me the danger of dying in that hard and unconverted state so forcibly, that I shuddered to find on what a dreadful precipice I stood. He prayed with me, and for me, so earnestly, that at length God, who is sometimes pleased to magnify his own glory in awakening those who are dead in trespasses and sins, was pleased, of his free grace, to open my blind eyes, and soften my stony heart. I saw myself a sinner, and prayed to be delivered from the wrath of God, in comparison of which the poverty and disgrace I now suffered appeared as nothing. To a soul convinced of sin, the news of a Redeemer was a joyful sound. Instead of reproaching Providence, or blaming my parents, or abusing my husband, I now learnt to condemn myself, to adore that God who had not cut me off in my ignorance, to pray for pardon for the past, and grace for the time to come. I now desired to submit to penury and hunger, so that I might but live in the fear of God in this world, and enjoy his favour in the next. I now learnt to compare my present light sufferings, the consequence of my own sin, with those bitter sufferings of my Saviour, which he endured for my

sake, and I was ashamed of murmuring. But self-ignorance, conceit, and vanity, were so rooted in me, that my progress was very gradual, and I had the sorrow to feel how much the power of long bad habits keeps down the growth of religion in the heart, even after the principle itself has begun to take root. I was so ignorant of divine things, that I hardly knew words to frame a prayer; but when I got acquainted with the Psalms, I there learnt how to pour out the fulness of my heart, while in the Gospel I rejoiced to see what great things God had done for my soul.

"I now took down once more from the shelf *Doddridge's Rise and Progress;* and, oh! with what new eyes did I read it! I now saw clearly, that not only the thief and the drunkard, the murderer and the adulterer, are sinners, for that I knew before, but I found that the unbeliever, the selfish, the proud, the worldly-minded, all, in short, who live without God in the world, are sinners. I did not now apply the reproofs I met with to my husband, or my father, or other people, as I used to do, but brought them home to myself. In this book I traced, with strong emotions and close self-application, the sinner through all his course; his first awakening, his convictions, repentance, joys, sorrows, backsliding and recovery, despondency and delight, to a triumphant death-bed; and God was pleased to make it a chief instrument in bringing me to himself. — Here it is," continued Mrs. Incle, untying her little bundle, and taking out a book: "accept it, my dear father, and I will

pray that God may bless it to you, as He has done to me.

" When I was able to come down, I passed my time with these good old people, and soon won their affection. I was surprised to find they had very good sense, which I never had thought poor people could have; but, indeed, worldly persons do not know how much religion, while it mends the heart, enlightens the understanding also. I now regretted the evenings I had wasted in my solitary garret, when I might have passed them in reading the Bible with these good folks. This was their refreshing cordial after a weary day, which sweetened the pains of want and age. I one day expressed my surprise that my unfortunate husband, the son of such pious parents, should have turned out so ill: the poor old man said, with tears, ' I fear we have been guilty of the sin of Eli: our love was of the wrong sort. Alas! like him, *we honoured our son more than God*, and God has smitten us for it. We showed him, by our example, what was right; but, through a false indulgence, we did not correct him for what was wrong. We were blind to his faults. He was a handsome boy, with sprightly parts: we took too much delight in those outward things. He soon got above our management, and became vain, idle, and extravagant; and when we sought to restrain him, it was then too late. We humbled ourselves before God, but he was pleased to make our sin become its own punishment. Timothy grew worse and worse, till he was forced to abscond for a mis-

demeanor; after which we never saw him, but have often heard of him changing from one idle way of life to another, *unstable as water:* he has been a footman, a soldier, a shopman, a gambler, and a strolling actor. With deep sorrow we trace back his vices to our ungoverned fondness; that lively and sharp wit, by which he has been able to carry on such a variety of wild schemes, might, if we had used him to bear reproof in his youth, have enabled him to have done great service for God and his country. But our flattery made him wise in his own conceit; and there is more hope of a fool than of him. We indulged our own vanity, and have destroyed his soul.'"

Here Mr. Worthy stopped Mrs. Incle, saying, that whenever he heard it lamented that the children of pious parents often turned out so ill, he could not help thinking that there must be frequently something of this sort of error in the bringing them up: he knew, indeed, some instances to the contrary, in which the best means had failed; but he believed, that from Eli the priest, to Incle the labourer, much more than half the failures of this sort might be traced to some mistake, or vanity, or bad judgment, or sinful indulgence in the parents.

"I now looked about," continued Mrs. Incle, "in order to see in what I could assist my poor mother; regretting, more heartily than she did, that I knew no one thing that was of any use. I was so desirous of humbling myself before God and her, that I offered even to try to wash." —

"You wash!" exclaimed Bragwell, starting up with great emotion: "Heaven forbid that, with such a fortune and education, Miss Bragwell should be seen at a washing-tub." This vain father, who could bear to hear of her distresses and her sins, could not bear to hear of her washing. Mr. Worthy stopped him, saying, "As to her fortune, you know you refused to give her any; and as to her education, you see it had not taught her how to do any thing better. I am sorry you do not see, in this instance, the beauty of Christian humility. For my own part, I set a greater value on such an active proof of it than on a whole volume of professions." Mr. Bragwell did not quite understand this, and Mrs. Incle went on: — "What to do to get a penny I knew not. Making of filagree, or fringe, or card-purses, or cutting out paper, or dancing and singing, was of no use in our village. The shopkeeper, indeed, would have taken me, if I had known any thing of accounts; and the clergyman could have got me a nursery-maid's place if I could have done good plain-work. I made some awkward attempts to learn to spin and knit, when my mother's wheel or knitting lay by, but I spoilt both through my ignorance. At last I luckily thought upon the fine netting I used to make for my trimmings, and it struck me that I might turn this to some little account. I procured some twine, and worked early and late to make nets for fishermen, and cabbage-nets. I was so pleased that I had at last found an opportunity to show my good will by this mean work, that I regretted my little

George was not big enough to contribute his share to our support by travelling about to sell my nets."

"Cabbage-nets!" exclaimed Bragwell: "there is no bearing this. — Cabbage-nets! My grandson hawk cabbage-nets! How could you think of such a scandalous thing?" — "Sir," said Mrs. Uncle, mildly, "I am now convinced that nothing is scandalous which is not wicked. Besides, we were in want; and necessity, as well as piety, would have reconciled me to this mean trade." Mr. Bragwell groaned, and bade her go on.

"In the mean time, my little George grew a fine boy; and I adored the goodness of God, who, in the sweetness of maternal love, had given me a reward for many sufferings. Instead of indulging a gloomy distrust about the fate of this child, I now resigned him to the will of God. Instead of lamenting because he was not likely to be rich, I was resolved to bring him up with such notions as might make him contented to be poor. I thought, if I could subdue all vanity and selfishness in him I should make him a happier man than if I had thousands to bestow on him; and I trusted that I should be rewarded for every painful act of present self-denial by the future virtue and happiness of my child. Can you believe it, my dear father, my days now passed not unhappily? I worked hard all day, and that alone is a source of happiness beyond what the idle can guess. After my child was asleep at night, I read a chapter in the Bible to my parents, whose eyes now began to fail them.

We then thanked God over our frugal supper of potatoes, and talked over the holy men of old, the saints and the martyrs, who would have thought our homely fare a luxury. We compared our peace, and liberty, and safety, with their bonds, and imprisonment, and tortures; and should have been ashamed of a murmur. We then joined in prayer, in which my absent parents and my husband were never forgotten, and went to rest in charity with the whole world, and at peace in our own souls."

"Oh, my forgiving child!" interrupted Mr. Bragwell, sobbing; "and didst thou really pray for thy unnatural father? and didst thou lay thee down in rest and peace? Then, let me tell thee, thou wast better off than thy mother and I were. — But no more of this: go on."

"Whether my father-in-law had worked beyond his strength, in order to support me and my child, I know not, but he was taken dangerously ill. While he lay in this state, he received an account that my husband was dead in the West Indies of the yellow fever, which has carried off such numbers of our countrymen: we all wept together, and prayed that his awful death might quicken us in preparing for our own. This shock, joined to the fatigue of nursing her sick husband, soon brought my poor mother to death's door. I nursed them both, and felt a satisfaction in giving them all I had to bestow, my attendance, my tears, and my prayers. I, who was once so nice and so proud, so disdainful in the midst of plenty, and so impatient under the smallest inconvenience, was

now enabled to glorify God by my activity and my submission. Though the sorrows of my heart were enlarged, I cast my burden on Him who cares for the weary and heavy laden. After having watched by these poor people the whole night, I sat down to breakfast on my dry crust and coarse dish of tea, without a murmur: my greatest grief was, lest I should bring away the infection to my dear boy; for the fever was now become putrid. I prayed to know what it was my duty to do between my dying parents and my helpless child. To take care of the sick and aged seemed to be my first duty; so I offered up my child to Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and he in mercy spared him to me.

"The cheerful piety with which these good people breathed their last proved to me, that the temper of mind with which the pious poor commonly meet death is the grand compensation made them by Providence for all the hardships of their inferior condition. If they have had few joys and comforts in life already, and have still fewer hopes in store, is not all fully made up to them by their being enabled to leave this world with stronger desires of heaven, and without those bitter regrets after the good things of this life which add to the dying tortures of the worldly rich? To the forlorn and destitute, death is not so terrible as it is to him who *sits at ease in his possessions*, and who fears that this night his soul shall be required of him."

Mr. Bragwell felt this remark more deeply than

his daughter meant he should. He wept, and bade her proceed.

"I followed my departed parents to the same grave, and wept over them, but not as one who had no hope. They had neither houses nor lands to leave me, but they left me their Bible, their blessing, and their example; of which I humbly trust I shall feel the benefits when all the riches of this world shall have an end. Their few effects, consisting of some poor household goods, and some working-tools, hardly sufficed to pay their funeral expenses. I was soon attacked with the same fever, and saw myself, as I thought, dying the second time: my danger was the same, but my views were changed. I now saw eternity in a more awful light than I had done before, when I wickedly thought death might be gloomily called upon as a refuge from every common trouble. Though I had still reason to be humbled on account of my sin, yet, by the grace of God, I saw death stripped of his sting and robbed of his terrors, *through him who loved me, and gave himself for me*; and in the extremity of pain, *my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

"I recovered, however, and was chiefly supported by the kind clergyman's charity. When I felt myself nourished and cheered by a little tea or broth, which he daily sent me from his own slender provision, my heart smote me, to think how I had daily sat down at home to a plentiful dinner, without any sense of thankfulness for my own abundance, or without enquiring whether my poor

sick neighbours were starving; and I sorrowfully remembered, that what my poor sister and I used to waste through daintiness would now have comfortably fed myself and child. Believe me, my dear mother, a labouring man who has been brought low by a fever might often be restored to his work some weeks sooner, if on his recovery he was nourished and strengthened by a good bit from a farmer's table. Less than is often thrown to a favourite spaniel would suffice; so that the expense would be almost nothing to the giver, while to the receiver it would bring health, and strength, and comfort, and recruited life. And it is with regret I must observe, that young women in our station are in general less attentive to the comforts of the poor, less active in visiting the cottages of the sick, less desirous of instructing the young, and working for the aged, than many ladies of higher rank. The multitude of opportunities of this sort which we neglect, among the families of our father's distressed tenants and workmen, will, I fear, one day appear against us.

"By the time I was tolerably recovered, I was forced to leave the house. I had no human prospect of subsistence. I humbly asked of God to direct my steps, and to give me entire obedience to his will. I then cast my eyes mournfully on my child; and though prayer had relieved my heart of a load, which without it would have been intolerable, my tears flowed fast, while I cried out in the bitterness of my soul, *How many hired servants of my father have bread enough, and to spare,*

and I perish with hunger. This text appeared a kind of answer to my prayer, and gave me courage to make one more attempt to soften you in my favour. I resolved to set out directly to find you, to confess my disobedience, and to beg a scanty pittance, with which I and my child might be meanly supported in some distant country, where we should not, by our presence, disgrace our more happy relations. We set out and travelled as fast as my weak health and poor George's little feet and ragged shoes would permit. I brought a little bundle of such work and necessaries as I had left, by selling which we subsisted on the road." — "I hope," interrupted Bragwell, "there were no cabbage-nets in it." — "At least," said her mother, "I hope you did not sell them near home." — "No; I had none left," said Mrs. Incle, "or I should have done it. I got many a lift in a waggon for my child and my bundle, which was a great relief to me; as I should have had both to carry. And here I cannot help saying, I wish drivers would not be too hard in their demands, if they help a poor sick traveller on a mile or two: it proves a great relief to weary bodies and naked feet; and such little cheap charities may be considered as *the cup of cold water*, which, if given on right grounds, *shall not lose its reward.*" — Here Bragwell sighed, to think that when mounted on his fine bay mare, or driving his neat chaise, it had never once crossed his mind that the poor way-worn foot-traveller was not equally at his ease, nor had it ever occurred to him, that shoes were a

ecessary accommodation. Those who want nothing are apt to forget how many there are who want every thing. — Mrs. Incle went on: "I got to this village about seven this evening, and while I sat on the church-yard wall to rest and meditate how I should make myself known at home, I saw a funeral; I enquired whose it was, and learnt it was my sister's. This was too much for me. I sank down in a fit, and knew nothing that happened to me from that moment, till I found myself in the workhouse with my father and Mr. Worthy."

Here Mrs. Incle stopped. Grief, shame, pride, and remorse, had quite overcome Mr. Bragwell. He wept like a child, and said he hoped his daughter would pray for him; for that he was not in a condition to pray for himself, though he found nothing else could give him any comfort. His deep dejection brought on a fit of sickness: "Oh!" said he, "I now begin to feel an expression in the sacrament which I used to repeat without thinking it had any meaning, the *remembrance of my sins is grievous, the burden of them is intolerable.* Oh! it is awful to think what a sinner a man may be, and yet retain a decent character! How many thousands are in my condition, taking to themselves all the credit of their prosperity, instead of giving God the glory! heaping up riches to their hurt, instead of dealing their bread to the hungry. Oh! let those who hear of the Bragwell family, never say that *vanity is a little sin.* In *me* it has been the fruitful parent of a thousand sins, — selfish-

ness, hardness of heart, forgetfulness of God. In one of my sons vanity was the cause of rapine, injustice, extravagance, ruin, self-murder. Both my daughters were undone by vanity, though it only wore the more harmless shape of dress, idleness, and dissipation. The husband of my daughter Incle it destroyed, by leading him to live above his station, and to despise labour. Vanity ensnared the souls even of his pious parents; for while it led them to wish to see their son in a better condition, it led them to allow him such indulgences as were unfit for his own. Oh! you who hear of us, humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God; resist high thoughts; let every imagination be brought into obedience to the Son of God. If you set a value on finery, look into that grave; behold the mouldering body of my Betsey, who now says to *Corruption*, *Thou art my father*, *and to the worm*, *Thou art my mother and my sister*. Look to the bloody and brainless head of her husband. Oh, Mr. Worthy, how does Providence mock at human foresight! I have been greedy of gain, that the son of Mr. Squeeze might be a great man; he is dead; while the child of Timothy Incle, whom I had doomed to beggary, will be my heir. Mr. Worthy, to you I commit this boy's education; teach him to value his immortal soul more, and the good things of this life less, than I have done. Bring him up in the fear of God, and in the government of his passions. Teach him that unbelief and pride are at the root of all sin. I have found this to my cost. I trusted

in my riches; I said, 'To-morrow shall be as this day and more abundant.' I did not remember that *for all these things God would bring me to judgment.* I am not sure that I believed in a judgment: I am not sure that I believed in a God."

Bragwell at length grew better, but he never recovered his spirits. The conduct of Mrs. Incle through life was that of an humble Christian. She sold all her sister's finery, which her father had given her, and gave the money to the poor; saying, "It did not become one who professed penitence to return to the gaieties of life." Mr. Bragwell did not oppose this; not that he had fully acquired a just notion of the self-denying spirit of religion, but having a head not very clear at making distinctions, he was never able, after the sight of Squeeze's mangled body, to think of gaiety and grandeur, without thinking at the same time of a pistol and bloody brains; for as his first introduction into gay life had presented him with all these objects at one view, he never afterwards could separate them in his mind. He even kept his fine beaufet of plate always shut; because it brought to his mind the grand unpaid-for side-board that he had seen laid out for Mr. Squeeze's supper, to the remembrance of which he could not help tacking the idea of debts, prisons, executions, and self-murder.

Mr. Bragwell's heart had been so buried in the love of the world, and evil habits were become so rooted in him, that the progress he made in religion was very slow; yet he earnestly prayed and

struggled against sin and vanity; and when his unfeeling wife declared she could not love the boy unless he was called by their name instead of Incle, Mr. Bragwell would never consent, saying, he stood in need of every help against pride. He also got the letter which Squeeze wrote just before he shot himself framed and glazed: this he hung up in his chamber, and made it a rule to go and read it as often as he found his heart disposed to VANITY.

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faith, others to purify her heart; some to chastise her rebellious will, and all to remind her that this "was not her rest:" that this world was not the scene for the full and final display of retributive justice. The honour of God was dearer to her than her own credit; and her chief desire was to turn all events to his glory.

Though Mrs. Simpson was the daughter of a clergyman, and the widow of a genteel tradesman, she had been reduced, by a succession of misfortunes, to accept of a room in an alms-house. Instead of repining at the change; instead of dwelling on her former gentility, and saying, "How handsomely she had lived once; and how hard it was to be reduced; and she little thought ever to end her days in an alms-house;" which is the common language of those who were never so well off before; she was thankful that such an asylum was provided for want and age; and blessed God that it was to the Christian dispensation alone that such pious institutions owed their birth.

One fine evening, as she was sitting reading her Bible on the little bench shaded with honeysuckles, just before her door, who should come and sit down by her but Mrs. Betty, who had formerly been lady's maid at the nobleman's house in the village of which Mrs. Simpson's father had been minister. Betty, after a life of vanity, was, by a train of misfortunes, brought to this very alms-house; and though she had taken no care by frugality and prudence to avoid it, she thought it a hardship and disgrace, instead of being thankful,

as she ought to have been, for such a retreat. At first she did not know Mrs. Simpson; her large bonnet, cloak, and brown stuff gown (for she always made her appearance conform to her circumstances) being very different from the dress she had been used to wear when Mrs. Betty had seen her dining at the great house; and time and sorrow had much altered her countenance. But when Mrs. Simpson kindly addressed her as an old acquaintance, she screamed with surprise — "What! you, madam?" cried she: "you in an alms-house, living on charity; you who used to be so charitable yourself, that you never suffered any distress in the parish which you could prevent?" — "That may be one reason, Betty," replied Mrs. Simpson, "why Providence has provided this refuge for my old age. And my heart overflows with gratitude when I look back on his goodness." — "No such great goodness, methinks," said Betty: "why, you were born and bred a lady, and are now reduced to live in an alms-house." — "Betty, I was born and bred a sinner, undeserving of the mercies I have received." — "No such great mercies," said Betty. "Why, I heard you had been turned out of doors; that your husband had broke; and that you had been in danger of starving, though I did not know what was become of you." — "It is all true, Betty; glory be to God! it is all true."

"Well," said Betty, "you are an odd sort of a gentlewoman. If from a prosperous condition I had been made a bankrupt, a widow, and a beggar,

I should have thought it no such mighty matter to be thankful for; but there is no accounting for taste. The neighbours used to say that all your troubles must needs be a judgment upon you; but I, who knew how good you were, thought it very hard you should suffer so much; but now I see you reduced to an alms-house, I beg your pardon, madam, but I am afraid the neighbours were in the right, and that so many misfortunes could never have happened to you without you had committed a great many sins to deserve them; for I always thought that God is so just that he punishes us for all our bad actions, and rewards us for all our good ones." — "So he does, Betty; but he does it in his own way, and at his own time, and not according to our notions of good and evil; for his ways are not as our ways. God, indeed, punishes the bad and rewards the good; but he does not do it fully and finally in this world. Indeed he does not set such a value on outward things as to make riches, and rank, and beauty, and health, the rewards of piety; that would be acting like weak and erring men, and not like a just and holy God. Our belief in a future state of rewards and punishments is not always so strong as it ought to be, even now; but how totally would our faith fail, if we regularly saw every thing made even in this world. We shall lose nothing by having pay-day put off. The longest voyages make the best returns. So far am I from thinking that God is less just, and future happiness less certain because I see the wicked sometimes

prosper, and the righteous suffer in this world, that I am rather led to believe that God is the more just, and heaven the more certain: for, in the first place, God will not put off his favourite children with so poor a lot as the good things of this world; and next, seeing that the best men here below do not often attain to the best things; why it only serves to strengthen my belief that they are not the best things in his eye; and he has most assuredly reserved for those that love him such 'good things as eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' God, by keeping man in Paradise while he was innocent, and turning him into this world as soon as he had sinned, gave a plain proof that he never intended this world, even in its happiest state, as a place of reward. My father gave me good principles and useful knowledge; and while he taught me by a habit of constant employment, to be, if I may so say, independent on the world, yet he led me to a constant sense of dependence on God." — "I do not see, however," interrupted Mrs. Betty, "that your religion has been of any use to you. It has been so far from preserving you from trouble that I think you have had more than the usual share."

"No," said Mrs. Simpson; "nor did Christianity ever pretend to exempt its followers from trouble: this is no part of the promise. Nay, the contrary is rather stipulated: 'in the world ye shall have tribulation.' But if it has not taught me to escape sorrow, I humbly hope it has taught me how to bear it. If it has not taught me not to

feel, it has taught me not to murmur. — I will tell you a little of my story. As my father could save little or nothing for me, he was very desirous of seeing me married to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who expressed a regard for me. But while he was anxiously engaged in bringing this about my good father died."

"How very unlucky!" interrupted Betty.

"No, Betty," replied Mrs. Simpson, "it was very providential: this man, though he maintained a decent character, had a good fortune, and lived soberly, yet he would not have made me happy." — "Why, what could you want more of a man?" said Betty. — "Religion," returned Mrs. Simpson. "As my father made a creditable appearance, and was very charitable; and as I was an only child, this gentleman concluded that he could give me a considerable fortune; for he did not know that all the poor in his parish are the children of every pious clergyman. Finding I had little or nothing left me, he withdrew his attentions." — "What a sad thing!" cried Betty. — "No, it was all for the best; Providence over-ruled his covetousness to my good. I could not have been happy with a man whose soul was set on the perishable things of this world; nor did I esteem him, though I laboured to submit my own inclinations to those of my kind father. The very circumstance of my being left pennyless produced the direct contrary effect on Mr. Simpson: he was a sensible young man, engaged in a prosperous business: we had long highly valued each other; but while my father

loved, he thought me above his hopes. We were married; I found him an amiable, industrious, good-tempered man; he respected religion and religious people; but, with excellent dispositions, I had the grief to find him less pious than I had hoped. He was ambitious, and a little too much immersed in worldly schemes; and though I know it was all done for my sake, yet that did not blind me so far as to make me think it right. He attached himself so eagerly to business, that he thought every hour lost in which he was not doing something that would tend to raise me to what he called my proper rank. The more prosperous he grew the less religious he became; and I began to find that one might be unhappy with a husband one tenderly loved. One day as he was standing on some steps to reach down a parcel of goods he fell from the top and broke his leg in two places."

"What a dreadful misfortune!" said Mrs. Betty.—"What a signal blessing!" said Mrs. Simpson. "Here I am sure I had reason to say all was for the best; from that very hour in which my outward troubles began, I date the beginning of my happiness. Severe suffering, a near prospect of death, absence from the world, silence, reflection, and above all, the Divine blessing on the prayers and Scriptures I read to him, were the means used by our merciful Father to turn my husband's heart. During this confinement he was awakened to a deep sense of his own sinfulness, of the vanity of all this world has to bestow, and of his great need of a Saviour. It was many months before he could

leave his bed: during this time his business was neglected. His principal clerk took advantage of his absence to receive large sums of money in his name, and absconded. On hearing of this great loss, our creditors came faster upon us than we could answer their demands; they grew more impatient as we were less able to satisfy them: one misfortune followed another, till at length Mr. Simpson became a bankrupt."

"What an evil!" exclaimed Mrs. Betty.—"Yet it led in the end to much good," resumed Mrs. Simpson. "We were forced to leave the town in which we had lived with so much credit and comfort, and to betake ourselves to a mean lodging in a neighbouring village, till my husband's strength should be recruited, and till we could have time to look about us, and see what was to be done. The first night we got to this poor dwelling, my husband felt very sorrowful, not for his own sake, but that he had brought so much poverty on me, whom he had so dearly loved: I, on the contrary, was unusually cheerful; for the blessed change in his mind had more than reconciled me to the sad change in his circumstances. I was contented to live with him in a poor cottage for a few years on earth, if it might contribute to our spending a blessed eternity together in heaven. I said to him, 'Instead of lamenting that we are now reduced to want all the comforts of life, I have sometimes been almost ashamed to live in the full enjoyment of them, when I have reflected that my Saviour not only chose to deny himself all these enjoyments,

not even to live a life of hardship for my sake; not one of his numerous miracles tended to his own comfort; and though we read at different times that he both hungered and thirsted, yet it was not for his own gratification that he once changed water into wine; and I have often been struck with the near position of that chapter in which this miracle is recorded, to that in which he thirsted for a draught of water at the well in Samaria.* It was for others, not himself, that even the humble sustenance of barley bread was multiplied. See here, we have a bed left us; I had, indeed, nothing but straw to stuff it with, but the Saviour of the world "had not where to lay his head."' My husband smiled through his tears, and we sat down to supper. It consisted of a roll and a bit of cheese which I had brought with me, and we ate it thankfully. Seeing Mr. Simpson beginning to relapse into distrust, the following conversation, as nearly as I can remember, took place between us. He began by remarking, that it was a mysterious Providence that he had been less prosperous since he had been less attached to the world, and that his endeavours had not been followed by that success which usually attends industry. I took the liberty to reply: 'Your heavenly Father sees on which side your danger lies, and is mercifully bringing you, by these disappointments, to trust less in the world and more in himself. My dear Mr. Simpson,' added I, 'we trust every body but God. As children, we obey our parents implicitly, because

* See John, chap. ii. — and John, chap. iv.

we are taught to believe all is for our good which they command or forbid. If we undertake a voyage, we trust entirely to the skill and conduct of the pilot: we never torment ourselves with thinking that he will carry us east when he has promised to carry us west. If a dear and tried friend makes us a promise, we depend on him for the performance, and do not wound his feelings by our suspicions. When you used to go your annual journey to London in the mail-coach, you confided yourself to the care of the coachman, that he would carry you where he had engaged to do so; you were not anxiously watching him, and distrusting and enquiring at every turning. When the doctor sends home your medicine, don't you so entirely trust in his ability and good will, that you swallow it down in full confidence? You never think of enquiring what are the ingredients; why they are mixed in that particular way; why there is more of one and less of another, and why they are bitter instead of sweet? — If one dose does not cure you, he orders another, and changes the medicine when he sees the first does you no good, or that by long use the same medicine has lost its effect; if a weaker fails, he prescribes a stronger; you swallow all, you submit to all, never questioning the skill or the kindness of the physician. — God is the only being whom we do not trust, though He is the only one who is fully competent, both in will and power, to fulfil all his promises; and who has solemnly and repeatedly pledged himself to fulfil them in those Scriptures which we receive as his revealed will.'

"Mr. Simpson thanked me for my little sermon, as he called it; but said, at the same time, that what made my exhortations produce a powerful effect on his mind was, the patient cheerfulness with which he was pleased to say I bore my share in our misfortunes. 'A submissive behaviour,' he said, 'was the best practical illustration of a real faith.' When we had thanked God for our supper, we prayed together; after which we read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. When my husband had finished it, he said, 'Surely if God's chief favourites have been martyrs, is not that a sufficient proof that this world is not a place of happiness, nor earthly prosperity the reward of virtue. Shall we, after reading this chapter, complain of our petty trials? Shall we not rather be thankful that our affliction is so light?'

"Next day Mr. Simpson walked out in search of some employment, by which we might be supported. He got a recommendation to Mr. Thomas, an opulent farmer and factor, who had large concerns, and wanted a skilful person to assist him in keeping his accounts. This we thought a fortunate circumstance; for we found that the salary would serve to procure us at least all the necessaries of life. The farmer was so pleased with Mr. Simpson's quickness, regularity, and good sense, that he offered us, of his own accord, a little neat cottage of his own, which then happened to be vacant, and told us we should live rent-free, and promised to be a friend to us." — "All *does* seem for the best, now, indeed," interrupted Mrs. Betty. —

"We shall see," said Mrs. Simpson, and thus went on: —

"I now became very easy and very happy; and was cheerfully employed in putting our few things in order, and making every thing look to the best advantage. My husband, who wrote all the day for his employer, in the evening assisted me in doing up our little garden. This was a source of much pleasure to us: we both loved a garden, and we were not only contented but cheerful. Our employer had been absent some weeks on his annual journey. He came home on a Saturday night, and the next morning sent for Mr. Simpson to come and settle his accounts, which were got behind-hand by his long absence. We were just going to church, and Mr. Simpson sent back word, that he would call and speak to him on his way home. A second message followed, ordering him to come to the farmer's directly: he agreed that we would walk round that way, and that my husband should call and excuse his attendance.

"The farmer, more ignorant and worse educated than his ploughmen, with all that pride and haughtiness which the possession of wealth, without knowledge or religion, is apt to give, rudely asked my husband what he meant by sending him word that he could not come to him till the next day; and insisted that he should stay and settle the accounts then. 'Sir,' said my husband, in a very respectful manner, 'I am on my road to church, and am afraid I shall be too late.' — 'Are you so?' said the farmer. 'Do you know who sent for you?

You may, however, go to church, if you will, so you make haste back; and, d'ye hear, you may have your accounts with me, as I conclude you have brought them with you: I will look them over by the time you return, and then you and I can do all I want to have done to-day in about a couple of hours: and I will give you home some letters to copy for me in the evening.' — 'Sir,' answered my husband, 'I dare not obey you; it is Sunday.' — 'And so you refuse to settle my accounts only because it is Sunday.' — 'Sir,' replied Mr. Simpson, 'if you would give me a handful of silver and gold I dare not break the commandment of my God.' — 'Well,' said the farmer, 'but this is not breaking the commandment: I don't order you to drive my cattle, or to work in my garden, or to do any thing which you might fancy would be a bad example.' — 'Sir,' replied my husband, 'the example indeed goes a great way, but it is not the first object. The deed is wrong in itself.' — 'Well, but I shall not keep you from church; and when you have been there, there is no harm in doing a little business, or taking a little pleasure the rest of the day.' — 'Sir,' answered my husband, 'the commandment does not say, Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath *morning*, but the Sabbath *day*.' — 'Get out of my house, you puritanical rascal, and out of my cottage too,' said the farmer; 'for if you refuse to do my work, I am not bound to keep my engagement with you; as you will not obey me as a master, I shall not pay you as a servant.' — 'Sir,' said Mr. Simpson, 'I would gladly obey you; but I have a Master in

heaven, whom I dare not disobey.' — 'Then let him find employment for you,' said the enraged farmer; 'for I fancy you will get but poor employment on earth with these scrupulous notions, and so send home my papers directly, and pack off out of the parish.' — 'Out of your cottage,' said my husband, 'I certainly will; but as to the parish, I hope I may remain in that, if I can find employment.' — 'I will make it too hot to hold you,' replied the farmer; 'so you had better troop off, bag and baggage; for I am overseer, and as you are sickly, it is my duty not to let any vagabonds stay in the parish who are likely to become chargeable.'

"By the time my husband returned home, for he found it too late to go to church, I had got our little dinner ready: it was a better one than we had for a long while been accustomed to see, and I was unusually cheerful at this improvement in our circumstances. I saw his eyes full of tears; and, oh! with what pain did he bring himself to tell me that it was the last dinner we must ever eat in that house. I took his hand with a smile, and only said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' — 'Notwithstanding this sudden stroke of injustice,' said my husband, 'this is still a happy country. Our employer, it is true, may turn us out at a moment's notice, because the cottage is his own, but he has no further power over us; he cannot confine or punish us. His riches, it is true, give him power to insult, but not to oppress us. The same laws

o which the affluent resort, protect *us* also.* And
s to our being driven out from a cottage, how
many persons of the highest rank have lately been
riven out from their palaces and castles; persons,
o, born in a station which we never enjoyed, and
ed to all the indulgences of that rank and wealth
e never knew, are at this moment wandering over
he face of the earth, without a house and without
read; exiles and beggars; while we, blessed be
God, are in our own native land; we have still our
berty, our limbs, the protection of just and equal
aws, our churches, our Bibles, and our Sabbaths.'

"This happy state of my husband's mind hushed my sorrows, and I never once murmured; nay, I sat down to dinner with a degree of cheerfulness, endeavouring to cast all our care on 'Him that careth for us.' We had begged to stay till the next morning, as Sunday was not the day on which we liked to remove; but we were ordered not to sleep another night in that house; so, as we had little to carry, we marched off in the evening to the poor lodging we had before occupied. The thought that my husband had cheerfully renounced his little all for conscience-sake gave an unspeakable serenity to my mind; and I felt thankful, that though cast down we were not forsaken: nay, I felt a lively gratitude to God, that while I doubted not he would accept this little sacrifice, as it was heartily made for his sake, he had graciously forborne to call us to greater trials."

"And so you were turned adrift once more.

* This was written early in the French Revolution.

Well, ma'am, saving your presence, I hope you won't be such a fool to say all was for the best now." — "Yes, Betty; He who does all things well, now made his kind Providence more manifest than ever. That very night, while we were sweetly sleeping in our poor lodging, the pretty cottage, out of which we were so unkindly driven, was burned to the ground by a flash of lightning, which caught the thatch, and so completely consumed the whole little building, that had it not been for that merciful Providence who thus over-ruled the cruelty of the farmer for the preservation of our lives, we must have been burned to ashes with the house. 'It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes.' — 'O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for all the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!'

"I will not tell you all the trials and afflictions which befell us afterwards. I would also spare my heart the sad story of my husband's death." — "Well, that was another blessing, too, I suppose," said Betty. — "Oh, it was the severest trial ever sent me!" replied Mrs. Simpson, a few tears quietly stealing down her face. "I almost sunk under it. Nothing but the abundant grace of God could have carried me through such a visitation; and yet I now feel it to be the greatest mercy I ever experienced: he was my idol: no trouble ever came near my heart while he was with me. I got more credit than I deserved for my patience under trials, which were easily borne, while he

who shared and lightened them was spared to me. I had indeed prayed and struggled to be weaned from this world; but still my affection for him tied me down to earth with a strong cord; and though I did earnestly try to keep my eyes fixed on the eternal world, yet I viewed it with too feeble a faith: I viewed it at too great a distance. I found it difficult to realise it. I had deceived myself. I had fancied that I bore my troubles so well from the pure love of God; but I have since found that my love for my husband had too great a share in reconciling me to every difficulty which I underwent for him. I lost him; the charm was broken; the cord which tied me down to earth was cut; this world had nothing left to engage me; heaven had now no rival in my heart. Though my love of God had always been sincere, yet I found there wanted this blow to make it perfect. But though all that had made life pleasant to me was gone, I did not sink as those who have no hope. I prayed that I might still, in this trying conflict, be enabled to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour.

"After many more hardships, I was at length so happy as to get an asylum in this alms-house. Here my cares are at an end, but not my duties." —"Now you are wrong again," interrupted Mrs. Betty; "your duty is now to take care of yourself; for I am sure you have nothing to spare."—"There *you* are mistaken, again," said Mrs. Simpson. "People are so apt to fancy that money is all in all, that all the other gifts of Providence are overlooked as things of no value. I have here a great

deal of leisure; a good part of this I devote to the wants of those who are more distressed than myself. I work a little for the old, and I instruct the young. My eyes are good: this enables me to read the Bible either to those whose sight is decayed, or who were never taught to read. I have tolerable health; so that I am able occasionally to sit up with the sick; in the intervals of nursing, I I can pray with them. In my younger days I thought it not much to sit up late for my pleasure; shall I now think much of sitting up now and then to watch by a dying bed? My Saviour waked and watched for me in the garden and on the mount, and shall I do nothing for his suffering members? It is only by keeping his sufferings in view that we can truly practise charity to others, or exercise self-denial to ourselves."

"Well," said Mrs. Betty, "I think if I had lived in such genteel life as you have done I could never be reconciled to an alms-house; and I am afraid I should never forgive any of those who were the cause of sending me there, particularly that Farmer Thomas, who turned you out of doors."

"Betty," said Mrs. Simpson, "I not only forgive him heartily, but I remember him in my prayers, as one of those instruments with which it has pleased God to work for my good. Oh, never put off forgiveness to a dying bed! When people come to die, we often see how the conscience is troubled with sins, of which before they hardly felt the existence. How ready are they to make

restitution of ill-gotten gain; and this perhaps for two reasons: from a feeling conviction that it can be of no use to them where they are going, as well as from a near view of their own responsibility. We also hear from the most hardened, of death-bed forgiveness of enemies. Even malefactors at Tyburn forgive. But why must we wait for a dying-bed to do what ought to be done now? Believe me, that scene will be so full of terror and amazement to the soul, that we had not need load it with unnecessary business."

Just as Mrs. Simpson was saying these words, a letter was brought her from the minister of the parish where the farmer lived, by whom Mr. Simpson had been turned out of his cottage. The letter was as follows: —

"Madam,

"I write to tell you that your old oppressor, Mr. Thomas, is dead. I attended him in his last moments. Oh, may my latter end never be like his! I shall not soon forget his despair at the approach of death. His riches, which had been his sole joy, now doubled his sorrows; for he was going where they could be of no use to him; and he found, too late, that he had laid up no treasure in heaven. He felt great concern at his past life, but for nothing more than his unkindness to Mr. Simpson. He charged me to find you out, and let you know, that by his will he bequeathed you five hundred pounds, as some compensation. He died in great agonies; declaring, with his last

breath, that if he could live his life over again, he would serve God, and strictly observe the Sabbath. "Yours, &c.

"J. JOHNSON."

Mrs. Betty, who had listened attentively to the letter, jumped up, clapped her hands, and cried out, "Now all *is for* the best, and I shall see you a lady once more." — "I am, indeed, thankful for this mercy," said Mrs. Simpson; "and am glad that riches were not sent me till I had learned, as I humbly hope, to make a right use of them. But come, let us go in, for I am very cold, and find I have sat too long in the night air."

Betty was now ready enough to acknowledge the hand of Providence in this prosperous event, though she was blind to it when the dispensation was more dark. Next morning she went early to visit Mrs. Simpson, but not seeing her below, she went up stairs, where, to her great sorrow, she found her confined to her bed by a fever, caught the night before by sitting so late on the bench reading the letter and talking it over. Betty was now more ready to cry out against Providence than ever. "What! to catch a fever while you were reading that very letter which told you about your good fortune; which would have enabled you to live like a lady as you are. I never will believe this is for the best; — to be deprived of life just as you were beginning to enjoy it!"

"Betty," said Mrs. Simpson, "we must learn not to rate health nor life itself too highly. There

is little in life, for its own sake, to be so fond of. As a good archbishop used to say, It is but the same thing over again, or probably worse: so many more nights and days, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures but with less relish for them; a return of the same or greater pains, but with less strength, and perhaps less patience, to bear them." — "Well," replied Betty, "I did think that Providence was at last giving you your reward." — "Reward!" cried Mrs. Simpson. "Oh, no! my merciful Father will not put me off with so poor a portion as wealth: I feel I shall die." — "It is very hard, indeed," said Betty, "so good as you are, to be taken off just as your prosperity was beginning." — "You think I am good, just now," said Mrs. Simpson, "because I am prosperous. Success is no sure mark of God's favour; at this rate, you, who judge by outward things, would have thought Herod a better man than John the Baptist; and, if I may be allowed to say so, you, on your principles that the sufferer is the sinner, would have believed Pontius Pilate higher in God's favour than the Saviour whom he condemned to die for your sins and mine."

In a few days Mrs. Betty found that her new friend was dying; and though she was struck at her resignation, she could not forbear murmuring that so good a woman should be taken away at the very instant when she came into possession of so much money. "Betty," said Mrs. Simpson, in a feeble voice, "I believe you love me dearly, you

would do any thing to cure me; yet you do not love me so well as God loves me, though *you* would raise me up, and He is putting a period to my life. He has never sent me a single stroke which was not absolutely necessary for me. You, if you could restore me, might be laying me open to some temptation from which God, by removing, will deliver me. Your kindness in making this world so smooth for me, I might for ever have deplored in a world of misery. God's grace in afflicting me will hereafter be the subject of my praises in a world of blessedness. Betty," added the dying woman, "do you really think that I am going to a place of rest and joy eternal?" — "To be sure I do," said Betty. — "Do you firmly believe that I am going to the assembly of the first-born; to the spirits of just men made perfect; to God the Judge of all; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant?" — "I am sure you are," said Betty. — "And yet," resumed she, "you would detain me from all this happiness; and you think my merciful Father is using me unkindly by removing me from a world of sin, and sorrow, and temptation, to such joys as have not entered into the heart of man to conceive; while it would have better suited your notions of reward to defer my entrance into the blessedness of heaven, that I might have enjoyed a legacy of a few hundred pounds! Believe my dying words, — ALL IS FOR THE BEST."

Mrs. Simpson expired soon after, in a frame of mind which convinced her new friend that "God's ways are not as our ways."

A

CURE FOR MELANCHOLY:

SHOWING

THE WAY TO DO MUCH GOOD WITH LITTLE MONEY.

Written during the Scarcity of 1794.

Mrs. Jones was the widow of a great merchant. She was liberal to the poor, as far as giving them money went; but as she was too much taken up with the world, she did not spare so much of her time and thoughts about doing good as she ought; so that her money was often ill bestowed. In the late troubles, Mr. Jones, who had lived in an expensive manner, failed; and he took his misfortunes so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. Mrs. Jones retired, on a very narrow income, to the small village of Weston, where she seldom went out, except to church. Though a pious woman, she was too apt to indulge her sorrow; and though she did not neglect to read and pray, yet she gave up a great part of her time to melancholy thoughts, and grew quite inactive. She well knew how sinful it would be for her to seek a remedy for her grief in worldly pleasures, which is a way many people take to cure afflictions; but she was not aware how wrong it was to weep

away that time which might have been better spent in drying the tears of others.

It was happy for her, that Mr. Edwards, the vicar of Weston, was a pious man. One Sunday he happened to preach on the good Samaritan. It was a charity sermon, and there was a collection at the door. He called on Mrs. Jones after church, and found her in tears. She told him she had been much moved by his discourse, and she wept because she had so little to give to the plate; for though she felt very keenly for the poor in these dear times, yet she could not assist them. "Indeed, sir," added she, "I never so much regretted the loss of my fortune as this afternoon, when you bade us *go and do likewise*." — "You do not," replied Mr. Edwards, "enter into the spirit of our Saviour's parable, if you think you cannot *go and do likewise* without being rich. In the case of the Samaritan, you may observe, that charity was bestowed more by kindness, and care, and medicine, than by money. You, madam, were as much concerned in the duties inculcated in my sermon, as Sir John with his great estate; and, to speak plainly, I have been sometimes surprised that you should not put yourself in the way of being more useful."

"Sir," said Mrs. Jones, "I am grown shy of the poor since I have nothing to give them." — "Nothing! madam?" replied the clergyman: "do you call your time, your talents, your kind offices, nothing? Doing good does not so much depend on the riches as on the heart and the will.

The servant who improved his two talents was equally commended by his lord with him who had ten; and it was not poverty, but selfish indolence, which drew down so severe a condemnation on him who had only one. It is by our conformity to Christ, that we must prove ourselves Christians. You, madam, are not called upon to work miracles, nor to preach the Gospel, yet you may, in your measure and degree, resemble your Saviour *by going about and doing good.* A plain Christian, who has sense and leisure, by his pious exertions and prudent zeal, may, in a subordinate way, be helping on the cause of religion, as well as of charity, and greatly promote, by his exertions and example, the labours of the parish minister. The generality, it is true, have but an under-part to act; but to all God assigns some part, and he will require of all whose lot is not very laborious, that they not only *work out their own salvation,* but that they promote the cause of religion, and the comfort and salvation of others.

"To those who would undervalue works of mercy as evidences of piety, I would suggest a serious attention to the solemn appeal which the Saviour of the world makes, in that awful representation of the day of judgment, contained in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, both to those who have neglected, and to those who have performed such works; performed them, I mean, on right principles. With what a gracious condescension does he promise to accept the smallest kindness done to his suffering members for his sake! You,

madam, I will venture to say, might do more good than the richest man in the parish could do by merely giving his money. Instead of sitting here, brooding over your misfortunes, which are past remedy, bestir yourself to find out ways of doing much good with little money; or even without any money at all. You have lately studied economy for yourself; instruct your poor neighbours in that important art. They want it almost as much as they want money. You have influence with the few rich persons in the parish; exert that influence. Betty, my housekeeper, shall assist you in any thing in which she can be useful. Try this for one year, and if you then tell me that you should have better shown your love to God and man, and been a happier woman, had you continued gloomy and inactive, I shall be much surprised, and shall consent to your resuming your present way of life."

The sermon, and this discourse together, made so deep an impression on Mrs. Jones, that she formed a new plan of life, and set about it at once, as every body does who is in earnest. Her chief aim was the happiness of her poor neighbours in the next world; but she was also very desirous to promote their present comfort: and, indeed, the kindness she showed to their bodily wants gave her such an access to their houses and hearts, as made them better disposed to receive religious counsel and instruction. Mrs. Jones was much respected by all the rich persons in Weston, who had known her in her prosperity. Sir John was thoughtless, lavish, and indolent. The Squire was

over-frugal, but active, sober, and not ill natured. Sir John loved pleasure, the Squire loved money. Sir John was one of those popular sort of people who get much praise, and yet do little good; who subscribe with equal readiness to a cricket match or a charity school; who take it for granted that the poor are to be indulged with bell-ringing and bonfires, and to be made drunk at Christmas: this Sir John called being kind to them; but he thought it was folly to teach them, and madness to think of reforming them. He was, however, always ready to give his guinea; but I question whether he would have given up his hunting and his gaming to have cured every grievance in the land. He had that sort of constitutional good nature, which, if he had lived much within sight of misery, would have led him to be liberal; but he had that selfish love of ease, which prompted him to give to undeserving objects, rather than be at the pains to search out the deserving. He neither discriminated between the degress of distress nor the characters of the distressed. His idea of charity was, that a rich man should occasionally give a little of his superfluous wealth to the first object that occurred; but he had no conception that it was his duty so to husband his wealth, and limit his expenses, as to supply a regular fund for established charity. And the utmost stretch of his benevolence never led him to suspect that he was called to abridge himself in the most idle article of indulgence, for a purpose foreign to his own personal enjoyment. — On the other hand, the

Squire would assist Mrs. Jones in any of her plans if it cost him nothing; so she showed her good sense by never asking Sir John for advice, or the Squire for subscriptions, and by this prudence gained the full support of both.

Mrs. Jones resolved to spend two or three days in a week in getting acquainted with the state of the parish, and she took care never to walk out without a few little good books in her pocket to give away. This, though a cheap, is a most important act of charity: it has various uses; it furnishes the poor with religious knowledge, which they have so few ways of obtaining; it counteracts the wicked designs of those who have taught us at least one lesson, by their zeal in the dispersion of *wicked* books, — I mean the lesson of vigilance and activity; and it is the best introduction for any useful conversation which the giver of the book may wish to introduce.

She found that, among the numerous wants she met with, no small share was owing to bad management, or to imposition: she was struck with the small size of the loaves. Wheat was now not very dear, and she was sure a good deal of blame rested with the baker. She sent for a shilling loaf to the next great town, where the mayor often sent to the bakers' shops to see that the bread was proper weight. She weighed her town loaf against her country loaf, and found the latter two pounds lighter than it ought to be. This was not the sort of grievance to carry to Sir John; but luckily the Squire was also a magistrate, and it was quite in his way; for though he would not give, yet he

would counsel, calculate, contrive, reprimand, and punish. He told her he could remedy the evil if some one would lodge an information against the baker; but that there was no act of justice which he found it so difficult to accomplish.

The Informer.

She dropped in on the blacksmith. He was at dinner. She enquired if his bread was good. "Aye, good enough, mistress; for you see it is as white as your cap, if we had but more of it. Here's a sixpenny loaf; you might take it for a penny roll!" He then heartily cursed Crib the baker, and said he ought to be hanged. Mrs. Jones now told him what she had done; how she had detected the fraud, and assured him the evil should be redressed on the morrow, provided he would appear and inform. "I inform," said he, with a shocking oath: "hang an informer! I scorn the office." — "You are nice in the wrong place," replied Mrs. Jones; "for you don't scorn to abuse the baker, nor to be in a passion, nor to swear, though you scorn to redress a public injury, and to increase your children's bread. Let me tell you, there is nothing in which you ignorant people mistake more than in your notions about *informers*. Informing is a lawful way of obtaining redress; and though it is a mischievous and a hateful thing to go to a justice about every trifling matter, yet laying an information on important occasions, without malice, or bitterness of any kind, is what no honest man ought to be ashamed of. The shame is to commit

the offence, not to inform against it. I, for my part, should perhaps do right, if I not only informed against Crib for making light bread, but against you for swearing at him."

"Well, but madam," said the smith, a little softened, "don't you think it a sin and a shame to turn informer?" — "So far from it, that when a man's motives are good," said Mrs. Jones, "and in such clear cases as the present, I think it a duty and a virtue. If it is right that there should be laws, it must be right that they should be put in execution; but how can this be, if people will not inform the magistrates when they see the laws broken? I hope I shall always be afraid to be an offender against the laws, but not to be an informer in support of them. —*An informer by trade* is commonly a knave. A rash, malicious, or passionate informer is a firebrand; but honest and prudent informers are almost as useful members of society as the judges of the land. If you continue in your present mind on this subject, do not you think that you will be answerable for the crimes you might have prevented by informing, and thus become a sort of accomplice of the villains who commit them?"

"Well, madam," said the smith, "I now see plainly enough that there is no shame in turning informer when my cause is good." — "And your *motive right;* always mind that," said Mrs. Jones. Next day the smith attended, Crib was fined in the usual penalty, his light bread was taken from him and given to the poor. The justices resolved

henceforward to inspect the bakers in their district; and all of them, except Crib, and such as Crib, were glad of it; for honesty never dreads a trial. Thus had Mrs. Jones the comfort of seeing how useful people may be without expense; for if she could have given the poor fifty pounds, she would not have done them so great, or so lasting, a benefit, as she did them in seeing their loaves restored to their lawful weight: and the true light in which she had put the business of *informing* was of no small use in giving the neighbourhood right views on that subject.

There were two shops in the parish; but Mrs. Sparks, at the Cross, had not half so much custom as Wills, at the Sugar Loaf, though she sold her goods a penny in a shilling cheaper, and all agreed that they were much better. Mrs. Jones asked Mrs. Sparks the reason. "Madam," said the shopkeeper, "Mr. Wills will give longer trust. Besides this, his wife keeps shop on a Sunday morning while I am at church." Mrs. Jones now reminded Mr. Edwards to read the King's proclamation against vice and immorality next Sunday at church; and prevailed on the Squire to fine any one who should keep open shop on a Sunday. This he readily undertook; for while Sir John thought it *good natured* to connive at breaking the laws, the Squire fell into the other extreme, of thinking that the zealous enforcing of penal statutes would stand in the stead of all religious restraints. Mrs. Jones proceeded to put the people in mind, that a shopkeeper who would sell on a Sunday

would be more likely to cheat them all the week than one who went to church.

She also laboured hard to convince them how much they would lessen their distress if they would contrive to deal with Mrs. Sparks for ready money, rather than with Wills on long credit. Those who listened to her found their circumstances far more comfortable at the year's end; while the rest, tempted, like some of their betters, by the pleasure of putting off the evil day of payment, like them, at last found themselves plunged in debt and distress. She took care to make a good use of such instances in her conversation with the poor; and, by perseverance, she at length brought them so much to her way of thinking, that Wills found it to be his interest to alter his plan, and sell his goods on as fair terms, and as short credit, as Mrs. Sparks sold hers. This completed Mrs. Jones's success; and she had the satisfaction of having put a stop to three or four great evils in the parish of Weston, without spending a shilling in doing it.

Patty Smart and Jenny Rose were thought to be the two best managers in the parish. They both told Mrs. Jones that the poor would get the coarse pieces of meat cheaper, if the gentle-folks did not buy them for soups and gravy. Mrs. Jones thought there was reason in this: so away she went to Sir John, the Squire, the Surgeon, the Attorney, and the Steward, the only persons in the parish who could afford to buy these costly things. She told them, that if they would all be so good as to buy only prime pieces, which they could very well

afford, the coarse and cheap joints would come more within the reach of the poor. Most of the gentry readily consented. Sir John cared not what his meat cost him, but told Mrs. Jones, in his gay way, that he would eat any thing, or give any thing, so that she would not tease him with long stories about the poor. The Squire said he should prefer vegetable soups, because they were cheaper, and the Doctor preferred them because they were wholesomer. The Steward chose to imitate the Squire; and the Attorney found it would be quite ungenteel to stand out. So gravy soups became very unfashionable in the parish of Weston; and I am sure if rich people did but think a little on this subject, [illegible]uld become as unfashionable in many [illegible].

Wh[illegible]rew cheaper, Mrs. Jones was earne[illegible]or women to bake large brown loave[illegible]tead of buying s[illegible]te ones at th[illegible] Betty had told [illegible]aking at h[illegible] one step tow[illegible]g the [illegible]nent. Only [illegible] and [illegible] at home in [illegible]arish; [illegible]ell as they [illegible] gene- [illegible]d reasonabl[illegible]ld not [illegible] which ofte[illegible]e had, [illegible]xcept the[illegible]nd the [illegible]s. Jones [illegible]r, that [illegible]ntrived [illegible]ll as to [illegible]r these [illegible]ng that [illegible]d get t[illegible] "How [illegible]o the[illegible] are the

only poor women in the parish who can afford to brew a small cask of beer? Your husbands have no better wages than other men." — "True, madam," said Patty, "but they never set foot in a public-house. I will tell you the truth. When I first married, our John went to the Checquers every night, and I had my tea and fresh butter twice a day at home. This slop, which consumed a deal of sugar, began to *rake* my stomach sadly, as I had neither meat nor milk; at last (I am ashamed to own it), I began to take a drop of gin to quiet the pain, till, in time, I looked for my gin as regularly as for my tea. At last the gin, the alehouse, and the tea, began to make us both sick and poor, and I had like to have died with my first child. Parson Edwards then talked so finely to us on the subject of improper indulgencies, that we resolved, by the grace of God, to turn over a new leaf; and I promised John, if he would give up the Checquers, I would break the gin-bottle, and never drink tea in the afternoon, except on Sundays, when he was at home to drink it with me. We have kept our word, and both our eating and drinking, our health and our consciences, are better for it. Though meat is sadly dear, we can buy two pounds of fresh meat for less than one pound of fresh butter, and it gives five times the nourishment. And dear as malt is, I contrive to keep a drop of drink in the house for John; and John will make me drink half a pint with him every evening, and a pint a day when I am a nurse."

Public Houses.

As one good deed, as well as one bad one, brings on another, this conversation set Mrs. Jones on enquiring why so many alehouses were allowed. She did not choose to talk to Sir John on this subject, who would only have said, "Let them enjoy themselves, poor fellows: if they get drunk now and then, they work hard." But those who have this false good nature forget, that, while the man is *enjoying himself*, as it is called, his wife and children are ragged and starving. True Christian good nature never indulges one at the cost of many, but is kind to all. The Squire, who was a friend to order, took up the matter. He consulted Mr. Edwards. "The Lion," said he, "is necessary. It stands by the road-side: travellers must have a resting-place. As to the Checquers and the Bell, they do no good, but much harm." Mr. Edwards had before made many attempts to get the Checquers put down; but, unluckily, it was Sir John's own house, and kept by his late butler. Not that Sir John valued the rent; but he had a false kindness, which made him support the cause of an old servant, though he knew he was a bad man, and kept a disorderly house. The Squire, however, now took away the license from the Bell; and a fray happening soon after at the Checquers (which was near the church), in time of Divine service, Sir John was obliged to suffer the house to be put down as a nuisance. You would not believe how many poor families were able to brew a little

cask, when the temptation of those alehouses was taken out of their way. Mrs. Jones, in her evening walks, had the pleasure to see many an honest man drinking his wholesome cup of beer by his own fire-side, his rosy children playing about his knees, his clean cheerful wife singing her youngest baby to sleep, rocking the cradle with her foot, while with her hands she was making a dumpling for her kind husband's supper. Some few, I am sorry to say, though I don't choose to name names, still preferred getting drunk once a week at the Lion, and drinking water at other times. — Thus Mrs. Jones, by a little exertion and perseverance, added to the temporal comforts of a whole parish, and diminished its immorality and extravagance in the same proportion.

The good women, being now supplied with yeast from each other's brewings, would have baked, but two difficulties still remained. Many of them had no ovens; for since the new bad management had crept in, many cottages have been built without this convenience. Fuel also was scarce at Weston. Mrs. Jones advised the building a large parish oven. Sir John subscribed to be rid of her importunity, and the Squire, because he thought every improvement in economy would reduce the poor's rate. It was soon accomplished; and to this oven, at a certain hour, three times a week, the elder children carried their loaves which their mothers had made at home, and paid a halfpenny, or a penny, according to their size, for the baking.

Mrs. Jones found that no poor women in Wes-

ton could buy a little milk, as the farmers' wives did not care to rob their dairies. This was a great distress, especially when the children were sick. So Mrs. Jones advised Mrs. Sparks, at the Cross, to keep a couple of cows, and sell out the milk by halfpenny-worths. She did so, and found, that though this plan gave her some additional trouble, she got full as much by it as if she had made cheese and butter. She also sold rice at a cheap rate; so that, with the help of the milk and the public oven, a fine rice pudding was to be had for a trifle.

Charity School for Servants.

The girls' school, in the parish, was fallen into neglect; for though many would be subscribers, yet no one would look after it. I wish this was the case at Weston only: many schools have come to nothing, and many parishes are quite destitute of schools, because too many gentry neglect to make it a part of the duty of their grown-up daughters to inspect the instruction of the poor. It was not in Mr. Edwards's way to see if girls were taught to work. The best clergyman cannot do every thing. This is ladies' business. Mrs. Jones consulted her counsellor, Mrs. Betty, and they went every Friday to the school, where they invited mothers, as well as daughters, to come, and learn to cut out to the best advantage. Mrs. Jones had not been bred to these things; but by means of Mrs. Cowper's excellent cutting-out-book, she soon became mistress of the whole art-

She not only had the girls taught to make and mend, but to wash and iron too. She also allowed the mother or eldest daughter of every family to come once a week, and learn how to dress *one cheap dish.* One Friday, which was cooking-day, who should pass by but the squire, with his gun and dogs. He looked into the school for the first time. "Well, madam," said he, "what good are you doing here? What are your girls learning and earning? Where are your manufactures? Where is your spinning and your carding?" — "Sir," said she, "this is a small parish, and you know ours is not a manufacturing county; so that when these girls are women, they will not be much employed in spinning. We must, in the kind of good we attempt to do, consult the local genius of the place: I do not think it will answer to introduce spinning, for instance, in a country where it is quite new. However, we teach them a little of it, and still more of knitting, that they may be able to get up a small piece of household linen once a year, and provide the family with stockings, by employing the odds and ends of their time in these ways. But there is another manufacture which I am carrying on, and I know of none within my own reach which is so valuable." — "What can that be?" said the squire. — "*To make good wives for working men,*" said she. "Is not mine an excellent staple commodity? I am teaching these girls the arts of industry and good management. It is little encouragement to an honest man to work hard all the week, if his wages

are wasted by a slattern at home. Most of these girls will probably become wives to the poor, or servants to the rich; to such the common arts of life are of great value: now, as there is little opportunity for learning these at the school-house, I intend to propose, that such gentry as have sober servants shall allow one of these girls to come and work in their families one day in a week, when the housekeeper, the cook, the house-maid, or the laundry-maid, shall be required to instruct them in their several departments. This I conceive to be the best way of training good servants. They should serve this kind of regular apprenticeship to various sorts of labour. Girls who come out of charity-schools, where they have been employed in knitting, sewing, and reading, are not sufficiently prepared for hard and laborious employments. I do not in general approve of teaching charity children to write, for the same reason. I confine within very strict limits my plan of educating the poor. A thorough knowledge of religion, and of some of those coarser arts of life by which the community may be best benefited, includes the whole stock of instruction, which, unless in very extraordinary cases, I would wish to bestow."

"What have you got on the fire, madam?" said the Squire; "for your pot really smells as savoury as if Sir John's French cook had filled it." —"Sir," replied Mrs. Jones, "I have lately got acquainted with Mrs. White, who has given us an account of her cheap dishes, and nice cookery, in

tion, it has brought the affluent to a nearer knowledge of the persons and characters of their indigent neighbours: it has literally brought 'the rich and poor to meet together;' and this I look upon to be one of the essential advantages attending Sunday schools also, where they are carried on upon true principles, and are sanctioned by the visits, as well as supported by the contributions, of the wealthy."

May all who read this account of Mrs. Jones, and who are under the same circumstances, *go and do likewise!*

and cry over our misfortunes, or to bestir ourselves to do our duty to the world?" — "Sir," replied Mrs. Jones, "I thank you for the useful lesson you have given me. You have taught me that an excessive indulgence of sorrow is not piety, but selfishness; that the best remedy for our own afflictions is to lessen the afflictions of others, and thus evidence our submission to the will of God, who, perhaps, sent these very trials to abate our own self-love, and to stimulate our exertions for the good of others. You have taught me that our time and talents are to be employed with zeal in God's service, if we wish for his favour here or hereafter; and that one great employment of those talents, which he requires, is the promotion of the present, and much more the future happiness of all around us. You have taught me that much good may be done with little money; and that the heart, the head, and the hands are of some use, as well as the purse. I have also learned another lesson, which I hope not to forget, that Providence, in sending these extraordinary seasons of scarcity and distress, which we have lately twice experienced, has been pleased to over-rule these trying events to the general good; for it has not only excited the rich to an increased liberality, as to actual contribution, but it has led them to get more acquainted with the local wants of their poorer brethren, and to interest themselves in their comfort; it has led to improved modes of economy, and to a more feeling kind of beneficence. Above all, without abating any thing of a just subordina-

tion, it has brought the affluent to a nearer knowledge of the persons and characters of their indigent neighbours: it has literally brought 'the rich and poor to meet together;' and this I look upon to be one of the essential advantages attending Sunday schools also, where they are carried on upon true principles, and are sanctioned by the visits, as well as supported by the contributions, of the wealthy."

May all who read this account of Mrs. Jones, and who are under the same circumstances, go and *do likewise!*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I PROMISED, in the *Cure for Melancholy*, to give some account of the manner in which Mrs. Jones set up her school. She did not much fear being able to raise the money; but money is of little use, unless some persons of sense and piety can be found to direct these institutions. Not that I would discourage those who set them up, even in the most ordinary manner, and from mere views of worldly policy. It is something gained to rescue children from idling away their Sabbath in the fields or the streets. It is no small thing to keep them from those tricks to which a day of leisure tempts the idle and the ignorant. It is something for them to be taught to read; it is much to be taught to read the Bible; and much, indeed, to be carried regularly to church. But all this is not enough. To bring these institutions to answer their highest end, can only be effected by God's blessing on the best directed means, the choice of able teachers, and a diligent attention in some pious gentry to visit and inspect the schools.

On Recommendations.

Mrs. Jones had one talent that eminently qualified her to do good, namely, judgment; this, even

in the gay part of her life, had kept her from many mistakes; but though she had sometimes been deceived herself, she was very careful not to deceive others, by recommending people to fill any office for which they were unfit, either through selfishness or false kindness. She used to say, there is always some one appropriate quality which every person must possess, in order to fit them for any particular employment. "Even in this quality," said she to Mr. Edwards the clergyman, "I do not expect perfection; but if they are destitute of this, whatever good qualities they may possess besides, though they may do for some other employment, they will not do for this. If I want a pair of shoes, I go to a shoemaker; I do not go to a man of another trade, however ingenious he may be, to ask him if he cannot *contrive* to make me a pair of shoes. When I lived in London, I learned to be much on my guard as to recommendations. I found people often wanted to impose on me some one who was a burden to themselves. Once, I remember, when I undertook to get a matron for an hospital, half my acquaintance had some one to offer me. Mrs. Gibson sent me an old cook, whom she herself had discharged for wasting her own provisions, yet she had the conscience to recommend this woman to take care of the provisions of a large community. Mrs. Grey sent me a discarded housekeeper, whose constitution had been ruined by sitting up with Mrs. Grey's gouty husband; but who, she yet thought, might do well enough to undergo the fatigue of taking care of a hundred

poor sick people. A third friend sent me a woman who had no merit but that of being very poor, and it would be charity to provide for her. The truth is, the lady was obliged to allow her a small pension till she could get her off her own hands, by turning her on those of others."

"It is very true, madam," said Mr. Edwards, "the right way is always to prefer the good of the many to the good of one; if, indeed, it can be called doing good to any one to place them in a station in which they must feel unhappy, by not knowing how to discharge the duties of it. I will tell you how I manage. If the persons recommended are objects of charity, I privately subscribe to their wants; I pity and help them; but I never promote them to a station for which they are unfit, as I should by so doing hurt a whole community to help a distressed individual."

Thus Mrs. Jones resolved, that the first step towards setting up her school should be to provide a suitable mistress. The vestry were so earnest in recommending one woman, that she thought it worth looking into. On enquiry, she found it was a scheme to take a large family off the parish: they never considered that a very ignorant woman, with a family of young children, was, of all others, the most unfit for a school; all they considered was, that the profits of the school might enable her to live without parish pay. Mrs. Jones refused another, though she could read well, and was decent in her conduct, because she used to send her children to the shop on Sundays. And she objected

to a third, a very sensible woman, because she was suspected of making an outward profession of religion a cloak for immoral conduct. Mrs. Jones knew she must not be too nice neither; she knew she must put up with many faults at last. "I know," said she to Mr. Edwards, "the imperfection of every thing that is human. As the mistress will have much to bear with from the children, so I expect to have something to bear with in the mistress; and she and I must submit to our respective trials, by thinking how much God has to bear with in us all. But there are certain qualities which are indispensable in certain situations. There are, in particular, three things which a schoolmistress must not be without, — *good sense*, *activity*, and *piety*. Without the first, she will mislead others; without the second, she will neglect them; and without the third, though she may civilise, yet she will never christianise them."

Mr. Edwards said, "he really knew but of one person in the parish who was fully likely to answer her purpose: this," continued he, "is no other than my housekeeper, Mrs. Betty Crew. It will, indeed, be a great loss to me to part from her; and to her it will be a far more fatiguing life than that which she at present leads. But ought I to put my own personal comfort, or ought Betty to put her own ease and quiet, in competition with the good of above a hundred children? This will appear still more important, if we consider the good done by these institutions, not as *fruit*, but *seed*; if we take into the account how many yet

unborn may become Christians, in consequence of our making these children Christians: for how can we calculate the number which may be hereafter trained for heaven, by those very children we are going to teach, when they themselves shall become parents, and you and I are dead and forgotten? To be sure, by parting from Betty, my pease-soup will not be quite so well flavoured, nor my linen so neatly got up; but the day is fast approaching when all this will signify but little; but it will not signify little whether one hundred immortal souls were the better from my making this petty sacrifice. Mrs. Crew is a real Christian, has excellent sense, and had a good education from my mother. She has also had a little sort of preparatory training for the business; for when the poor children come to the parsonage for broth on a Saturday evening, she is used to appoint them all to come at the same time; and after she has filled their pitchers, she ranges them round her in the garden, and examines them in their catechism. She is just and fair in dealing out the broth and beef, not making my favour to the parents depend on the skill of their children; but her own old caps, and ribands, and cast-off clothes, are bestowed as little rewards on the best scholars. So that taking the time she spends in working for them, and the things she gives them, there is many a lady who does not exceed Mrs. Crew in acts of charity. This I mention to confirm your notion, that it is not necessary to be rich in order to do good; a religious upper servant has great opportunities of

this sort, if the master is disposed to encourage her."

My readers, I trust, need not be informed, that this is that very Mrs. Betty Crew who assisted Mrs. Jones in teaching poor women to cut out linen and dress cheap dishes, as related in the *Cure for Melancholy*. Mrs. Jones, in the following week, got together as many of the mothers as she could, and spoke to them as follows: —

Mrs. Jones's Exhortation.

"My good women, on Sunday next I propose to open a school for the instruction of your children. Those among you, who know what it is to be able to read your Bible, will, I doubt not, rejoice that the same blessing is held out to your children. You who are *not* able yourselves to read what your Saviour has done and suffered for you, ought to be doubly anxious that your children should reap a blessing which you have lost. Would not that mother be thought an unnatural monster who should stand by and snatch out of her child's mouth the bread which a kind friend had just put into it? But such a mother would be merciful, compared with her who should rob her children of the opportunity of learning to read the word of God when it is held out to them. Remember, that if you slight the present offer, or if, after having sent your children a few times, you should afterwards keep them at home under vain pretences, you will have to answer for it at the day of judgment. Let not your poor children, *then*, have

cause to say, 'My fond mother was my worst enemy. I might have been bred up in the fear of the Lord, and she opposed it for the sake of giving me a little paltry pleasure. — For an idle holiday, I am now brought to the gates of hell!' My dear women, which of you could bear to see your darling child condemned to everlasting destruction? Which of you could bear to hear him accuse you as the cause of it? Is there any mother here present who will venture to say, — 'I will doom the child I bore to sin and hell, rather than put them or myself to a little present pain, by curtailing their evil inclinations! I will let them spend the Sabbath in ignorance and idleness, instead of rescuing them from vanity and sin, by sending them to school!' If there are any such here present, let that mother who values her child's pleasure more than his soul now walk away, while I set down in my list the names of all those who wish to bring their young ones up in the way that leads to eternal life, instead of indulging them in the pleasures of sin, which are but for a moment."

When Mrs. Jones had done speaking, most of the women thanked her for her good advice, and hoped that God would give them grace to follow it; promising to send their children constantly. Others, who were not so well disposed, were yet afraid to refuse, after the sin of so doing had been so plainly set before them. The worst of the women had kept away from this meeting, resolving to set their faces against the school. Most of those also who were present, as soon as they got home,

set about providing their children with what little decent apparel they could raise. Many a willing mother lent her tall daughter her hat, best cap, and white handkerchief; and many a grateful father spared his linen waistcoat and bettermost hat, to induce his grown-up son to attend; for it was a rule with which Mrs. Jones began, that she would not receive the younger children out of any family who did not send their elder ones. Too many made excuses that their shoes were old, or their hat worn out. But Mrs. Jones told them not to bring any excuses to her which they could not bring to the day of judgment; and among those excuses she would hardly admit any except accidents, sickness, or attendance on sick parents or young children.

Subscriptions.

Mrs. Jones, who had secured large subscriptions from the gentry, was desirous of getting the help and countenance of the farmers and trades-people, whose duty and interest she thought it was to support a plan calculated to improve the virtue and happiness of the parish. Most of them subscribed, and promised to see that their workmen sent their children. She met with little opposition till she called on Farmer Hoskins. She told him, as he was the richest farmer in the parish, she came to him for a handsome subscription. "Subscription!" said he; "it is nothing but subscriptions, I think: a man had need be made of money." — "Farmer," said Mrs. Jones, "God has blessed you with

abundant prosperity, and he expects you should be liberal in proportion to your great ability." — "I do not know what you mean by blessing," said he: "I have been up early and late, lived hard while I had little, and now when I thought I had got forward in the world, what with tithes, taxes, and subscriptions, it all goes, I think." — "Mr. Hoskins," said Mrs. Jones, "as to tithes and taxes, you well know that the richer you are the more you pay; so that your murmurs are a proof of your wealth. This is but an ungrateful return for all your blessings." — "You are again at your blessings," said the farmer; "but let every one work as hard as I have done, and I dare say he will do as well. It is to my own industry I owe what I have. My crops have been good, because I minded my ploughing and sowing." — "Oh, farmer!" cried Mrs. Jones, "you forget whose suns and showers make your crops to grow, and who it is that giveth strength to get riches. But I do not come to preach, but to beg."

"Well, madam, what is the subscription now? Flannel or French? or weavers, or Swiss, or a new church, or large bread, or cheap rice? or what other new whim-wham for getting the money out of one's pocket?" — "I am going to establish a Sunday school, farmer; and I come to you as one of the principal inhabitants of the parish; hoping your example will spur on the rest to give." — "Why, then," said the farmer, "as one of the principal inhabitants of the parish, I will give nothing; hoping it will spur on the rest to refuse.

Of all the foolish inventions, and new-fangled devices to ruin the country, that of teaching the poor to read is the very worst." — "And I, farmer, think that to teach good principles to the lower classes is the most likely way to save the country. Now, in order to this, we must teach them to read." —"Not with my consent, nor my money," said the farmer; "for I know it always does more harm than good." — "So it may," said Mrs. Jones, "if you only teach them to read, and then turn them adrift to find out books for themselves.* There is a proneness in the heart to evil, which it is our duty to oppose, and which I see you are promoting. Only look round your own kitchen: I am ashamed to see it hung round with loose songs and ballads. I grant, indeed, it would be better for your men and maids, and even your daughters, not to be able to read at all, than to read such stuff as this. But if, when they ask for bread, you will give them a stone, nay worse, a serpent, yours is the blame." Then taking up a penny book which had a very loose title, she went on: — "I do not wonder, if you who read such books as these think it safer that people should not read at all." The farmer

* It was this consideration, chiefly, which stimulated the conductor of the Cheap Repository to send forth that variety of little books so peculiarly suited to the young. She considered that by means of Sunday Schools multitudes were now taught to read, who would be exposed to be corrupted by all the ribaldry and profaneness of loose songs, vicious stories, and especially by the new influx of corruption arising from jacobinical and atheistical pamphlets; and that it was a bounden duty to counteract such temptations.

grinned, and said, "It is hard if a man of my substance may not divert himself: when a bit of fun costs only a penny, and a man can spare that penny, there is no harm done. When it is very hot, or very wet, and I come in to rest, and have drunk my mug of cider, I like to take up a bit of a jest book, or a comical story, to make me laugh."

"Oh, Mr. Hoskins!" replied Mrs. Jones, "when you come in to rest from a burning sun or shower, do you never think of Him whose sun it is that is ripening your corn? or whose shower is filling the ear, or causing the grass to grow? I could tell you of some books which would strengthen such thoughts, whereas such as you read only serve to put them out of your head."

Mrs. Jones having taken pains to let Mr. Hoskins know that all the genteel and wealthy people had subscribed, he at last said, "Why, as to the matter of that, I do not value a crown; only I think it might be better bestowed; and I am afraid my own workmen will fly in my face if once they are made scholars; and that they will think themselves too good to work." — "Now you talk soberly, and give your reasons," said Mr. Jones: "weak as they are, they deserve an answer. Do you think that either man, woman, or child, ever did his duty the worse, only because he knew it the better?" — "No; perhaps not." — "Now, the whole extent of learning which we intend to give the poor is only to enable them to read the Bible; a book which brings to us the glad tidings of salvation, in which every duty is explained, every doc-

trine brought into practice, and the highest truths made level to the meanest understanding. The knowledge of that book, and its practical influence on the heart, is the best security you can have, both for the industry and obedience of your servants. Now, can you think any man will be the worse servant for being a good Christian?" — "Perhaps not." — "Are not the duties of children, of servants, and the poor, individually and expressly set forth in the Bible?" — "Yes." — "Do you think any duties are likely to be so well performed from any human motives, such as fear or prudence, as from those religious motives, which are backed with the sanction of rewards and punishments, of heaven or hell? Even upon your own principles of worldly policy, do you think a poor man is not less likely to steal a sheep or a horse, who was taught when a boy that it was a sin, that it was breaking a commandment to rob a hen-roost or an orchard, than one who has been bred in ignorance of God's law? Will your property be secured so effectually by the stocks on the green, as by teaching the boys in the school, that *for all these things God will bring them into judgment?* Is a poor fellow who can read his Bible so likely to sleep or to drink away his few hours of leisure as one who *cannot* read? He may, and he often does, make a bad use of his reading; but I doubt he would have been as bad without it: and the hours spent in learning to read will always have been among the most harmless ones of his life."

"Well, madam," said the farmer, "if you do not

think that religion will spoil my young servants, I do not care if you do put me down for half-a-guinea. What has Farmer Dobson given?"—"Half-a-guinea," said Mrs. Jones. — "Well," cried the farmer, "it shall never be said I do not give more than he, who is only a renter. Dobson half-a-guinea! Why, he wears his coat as threadbare as a labourer." — "Perhaps," replied Mrs. Jones, "that is one reason why he gives so much." — "Well, put me down a guinea," cried the farmer; "as scarce as guineas are just now, I'll never be put upon the same footing with Dobson neither." — "Yes, and you must exert yourself besides, in insisting that your workmen send their children, and often look into the school yourself, to see if they are there, and reward or discourage them accordingly," added Mrs. Jones. "The most zealous teachers will flag in their exertions, if they are not animated and supported by the wealthy; and your poor youth will soon despise religious instruction, as a thing forced upon them, as a hardship added to their other hardships, if it be not made pleasant by the encouraging presence, kind words, and little gratuities from their betters."

Here Mrs. Jones took her leave: the farmer insisted on waiting on her to the door. When they got into the yard, they spied Mr. Edwards, who was standing near a little group of females, consisting of the farmer's two young daughters, and a couple of rosy dairy-maids, an old blind fiddler, and a woman who led him. The woman had laid a basket on the ground, out of which she

was dealing some songs to the girls who were kneeling round it, and eagerly picking out such whose titles suited their tastes. On seeing the clergyman come up, the fiddler's companion (for I am sorry to say she was not his wife) pushed some of the songs to the bottom of the basket, turned round to the company, and, in a whining tone, asked if they would please to buy a godly book. Mr. Edwards saw through the hypocrisy at once; and instead of making any answer, took out of one of the girl's hands a song which the woman had not been able to snatch away. He was shocked and grieved to see that these young girls were about to read, to sing, and to learn by heart, such ribaldry as he was ashamed even to cast his eyes on. He turned about to the girl, and gravely, but mildly, said, "Young woman, what do you think should be done to a person who should be found carrying a box of poison round the country, and leaving a little at every house?" The girls all agreed that such a person ought to be hanged. "That he should," said the farmer, "if I was upon the jury, and quartered too." The fiddler and his woman were of the same opinion; declaring *they* would not do such a wicked thing for the world, for if they were poor, they were honest. Mr. Edwards, turning to the other girl, said, "Which is of most value, the soul or the body?"—"The soul, sir," said the girl. —"Why so?" said he.—"Because, sir, I have heard you say, in the pulpit, the soul is to last for ever."—"Then," cried Mr. Edwards, in a stern

voice, turning to the fiddler's woman, "are you not ashamed to sell poison for that part which is to last for ever? poison for the soul?" — "Poison!" said the terrified girl, throwing down the book, and shuddering as people do who are afraid they have touched something infectious. "Poison!" echoed the farmer's daughters, recollecting with horror the ratsbane which Lion, the old house-dog, had got at the day before, and after eating which she had seen him drop down dead in convulsions. "Yes," said Mr. Edwards to the woman, "I do again repeat, the souls of these innocent girls will be poisoned, and may be eternally ruined, by this vile trash which you carry about."

"I now see," said Mrs. Jones to the farmer, "the reason why you think learning to read does more harm than good. It is, indeed, far better that they should never know how to tell a letter, unless you keep such trash as this out of their way, and provide them with what is good, or at least what is harmless. Still this is not the fault of reading, but the abuse of it. Wine is still a good cordial, though it is too often abused to the purpose of drunkenness."

The farmer said that neither of his maids could read their horn-book, though he owned he often heard them singing that song which the parson thought so bad, but for his part, it made him as merry as a nightingale.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "as a proof that it is not merely being able to read which does the mis-

chief, I have often heard, as I have been crossing a hay-field, young girls singing such indecent ribaldry as has driven me out of the field, though I well knew they could not read a line of what they were singing, but had caught it from others. So you see you may as well say the memory is a wicked talent because some people misapply it, as to say that reading is dangerous because some folks abuse it."

While they were talking, the fiddler and his woman were trying to steal away unobserved; but Mr. Edwards stopped them, and sternly said, "Woman, I shall have some farther talk with you. I am a magistrate as well as a minister, and if I know it I will no more allow a wicked book to be sold in my parish than a dose of poison." The girls threw away all their songs, thanked Mr. Edwards, begged Mrs. Jones would take them into her school after they had done milking in the evenings, that they might learn to read only what was proper. They promised they would never more deal with any but sober, honest hawkers, such as sell good little books, Christmas carols, and harmless songs, and desired the fiddler's woman never to call there again.

This little incident afterwards confirmed Mrs. Jones in a plan she had before some thoughts of putting in practice. This was, after her school had been established a few months, to invite all the well-disposed grown up youth of the parish to meet her at the school an hour or two on a Sunday evening, after the necessary business of the

dairy, and of serving the cattle, was over. Both Mrs. Jones and her agent had the talent of making this time pass so agreeably, by their manner of explaining Scripture, and of impressing the heart by serious and affectionate discourse, that in a short time the evening school was nearly filled with a second company, after the younger ones were dismissed. In time not only the servants, but the sons and daughters, of the most substantial people in the parish attended. At length many of the parents, pleased with the improvement so visible in the young people, got a habit of dropping in, that they might learn how to instruct their own families. * And it was observed that as the school filled not only the Fives-court and public houses were thinned, but even Sunday gossiping and tea visiting declined. Even Farmer Hoskins, who was at first angry with his maids for leaving off those *merry* songs (as he called them), was so pleased by the manner in which the psalms were sung at the school that he promised Mrs. Jones to make her a present of half a sheep towards her first May-day feast. Of this feast some account shall be given hereafter; and the reader may expect some further account of the Sunday school in the history of Hester Wilmot. †

* This experiment was successfully made, and the practice has been continued for nearly thirty years, by the writer of these tales.

† For a continuation of the *Sunday School*, see the story of Hester Wilmot, in two parts, in the following volume. It was

thought proper to separate them in this collection; as the two preceding numbers rather tend to enforce the duties of the higher and middle class, and the two subsequent ones those of the poor.

THE PILGRIMS,

AN ALLEGORY.

METHOUGHT I was once upon a time travelling through a certain land which was very full of people; but, what was rather odd, not one of all this multitude was at home; they were all bound to a far distant country. Though it was permitted by the Lord of the land that these pilgrims might associate together for their present mutual comfort and convenience; and each was not only allowed, but commanded, to do the others all the services he could upon their journey; yet it was decreed, that every individual traveller must enter the far country singly. There was a great gulf at the end of the journey, which every one must pass alone, and at his own risk, and the friendship of the whole united world could be of no use in shooting that gulf. The exact time when each was to pass was not known to any: this the Lord always kept a close secret out of kindness; yet still they were as sure that the time must come, and that at no very great distance, as if they had been informed of the very moment. Now, as they knew they were always liable to be called away at an hour's notice, one would have thought they would

have been chiefly employed in packing up, and preparing, and getting every thing in order. But this was so far from being the case, that it was almost the only thing which they did not think about.

Now, I only appeal to you, my readers, if any of you are setting out upon a little common journey, if it is only to London or York, is not all your leisure time employed in settling your business at home, and packing up every little necessary for your expedition? And does not the fear of neglecting any thing you ought to remember, or may have occasion for, haunt your mind, and sometimes even intrude upon you unseasonably? And when you are actually on your journey, especially if you have never been to that place before, or are likely to remain there, don't you begin to think a little about the pleasures and the employments of the place, and to wish to know a little what sort of a city London or York is? Don't you wonder what is doing there, and are you not anxious to know whether you are properly qualified for the business, or the company you expect to be engaged in? Do you never look at the map, or consult Brookes's Gazetteer? And don't you try to pick up from your fellow-passengers in the stage-coach any little information you can get? And though you may be obliged, out of civility, to converse with them on common subjects, yet do not your secret thoughts still run upon London or York, its business, or its pleasures? And above all, if you are likely to set out early, are you not afraid of

over-sleeping, and does not that fear keep you upon the watch, so that you are commonly up and ready before the porter comes to summon you? Reader! if this be your case, how surprised will you be to hear that the travellers to the *far country* have not half your prudence, though embarked on a journey of infinitely more importance, bound to a land where nothing can be sent after them, and in which, when they are once settled, all errors are irretrievable.

I observed that these pilgrims, instead of being upon the watch, lest they should be ordered off unprepared; instead of laying up any provision, or even making memorandums of what they would be likely to want at the end of their journey, spent most of their time in crowds, either in the way of traffic or diversion. At first, when I saw them so much engaged in conversing with each other, I thought it a good sign, and listened attentively to their talk, not doubting but the chief turn of it would be about the climate, or treasures, or society they should probably meet with in the *far country*. I supposed they might be also discussing about the best and safest road to it, and that each was availing himself of the knowledge of his neighbour, on a subject of equal importance to all. I listened to every party, but in scarcely any did I hear one word about the land to which they were bound, though it was their home, the place where their whole interest, expectation, and inheritance lay; to which also great part of their friends were gone before, and whither they were sure all the

rest would follow. Instead of this, their whole talk was about the business, or the pleasures, or the fashions of the strange but bewitching country which they were merely passing through, and in which they had not one foot of land which they were sure of calling their own for the next quarter of an hour. What little estate they had was *personal*, and not real, and that was a mortgaged, life-hold tenement of clay, not properly their own, but only lent to them on a short uncertain lease, of which three-score years and ten was considered as the longest period, and very few indeed lived in it to the end of the term; for this was always at the *will of the Lord*, part of whose prerogative it was, that he could take away the lease at pleasure, knock down the stoutest tenant at a single blow, and turn out the poor shivering, helpless inhabitant naked, to that *far country* for which he had made no provision. Sometimes, in order to quicken the pilgrim in his preparation, the Lord would break down the tenement by slow degrees; sometimes he would let it tumble by its own natural decay; for as it was only built to last a certain term, it would often grow so uncomfortable by increasing dilapidations, even before the ordinary lease was out, that the lodging was hardly worth keeping, though the tenant could seldom be persuaded to think so, but fondly clung to it to the last. First, the thatch on the top of the tenement changed colour, then it fell off and left the roof bare; then "the grinders ceased because they were few;" then the windows became so darkened that the owners could scarcely see

through them; then one prop fell away, then another, then the uprights became bent, and the whole fabric trembled and tottered, with every other symptom of a falling house. But what was remarkable, the more uncomfortable the house became, and the less prospect there was of staying in it, the more preposterously fond did the tenant grow of his precarious habitation.

On some occasions the Lord ordered his messengers, of which he had a great variety, to batter, injure, deface, and almost demolish the frail building, even while it seemed new and strong; this was what the landlord called *giving warning;* but many a tenant would not take warning, and was so fond of staying where he was, even under all these inconveniences, that at last he was cast out by ejectment, not being prevailed on to leave his dwelling in a proper manner, though one would have thought the fear of being turned out would have whetted his diligence in preparing for *a better and a more enduring inheritance.* For though the people were only tenants at will in these crazy tenements, yet, through the goodness of the same Lord, they were assured that he never turned them out of these habitations before he had on his part provided for them a better, so that there was not such another landlord in the world; and though their present dwelling was but frail, being only slightly run up to serve the occasion, yet they might hold their future possession by a most certain tenure, the *word of the Lord himself.* This word was entered in a covenant, or title-deed, con-

sisting of many sheets, and because a great many good things were given away in this deed, a book was made, of which every soul might get a copy.

This, indeed, had not always been the case; because, till a few ages back, there had been a sort of monopoly in the case; and "the wise and prudent," that is, the cunning and fraudful, had hid these things from "the babes and sucklings;" that is, from the low and ignorant, and many frauds had been practised, and the poor had been cheated of their right; so that not being allowed to read and judge for themselves, they had been sadly imposed upon; but all these tricks had been put an end to more than two hundred years when I passed through the country, and the meanest man who could read might then have a copy; so that he might see himself what he had to trust to; and even those who could not read, might hear it read, once or twice every week, at least, without pay, by learned and holy men, whose business it was. But it surprised me to see how few comparatively made use of these vast advantages. Of those who *had* a copy, many laid it carelessly by, expressed a *general* belief in the truth of the title-deed, a *general* satisfaction that they should come in for a share of the inheritance, a *general* good opinion of the Lord whose word it was, and a *general* disposition to take his promise upon trust; always, however, intending, at a *convenient season*, to enquire further into the matter; but this convenient season seldom came; and this neglect of theirs was

construed by their Lord into a forfeiture of the inheritance.

At the end of this country lay the vast gulf mentioned before: it was shadowed over by a broad and thick cloud, which prevented the pilgrims from seeing in a distinct manner what was doing behind it; yet such beams of brightness now and then darted through the cloud, as enabled those who used a telescope provided for that purpose, to see *the substance of things hoped for*; but it was not every one who could make use of this telescope; no eye, indeed, was *naturally* disposed to it; but an earnest desire of getting a glimpse of the invisible realities gave such a strength and steadiness to the eye which used the telescope, as enabled it to discern many things which could not be seen by the natural sight. Above the cloud was this inscription, *The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* Of these last things many glorious descriptions had been given; but as those splendours were at a distance, and as the pilgrims in general did not care to use the telescope, these distant glories made little impression.

The glorious inheritance, which lay beyond the cloud, was called, *The things above*; while a multitude of trifling objects, which appeared contemptibly small when looked at through the telescope, were called, *The things below.* Now, as we know it is nearness which gives size and bulk to any object, it was not wonderful that these ill-judging pilgrims were more struck with these

baubles and trifles, which, by lying close at hand, were visible and tempting to the naked eye, and which made up the sum of *The things below*, than with the remote glories of *The things above:* but this was chiefly owing to their not making use of the telescope, through which, if you examined thoroughly *The things below*, they seemed to shrink almost down to nothing, which was indeed their real size; while *The things above* appeared the more beautiful and vast, the more the telescope was used. But the surprising part of the story was this; not that the pilgrims were captivated at first sight with *The things below*, for that was natural enough; but that when they had tried them all over and over, and found themselves deceived and disappointed in almost every one of them, it did not at all lessen their fondness, and they grasped at them again with the same eagerness as before. There were some gay fruits which looked alluring, but on being opened, instead of a kernel they were found to contain rottenness; and those which seemed the fullest, often proved on trial to be quite hollow and empty. Those which were most tempting to the eye were often found to be wormwood to the taste, or poison to the stomach, and many flowers that seemed most bright and gay had a worm gnawing at the root; and it was observable that on the finest and brightest of them was seen, when looked at through the telescope, the word *vanity* inscribed in large characters.

Among the chief attractions of *The things below* were certain little lumps of yellow clay, on which

almost every eye and every heart was fixed. When I saw the variety of uses to which this clay could be converted, and the respect which was shown to those who could scrape together the greatest number of pieces, I did not much wonder at the general desire to pick up some of them. But when I beheld the anxiety, the wakefulness, the competitions, the contrivances, the tricks, the frauds, the scuffling, the pushing, the turmoiling, the kicking, the shoving, the cheating, the circumvention, the envy, the malignity, which was excited by a desire to possess this article; when I saw the general scramble among those who had little to get much, and of those who had much to get more, then I could not help applying to these people a proverb in use among us, *That gold may be bought too dear.*

Though I saw that there were various sorts of baubles which engaged the hearts of different travellers, such as an ell of red or blue riband, for which some were content to forfeit their future inheritance, committing the sin of Esau, without his temptation of hunger; yet the yellow clay, I found, was the grand object for which most hands were scrambling, and most souls were risked. One thing was extraordinary, that the nearer these people were to be turned out of their tenement, the fonder they grew of these pieces of clay; so that I naturally concluded they meant to take the clay with them to the far country, to assist them in their establishment in it; but I soon learnt this clay was not current there, the Lord having farther

declared to these pilgrims, that as *they had brought nothing into this world, they could carry nothing away.*

I enquired of the different people who were raising the various heaps of clay, some of a larger some of a smaller size, why they discovered such unremitting anxiety, and for whom? Some, whos piles were immense, told me they were heaping u for their children; this I thought very right, til on casting my eyes round, I observed many the children of these very people had large hea of their own. Others told me it was for th grandchildren; but on enquiry, I found these we not yet born, and in many cases there was lit chance that they ever would. The truth on close examination, proved to be, that the t genuine heapers really heaped for themselv that it was in fact neither for friend nor child, to gratify an inordinate appetite of their o Nor was I much surprised after this to see th yellow hoards at length *canker, and the rust them became a witness against the hoarders, and their flesh as it were fire.*

Many, however, who had set out with a h heap of their father's raising, before they had one third of their journey had scarcely a sin piece left. As I was wondering what had cau these enormous piles to vanish in so short a ti I spied, scattered up and down the country, sorts of odd inventions, for some or other of whi the vain possessors of the great heaps of clay ha trucked and bartered them away in fewer hours

than their ancestors had spent years in getting them together. Oh, what a strange, unaccountable medley it was! and what was ridiculous enough, I observed that the greatest quantity of the clay was always exchanged for things that were of no use that I could discover, owing, I suppose, to my ignorance of the manners of that country.

In one place I saw large heaps exhausted, in order to set two idle pampered horses a running; but the worst part of the joke was, the horses did not run to fetch or carry any thing, of course were of no kind of use, but merely to let the gazers see which could run fastest. Now, this gift of swiftness, exercised to no one useful purpose, was only one out of many instances I observed, of talents employed to no end. In another place I saw whole piles of the clay spent to maintain long ranges of buildings full of dogs, on provisions which would have nicely fattened some thousands of pilgrims who sadly wanted fattening, and whose ragged tenements were out at elbows, for want of a little help to repair them. Some of the piles were regularly pulled down once in seven years, in order to corrupt certain needy pilgrims to belie their consciences, by doing that for a bribe which they were bound to do from principle. Others were spent in playing with white stiff bits of paper painted over with red and black spots, in which I thought there must be some conjuring, because the very touch of these painted pasteboards made the heaps fly from one to another, and back again to the same, in a way that natural causes could

not account for. There was another proof that there must be some magic in this business, which was, that if a pasteboard with red spots fell into a hand which wanted a black one, the person changed colour, his eyes flashed fire, and he discovered other symptoms of madness, which showed there was some witchcraft in the case. These clean little pasteboards, as harmless as they looked, had the wonderful power of pulling down the highest piles in less time than all the other causes put together. I observed that many small piles were given in exchange for an enchanted liquor, which, when the purchaser had drunk to a little excess, he lost all power of managing the rest of his heap without losing the love of it; and thus the excess of indulgence, by making him a beggar, deprived him of that very gratification on which his heart was set.

Now I find it was the opinion of sober pilgrims, that either hoarding the clay, or trucking it for any such purposes as the above, was thought exactly the same offence in the eyes of the Lord; and it was expected that when they should come under his more immediate jurisdiction in the *far country*, the penalty annexed to hoarding and squandering would be nearly the same. While I examined the countenances of the owners of the heaps, I observed that those who I well knew never intended to make any use at all of their heap, were far more terrified at the thought of losing it, or of being torn from it, than those were who were employing it in the most useful manner. Those who best

knew what to do with it, set their hearts least upon it, and were always most willing to leave it. But such riddles were common in this odd country. It was, indeed, a very land of paradoxes.

Now I wondered why these pilgrims, who were naturally made erect, with an eye formed to look up to *the things above*, yet had their eyes almost constantly bent in the other direction, riveted to the earth, and fastened *on things below*, just like those animals who walk on all fours. I was told they had not always been subject to this weakness of sight and proneness to earth: that they had originally been upright and beautiful, having been created after the image of the Lord, who was himself the perfection of beauty; that he had, at first, placed them in a far superior situation, which he had given them in perpetuity; but that their first ancestors fell from it through pride and carelessness; that upon this the freehold was taken away, they lost their original strength, brightness, and beauty, and were driven out into this strange country; where, however, they had every opportunity given them of recovering their original health, and the Lord's favour and likeness; for they were become so disfigured, and were grown so unlike him, that you would hardly believe they were his own children, though, in some, the resemblance was become again visible.

The Lord, however, was so merciful, that instead of giving them up to the dreadful consequences of their own folly, as he might have done without any impeachment of his justice, he gave

them immediate comfort, and promised them, that in due time his own Son should come down and restore them to the future inheritance which he should purchase for them. And now it was, that in order to keep up their spirits, after they had lost their estate through the folly of their ancestors, that he began to give them a part of their former Title Deed. He continued to send them portions of it from time to time by different faithful servants, whom, however, these ungrateful people generally used ill, and some of whom they murdered. But for all this, the Lord was so very forgiving, that he at length sent these mutineers a Proclamation of full and free pardon by his Son. This Son, though they used him in a more cruel manner than they had done any of his servants, yet after having *finished the work his Father gave him to do*, went back into the *far country* to prepare a place for all them who believe in him; and there he still lives; begging and pleading for those unkind people, whom he still loves and forgives, and will restore to the purchased inheritance on the easy terms of their being heartily sorry for what they have done, thoroughly desirous of pardon, and convinced that *He is able and willing to save to the utmost all that come unto Him.*

I saw, indeed, that many old offenders appeared to be sorry for what they had done; that is, they did not like to be punished for it. They were willing enough to be delivered from the penalty of their guilt, but they did not heartily wish to be delivered from the power of it. Many declared,

in the most public manner, once every week, that they were very sorry they had done amiss; *that they had erred and strayed like lost sheep*; but it was not enough to *declare* their sorrow ever so often, if they gave no other sign of their penitence. For there was so little truth in them, that the Lord required other proofs of their sincerity beside their own word, for they often lied with their lips, and dissembled with their tongue. But those who professed to be penitents must give some outward proof of it. They were neither allowed to raise heaps of clay, by circumventing their neighbours, or to keep great piles lying by them useless; nor must they barter them for any of those idle vanities which reduced the heaps on a sudden: for I found that among the grand articles of future reckoning, the use they had made of the heaps would be a principal one.

I was sorry to observe many of the fairer part of these pilgrims spend too much of their heaps in adorning and beautifying their tenements of clay, in painting, white-washing, and enamelling them. All those tricks, however, did not preserve them from decay; and when they grew old, they even looked worse for all this cost and varnish. Some, however, acted a more sensible part, and spent no more upon their mouldering tenements than just to keep them whole and clean, and in good repair, which is what every tenant ought to do; and I observed that those who were most moderate in the care of their own tenements were most attentive to repair and warm the ragged tenements of

others. But none did this with much zeal or acceptance, but those who had acquired a habit of overlooking *the things below*, and who also, by the constant use of the Telescope, had got their natural weak and dim sight so strengthened, as to be able to discern pretty distinctly the nature of *the things above*. The habit of fixing their eyes on these glories made all the shining trifles, which compose the mass of *things below*, at last appear in their own diminutive littleness. For it was in this case particularly true, that things are only big or little by comparison; and there was no other way of making *the things below* appear as small as they really were, but by comparing them, by means of the Telescope, with *the things above*. But I observed that the false judgment of the pilgrims ever kept pace with their wrong practices; for those who kept their eyes fastened on *the things below* were reckoned wise in their generation, while the few who looked forward to the future glories were accounted by the bustlers, or heapers, to be either fools or mad.

Most of these Pilgrims went on in adorning their tenements, adding to their heaps, grasping *the things below* as if they would never let them go, shutting their eyes, instead of using their Telescope, and neglecting their Title Deed, as if it was the parchment of another man's estate, and not of their own; till one after another each felt his tenement tumbling about his ears. — Oh! then what a busy, bustling, anxious, terrifying, distracting moment was that! What a deal of business was

be done, and what a strange time was this to do it in! Now, to see the confusion and dismay occasioned by having left every thing to the last minute. First, some one was sent for to make over the yellow heaps to another, which the heaper now found would be of no use to himself in shooting the gulf; a transfer which ought to have been made while the tenement was sound. Then there was a consultation between two or three masons at once, perhaps, to try to patch up the walls, and strengthen the props, and stop the decays of the tumbling tenement; but not till the masons were forced to declare it was past repairing (a truth they were rather too apt to keep back), did the tenant seriously think it was time to pack up, prepare, and be gone. Then what sending for the wise men who professed to explain the Title Deed! And, oh! what remorse that they had neglected to examine it till their senses were too confused for so weighty a business! What reproaches, or what exhortations to others, to look better after their own affairs than they had done! Even to the wisest of the inhabitants the falling of their tenements was a solemn thing; solemn, but not surprising; they had long been packing up and preparing; they praised their Lord's goodness that they had been suffered to stay so long; many acknowledged the mercy of their frequent warnings, and confessed that those very dilapidations which had made the house uncomfortable had been a blessing, as it had set them on diligent preparation for their future inheritance; had made them more earnest in exa-

mining their title to it, and had set them on such a frequent application to the Telescope, that *the things above* had seemed every day to approach nearer and nearer, and *the things below* to recede and vanish in proportion. These desired not to be *unclothed but to be clothed upon; for they knew that if their tabernacle was dissolved, they had an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

THE

STRAIT GATE AND THE BROAD WAY,

AN ALLEGORY.

Now I had a second vision of what was passing in the Valley of Tears. Methought I saw again the same kind of travellers whom I had seen in the former part, and they were wandering at large through the same vast wilderness. At first setting out on his journey, each traveller had a small lamp so fixed in his bosom that it seemed to make a part of himself; but as this *natural light* did not prove to be sufficient to direct them in the right way, the King of the country, in pity to their wanderings and their blindness, out of his gracious condescension promised to give these poor wayfaring people an additional supply of light from his own royal treasury. But as he did not choose to lavish his favours where there seemed no disposition to receive them, he would not bestow any of his oil on such as did not think it worth asking for. "Ask and ye shall have," was the universal rule he laid down for them. But though they knew the condition of the obligation, many were prevented from asking through pride and vanity, for they thought they had light enough already;

preferring the feeble glimmerings of their own lamp to all the offered light from the King's treasury. Yet it was observed of those who rejected it, as thinking they had enough, that hardly any acted up to what even their own natural light showed them. Others were deterred from asking, because they were told that this light not only pointed out the dangers and difficulties of the road, but by a certain reflecting power, it turned inward on themselves, and revealed to them ugly sights in their own hearts, to which they rather chose to be blind; for those travellers were of that preposterous number who "chose darkness rather than light," and for the old obvious reason, "because their deeds were evil." Now, it was remarkable that these two properties were inseparable, and that the lamp would be of little outward use, except to those who used it as an internal reflector. A threat and a promise also never failed to accompany the offer of this light from the King; a promise, that to those who improved what they had, more should be given; and a threat, that from those who did not use it wisely, should be taken away even what they had.

I observed that when the road was very dangerous; when terrors, and difficulties, and death, beset the fervent traveller; then on their faithful importunity, the King voluntarily gave large and bountiful supplies of light, such as in common seasons never could have been expected; always proportioning the quantity given to the necessity

of the case: "as their day was, such was their light and strength."

Though many chose to depend entirely on their own original lamp, yet it was observed that this light was apt go out if left to itself. It was easily blown out by those violent gusts which were perpetually howling through the wilderness; and, indeed, it was the natural tendency of that unwholesome atmosphere to extinguish it, just as you have seen a candle go out when exposed to the vapours and foul air of a damp room. It was a melancholy sight to see multitudes of travellers heedlessly pacing on, boasting they had light enough of their own, and despising the offer of more. But what astonished me most of all was, to see many, and some of them, too, accounted men of first-rate wit, actually busy in blowing out their own light, because while any spark of it remained, it only served to torment them, and point out things which they did not wish to see. And having once blown out their own light, they were not easy till they had blown out that of their neighbour's also; so that a good part of the wilderness seemed to exhibit a sort of universal *blind-man's buff*, each endeavouring to catch his neighbour, while his own voluntary blindness exposed him to be caught himself; so that each was actually falling into the snare he was laying for another, till at length, as selfishness is the natural consequence of blindness, "catch he that catch can" became the general motto of the wilderness.

Now I saw in my vision, that there were some

others who were busy in strewing the most gaudy flowers over the numerous bogs, and precipices, and pit-falls, with which the wilderness abounded; and thus making danger and death look so gay, that poor thoughtless creatures seemed to delight in their own destruction. Those pit-falls did not appear deep or dangerous to the eye, because over them were raised gay edifices with alluring names. These were filled with singing men and singing women, and with dancing, and feasting, and gaming, and drinking, and jollity, and madness. But though the scenery was gay, the footing was unsound. The floors were full of holes, through which the unthinking merry-makers were continually sinking. Some tumbled through in the middle of a song: more at the end of a feast; and though there was many a cup of intoxication wreathed round with flowers yet there was always poison at the bottom. But what most surprised me was, that though no day past over their heads in which some of those merry-makers did not drop through, yet their loss made little impression on those who were left. Nay, instead of being awakened to more circumspection, and self-denial, by the continual dropping off of those about them, several of them seemed to borrow from thence an argument of a direct contrary tendency; and the very shortness of time was only urged as a reason to use it more sedulously for the indulgence in sensual delights. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." — "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." With these, and a

thousand other such little inscriptions, the gay garlands of the wilderness were decorated. Some admired poets were set to work to set the most corrupt sentiments to the most harmonious tunes: these were sung without scruple, chiefly, indeed, by the looser sons of riot, but not seldom also by the more orderly daughters of sobriety, who were not ashamed to sing to the sound of instruments sentiments so corrupt and immoral that they would have blushed to speak or read them: but the music seemed to sanctify the corruption, especially such as was connected with love or drinking.

Now I observed that all the travellers who had so much as a spark of light left seemed every now and then, as they moved onwards, to cast an eye, though with very different degrees of attention, towards the *Happy Land*, which they were told lay at the end of their journey; but as they could not see very far forward, and as they knew there was a *Dark and shadowy Valley* which must needs be crossed before they could attain to the *Happy Land*, they tried to turn their attention from it as much as they could. The truth is, they were not sufficiently apt to consult a map and a road-book which the King had given them, and which pointed out the path to the *Happy Land* so clearly, that the "wayfaring men, though sinple, could not err." This map also defined very correctly the boundaries of the *Happy Land* from the *Land of Misery*, both of which lay on the other side of the dark and shadowy valley; but so many beacons and light-houses were erected, so many clear and explicit

directions furnished for avoiding the one country and attaining the other, that it was not the King's fault, if even one single traveller got wrong. But I am inclined to think that, in spite of the map and the road-book, and the King's word, and his offers of assistance to get them thither, that the travellers in general did not heartily and truly believe, after all, that there was any such country as the *Happy Land;* or at least the paltry and transient pleasures of the wilderness so besotted them, the thoughts of the dark and shadowy valley so frightened them, that they thought they should be more comfortable by banishing all thought and forecast, and driving the subject quite out of their heads.

Now, I also saw in my dream, that there were two roads through the wilderness, one of which every traveller must needs take. The first was narrow, and difficult, and rough, but it was infallibly safe. It did not admit the traveller to stray either to the right hand or to the left, yet it was far from being destitute of real comforts or sober pleasures. The other was a *broad* and *tempting way*, abounding with luxurious fruits and gaudy flowers, to tempt the eye and please the appetite. To forget this *Dark Valley*, through which every traveller was well assured he must one day pass, seemed, indeed, the object of general desire. To this grand end, all that human ingenuity could invent was industriously set to work. The travellers read, and they wrote, and they painted, and they sung, and they danced, and they drank as they

went along, not so much because they all cared for these things, or had any real joy in them, as because this restless activity served to divert their attention from ever being fixed on the *dark and shadowy Valley.*

The King, who knew the thoughtless tempers of the travellers, and how apt they were to forget their journey's end, had thought of a thousand little kind attentions to warn them of their dangers: and as we sometimes see in our gardens written on a board in great letters, BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS, — MAN TRAPS ARE SET HERE; so had this King caused to be written and stuck up before the eyes of the travellers several little notices and cautions; such as, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction." — "Take heed, lest ye also perish." — "Woe to them that rise up early to drink wine." — "The pleasures of sin are but for a season," &c. Such were the notices directed to the *broad-way* travellers; but they were so busily engaged in plucking the flowers, sometimes before they were blown, and in devouring the fruits, often before they were ripe, and in loading themselves with *yellow clay*, under the weight of which millions perished, that they had no time so much as to look at the King's directions. Many went wrong because they preferred a merry journey to a safe one, and because they were terrified by certain notices chiefly intended for the *narrow-way* travellers; such as, "Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice:" but had these foolish people allowed themselves time or patience to read to the end, which they seldom would do, they would

have seen these comfortable words added, "But your sorrow shall be turned into joy:" — also, "Your joy no man taketh from you;" — and, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Now, I also saw in my dream, that many travellers who had a strong dread of ending at the *Land of Misery* walked up to the *Strait Gate*, hoping that though the entrance was narrow, yet if they could once get in, the road would widen; but what was their grief, when on looking more closely they saw written on the inside, "Narrow is the way;" this made them take fright; they compared the inscriptions with which the whole way was lined, such as, "Be ye not conformed to this world; deny yourselves; take up your cross," with all the tempting pleasures of the wilderness. Some, indeed, recollected the fine descriptions they had read of the *Happy Land*, the *Golden City*, and the *Rivers of Pleasure*, and they sighed: but then those joys were distant; and from the faintness of their light they soon got to think that what was remote might be uncertain, and while the present good increased in bulk the distant good receded, diminished, disappeared. Their faith failed; they would trust no farther than they could see; they drew back and got into the *Broad Way*, taking a common but sad refuge, in the number, the fashion, and the gaiety of their companions. When these faint-hearted people, who yet had set out well, turned back, their light was quite put out, and then they became worse than those who had made no attempt to get in. "For it is impossible, that is, it is next to impossible,

for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

A few honest humble travellers, not naturally stronger than the rest, but strengthened by their trust in the King's word, came up by the light of their lamps, and meekly entered in at the *Strait Gate*. As they advanced farther they felt less heavy; and though the way did not in reality grow wider, yet they grew reconciled to the narrowness of it, especially when they saw the walls here and there studded with certain jewels called *promises*, such as, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and "My grace is sufficient for you." Some, when they were almost ready to faint, were encouraged by seeing that many niches in the *Narrow Way* were filled with statues and pictures of saints and martyrs, who had borne their testimony at the stake, that the *Narrow Way* was the safe way; and these travellers, instead of sinking at the sight of the painted wheel and gibbet, the sword and furnace, were animated with these words written under them, "Those that wear white robes came out of great tribulation," and "Be ye followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

In the mean time there came a great multitude of travellers all from Laodicea: this was the largest party I had yet seen; these were *neither hot nor cold*; they would not give up future hope, and they could not endure present pain. So they con-

trived to deceive themselves, by fancying that though they resolved to keep the *Happy Land* in view, yet there must needs be many different ways which led to it, no doubt all equally sure, without being all equally rough; so they set on foot certain little contrivances to attain the end without using the means, and softened down the spirit of the King's directions to fit them to their own practice. Sometimes they would split a direction in two, and only use that half which suited them. For instance, when they met with the following rule on the way-post, "Trust in the Lord, and be doing good," they would take the first half, and make themselves easy with a general sort of trust, that through the mercy of the King all would go well with them, though they themselves did nothing. And on the other hand, many made sure that a few good works of their own would do their business, and carry them safely to the *Happy Land*, though they did *not* trust in the Lord, nor place any faith in his word. So they took the second half of the split direction. Thus some perished by a lazy faith, and others by a working pride.

A large party of Pharisees now appeared, who had so neglected their lamp that they did not see their way at all, though they fancied themselves to be full of light; they kept up appearances so well as to delude others, and most effectually to delude themselves, with a notion that they might be found in the right way at last. In this dreadful delusion they went on to the end; and till they were finally plunged in the *dark Valley*, never discovered the

horrors which awaited them on the dismal shore. It was remarkable that while these Pharisees were often boasting how bright their light burnt, in order to get the praise of men, the humble travellers, whose steady light showed their good works to others, refused all commendation; and the brighter "their light shined before men" so much the more they insisted that they ought to "glorify not themselves, but their Father which is in heaven."

I now set myself to observe what was the particular let, molestation, and hinderance which obstructed particular travellers in their endeavours to enter in at the Strait Gate. I remarked a huge portly man who seemed desirous of getting in, but he carried about him such a vast provision of bags full of gold, and had on so many rich garments, which stuffed him out so wide, that though he pushed and squeezed, like one who had really a mind to get in, yet he could not possibly do so. Then I heard a voice crying, "Woe to him who loadeth himself with thick clay." The poor man felt something was wrong, and even went so far as to change some of his more cumbersome vanities into others which seemed less bulky, but still he and his pack were much too wide for the gate. He would not, however, give up the matter so easily, but began to throw away a little of the coarser part of his baggage, but still I remarked that he threw away none of the vanities which lay near his heart. He tried again, but it would not do; still his dimensions were too large. He now looked up and read these words, "How hardly shall those who

have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The poor man sighed to find that it was impossible to enjoy his fill of both worlds, and "went away sorrowing." If he ever afterwards cast a thought towards the *Happy Land*, it was only to regret that the road which led to it was too narrow to admit any but the meagre children of want, who were not so encumbered by wealth as to be too big for the passage. Had he read on, he would have seen that "with God all things are possible."

Another advanced with much confidence of success, for having little worldly riches or honours, the gate did not seem so strait to him. He got to the threshold triumphantly, and seemed to look back with disdain on all that he was quitting. He soon found, however, that he was so bloated with pride, and stuffed out with self-sufficiency, that he could not get in. Nay, he was in a worse way than the rich man just named; for *he* had been willing to throw away some of his outward luggage, whereas this man refused to part with a grain of that vanity and self-applause which made him too large for the way. The sense of his own worth so swelled him out, that he stuck fast in the gateway, and could neither get in nor out. Finding now that he must cut off all those big thoughts of himself, if he wished to be reduced to such a size as to pass the gate, he gave up all thoughts of it. He scorned that humility and self-denial which might have shrunk him down to the proper dimensions; the more he insisted on his own qualifications for entrance, the more impossible it became to enter, for the bigger

the grew. Finding that he must become quite another manner of man before he could hope to get in, he gave up the desire; and I now saw that though when he set his face towards the *Happy Land* he could not get an inch forward, yet the instant he made a motion to turn back into the world, his speed became rapid enough, and he got back into the *Broad Way* much sooner than he got out of it.

Many, who for a time were brought down from their usual bulk by some affliction, seemed to get in with ease. They now thought all their difficulties over; for having been surfeited with the world during their late disappointment, they turned their backs upon it willingly enough, and fancied they were tired of it. A fit of sickness, perhaps, which is very apt to *reduce*, had for a time brought their bodies into subjection, so that they were enabled just to get in at the gateway; but as soon as health and spirits returned, the way grew narrower and narrower to them; they could not get on, but turned short, and got back into the world. I saw many attempt to enter who were stopped short by a large burden of *worldly cares*; others by a load of *idolatrous attachments*; but I observed that nothing proved a more complete bar than that vast *bundle of prejudices* with which multitudes were loaded. Others were fatally obstructed by loads of *bad habits* which they would not lay down though they knew it prevented their entrance.

Some few, however, of more descriptions, who had kept their *light* alive by craving constant sup-

es from the King's treasury, got through at l
a strength which they felt not to be their ov
e poor man, who carried the largest bundle
l habits I had seen, could not get on a step
ver ceased, however, to implore for light eno
see where his misery lay; he threw down o
bundles, then another, but all to little pur
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nothing.

Then I heard a great noise as of carpen
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get through, took it into their heads no
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acked on this side, and hewed on that;
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ave reduced themselves, had they attemp
ut to widen the narrow way was impossib

What grieved me most was, to obser
any who had got on successfully a goo
ow stopped to rest and to admire their ow
gress. While they were thus valuing then
on their attainments, their light diminished.
these were boasting how far they had left
behind who had set out much earlier, some sl
travellers, whose beginning had not been so

mising, but who had walked meekly and circumspectly, now outstripped them. These last walked "not as though they had already attained; but this one thing they did, forgetting the things which were behind, they pushed forward toward the mark for the prize of their high calling." These, though naturally weak, yet *by laying aside every weight, finished the race that was before them.* Those who had kept their "light burning," who were not "wise in their own conceit," who "laid their help on one that is mighty," who had "chosen to suffer affliction rather than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season," came at length to the *Happy Land.* They had indeed the *dark and shadowy Valley* to cross, but even there they found a *rod and a staff* to comfort them. Their light, instead of being put out by the damps of the Valley and of the Shadow of Death, often burnt with added brightness. Some, indeed, suffered the terrors of a short eclipse; but even then their light, like that of a dark lantern, was not put out; it was only turned for a while from him who carried it, and even these often finished their course with joy. But be that as it might, the instant they reached the *Happy Land* all tears were wiped from their eyes; and the King himself came forth and welcomed them into his presence, and put a crown upon their heads, with these words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PARLEY THE PORTER,

AN ALLEGORY:

Shewing how Robbers without can never get into a House, unless there are Traitors within.

THERE was once a certain Nobleman who had a house or castle situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but inclosed in a garden. Now there was a band of robbers in the wilderness, who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the castle, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the Master had given strict orders to "*watch without ceasing.*" To quicken their vigilance, he used to tell them that their care would soon have an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and stormy, yet they were but few; the period of resistance was short, that of rest would be eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the castle in various ways. They tried at every avenue; watched to take advantage of every careless moment; looked for an open door or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts shake and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the house, much less get into it. Do you know the reason? it was, because the servants were never off

their guard. They heard the noises plain enough, and used to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the strength and perseverance of the enemies. But what seemed rather odd to some of these servants, the Lord used to tell them, that while they continued to be afraid they would be safe; and it passed into a sort of proverb in that family, "Happy is he that feareth always." Some of the servants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day, when the Master was going from home, he called his servants all together, and spoke to them as follows:—"I will not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written down in THE BOOK OF LAWS, of which every one of you has a copy. Remember, it is a very short time that you are to remain in this castle; you will soon remove to my more settled habitation, to a more durable house, not made with hands. As that house is never exposed to any attack, so it never stands in need of any repair; for that country is never infested by any sons of violence. Here you are servants; there you will be princes. But mark my words, and you will find the same in THE BOOK OF MY LAWS, whether you will ever attain to *that* house, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourselves in *this*. A stout vigilance for a short time will secure you certain happiness for ever. But every thing depends on your present exertions. Don't complain and take advantage of my absence, and call me a hard Master, and grumble that you are placed in the

midst of a howling wilderness without peace or security. Say not, that you are exposed to temptations without any power to resist them. You have some difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps and many comforts to make this house tolerable, even before you get to the other. Yours is not a hard service, and if it were, 'the time is short.' You have arms if you will use them, and doors if you will bar them, and strength if you will use it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and destroy the house, it must be by the connivance of one of the family. *For it is a standing law of this castle, that mere outward attack can never destroy it, if there be no consenting traitor within.* You will stand or fall as you observe this rule. If you are finally happy, it will be by my grace and favour; if you are ruined, it will be by your own fault."

When the nobleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his Master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as old Parley the Porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which exposed him to no small danger; for as he was the foremost to promise, so he was the slackest to perform; and, to speak the truth, though he was a civil-spoken fellow, his Lord was more afraid of him, with all his professions, than he was of the rest who protested less. He knew that Parley was vain,

credulous, and self-sufficient; and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curiosity, and love of novelty, than even from the stronger vices of some of his other servants. The rest, indeed, seldom got into any scrape, of which Parley was not the cause in some shape or other.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Parley was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be so constantly on duty. "Nothing but watching," said Parley. "I have, to be sure, many pleasures, and meat sufficient; and plenty of chat, in virtue of my office, and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day; but it is hard that at night I must watch as narrowly as a house-dog, and yet let in no company without orders, only because there is said to be a few straggling *robbers* here in the wilderness, with whom my Master does not care to let us be acquainted. He pretends to make us vigilant through fear of the robbers, but I suspect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion and a mug of beer would make the night pass cheerily." Parley, however, kept all these thoughts to himself, or uttered them only when no one heard, for talk he must. He began to listen to the nightly whistling of the robbers under the windows with rather less alarm than formerly, and was sometimes so tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the risk of being robbed once than to live always in the fear of robbers.

There were certain bounds in which the Lord allowed his servants to walk and divert themselves at all proper seasons. A pleasant garden surrounded the castle, and a thick hedge separated this garden from the wilderness, which was infested by the robbers; in this garden they were permitted to amuse themselves. The Master advised them always to keep within these bounds. "While you observe this rule," said he, "you will be safe and well; and you will consult your own safety and happiness, as well as show your love to me, by not venturing ever to the extremity of your bounds: he who goes as far as he dares, always shows a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so."

It was remarkable, that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and the farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the Master knew when he gave his orders; for he never either did or said any thing without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explannation of the reason, he used to tell them they would understand it when they came to *the other house:* for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the Master's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the first who promised to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet was often seen looking as

near as he durst. One day he ventured close up to the hedge, put two or three stones one on another, and tried to peep over. He saw one of the robbers strolling as near as could be on the forbidden side. This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell, a smooth civil man, "whose words were softer than butter, having war in his heart." He made several low bows to Parley.

Now, Parley knew so little of the world, that he actually concluded all robbers must have an ugly look, which should frighten you at once, and coarse brutal manners, which would, at first sight, show they were enemies. He thought, like a poor ignorant fellow as he was, that this mild specious person could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accosted Parley with the utmost civility, which put him quite off his guard; for Parley had no notion that he could be an enemy who was so soft and civil. For an open foe he would have been prepared. Parley, however, after a little discourse, drew this conclusion, that either Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the gang, or that if he was, the robbers themselves could not be such monsters as his Master had described, and therefore it was a folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's suspicions asleep; and instead of openly abusing his Master; which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but was too apt to suspect others. To this Parley assented. The

other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though the Nobleman might be a good master in the main, yet he must say he was a little strict, and a little stingy, and not a little censorious. That he was blamed by the *gentlemen in the wilderness* for shutting his house against good company, and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit for submitting to the gloomy life of the castle, and the insipid pleasures of the garden, instead of ranging in the wilderness at large.

"It is true enough," said Parley, who was generally of the opinion of the person he was talking with. "My Master *is* rather harsh and close. But to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting, is to keep out a set of gentlemen, who he assures us are *robbers*, and who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy us. I hope no offence, sir; but by your livery I suspect you, sir, are one of the gang he is so much afraid of."

Flatterwell. Afraid of me? Impossible, dear Mr. Parley. You see I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed; what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why, that is true enough. Yet my Master says, that if we were once to let you into the house, we should be ruined soul and body.

Flatterwell. I am sorry, Mr. Parley, to hear so sensible a man as you are so deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are cheerful, entertaining people, foes to gloom and superstition, and, therefore, he is so morose he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well; he says you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheists.

Flatterwell. Don't believe him; the worst we should do, perhaps, is, we might drink a friendly glass with you to your Master's health, or play an innocent game of cards just to keep you awake, or sing a cheerful song with the maids; now is there any harm in all this?

Parley. Not the least in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my Master says.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wish there was not this ugly hedge between us. I have a great deal to say, and I am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now just going to give a spring over the hedge, but checked himself, saying, "I dare not come on your side, there are people about, and every thing is carried to my Master." Flatterwell saw by this that his new friend was kept on his own side of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he made sure of him. "Dear Mr. Parley," said he, "if you will allow me the honour of a little conversation with you, I will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have something to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendship; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to so amiable a person." — "O dear," said Parley, "I shall be afraid of talking to you at night. It is so against my Master's orders.

But did you say you had something to tell m
my advantage?"

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how
may be a richer, a merrier, and a happier
If you will admit me to-night under the windo
will convince you that it is prejudice, and
wisdom, which makes your Master bar his
against us; I will convince you that the misc
of a *robber*, as your Master scurrilously calls
is only in the name; that we are your true frie
and only mean to promote your happiness.

"Don't say *we*," said Parley; "pray come alone
I would not see the rest of the gang for the world
but I think there can be no great harm in talkin
to *you* through the bars if you came alone; but
am determined not to let you in. Yet I can't s
but I wish to know what you can tell me so muc
to my advantage; indeed, if it is for my good
ought to know it."

Flatterwell (*going out, turns back*). Dear M
Parley, there is one thing I had forgotten. I can-
not get over the hedge at night without assistance.
You know there is a secret in the nature of that
hedge; you in the house may get over to us in the
wilderness of your own accord, but we cannot get
to your side by our own strength. You must look
about to see where the hedge is thinnest, and then
set to work to clear away here and there a little
bough for me: it won't be missed; and if there is
but the smallest hole made on your side, those on
ours can get through; otherwise we do but labour
in vain. To this Parley made some objection,

through the fear of being seen. Flatterwell replied, that the smallest hole from within would be sufficient, for he could then work his own way. "Well," said Parley, "I will consider of it. To be sure I shall even then be equally safe in the castle, as I shall have all the bolts, bars, and locks between us, so it will make but little difference."

"Certainly not," said Flatterwell, who knew it would make all the difference in the world. So they parted with mutual protestations of regard. Parley went home charmed with his new friend. His eyes were now clearly opened as to his Master's prejudices against the *robbers*, and he was covinced there was more in the name than in the thing. "But," said he, "though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be so safe an inmate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a distance, and I certainly won't let him in."

Parley, in the course of the day, did not forget his promise to thin the hedge of separation a little. At first he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was observable, the larger the breach became, the worse he began to think of his Master, and the better of himself. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the wilderness, and made the thoughts of the castle more irksome to him.

He was continually repeating to himself, "I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to say so much to my advantage? I see he does not wish

to hurt my Master, he only wishes to serve me." As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the Master's orders now and then came across Parley's thoughts. So to divert them, he took up THE BOOK. He happened to open it at these words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For a moment his heart failed him. "If this admonition should be sent on purpose?" said he; "but no, 'tis a bugbear. My Master told me that if I went to the bounds I should get over the hedge. Now, I went to the utmost limits, and did *not* get over." Here conscience put in: "Yes, but it was because you were watched." — "I am sure," continued Parley, "one may always stop where one will, and this is only a trick of my Master's to spoil sport. So I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to say so much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counsels, but there can be no harm in hearing them."

Flatterwell prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make no public attack on the castle that night. "My brethren," said he, "you now and then fail in your schemes, because you are for violent beginnings, while my soothing, insinuating measures hardly ever miss. You come blustering and roaring, and frighten people, and set them on their guard. You inspire them with terror of *you*, while my whole scheme is to make them think well of *themselves*, and ill of their Master. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him, and high thoughts of themselves, my business is done, and they fall plump into my snares. So let this

delicate affair alone to me. Parley is a softly fellow: he must not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very sort of man to succeed with, and worth a hundred of your sturdy sensible fellows. With them we want strong arguments and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities, as, let me tell you, is the case with far the greater part, flattery, and a promise of ease and pleasure, will do more than your whole battle array. If you will let me manage, I will get you all into the castle before midnight."

At night the castle was barricadoed as usual, and no one had observed the hole which Parley had made in the hedge. This oversight arose that night from the servants neglecting one of the Master's standing orders, — to make a nightly *examination* of the state of things. The neglect did not proceed so much from wilful disobedience as from having passed the evening in sloth and diversion, which often amounts to nearly the same in its consequences.

As all was very cheerful within, so all was very quiet without. And before they went to bed, some of the servants observed to the rest, that as they heard no robbers that night, they thought they might now begin to remit something of their diligence in bolting and barring: that all this fastening and locking was very troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over. It was rather remarkable, that they never made these sort of observations but after an evening of some ex-

cess, and when they had neglected their *private business with their Master.* All, however, except Parley, went quietly to bed, and seemed to feel uncommon security.

Parley crept down to his lodge. He had half a mind to go to bed too. Yet he was not willing to disappoint Mr. Flatterwell. So civil a gentleman! To be sure he *might* have bad designs. Yet what right had he to suspect any body who made such professions, and who was so very civil? "Besides, it is something for my advantage," added Parley. "I will not open the door, that is certain; but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of the windows; and he will think I am a coward if I don't keep my word. No, I will let him see that I am not afraid of my own strength; I will show him I can go what length I please, and stop short *when* I please." Had Flatterwell heard this boastful speech, he would have been quite sure of his man.

About eleven, Parley heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm. So much the worse. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore seldom failed of any one. Parley stole softly down, planted himself at his little window, opened the casement, and spied his new friend. It was pale starlight. Parley was a little frightened; for he thought he perceived one or two persons behind Flatterwell; but the other assured him it was only his own shadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. "Though

assure you," said he, "I have not a friend but what is as harmless as myself."

They now entered into serious discourse, in which Flatterwell showed himself a deep politician. He skilfully mixed up in his conversation a proper proportion of praise on the pleasures of the wilderness, of compliments to Parley, of ridicule on his Master, and of abusive sneers on THE BOOK in which the Master's laws were written. Against this last he had always a particular spite, for he considered it as the grand instrument by which the Lord maintained his servants in their allegiance; and when they could once be brought to sneer at THE BOOK, there was an end of submission to the Lord. Parley had not penetration enough to see his drift. "As to THE BOOK, Mr. Flatterwell," said he, "I do not know whether it be true or false. I rather neglect than disbelieve it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myself, if I can help it." — "Excellent," said Flatterwell to himself, "that is just the same thing. This is safe ground for me. For whether a man does not believe in THE BOOK, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the same, and I generally get him at last."

"Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley?" said Flatterwell. "I am afraid of being overheard by some of your Master's spies. The window from which you speak is so high, I wish you would come down to the door." — "Well," said Parley, "I see no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door through which we may converse

with more ease and equal safety. The same fastenings will be still between us." So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell standing close on the outside of the door, they conversed with great ease. "Mr. Parley," said Flatterwell, "I should not have pressed you so much to admit me into the castle, but out of pure disinterested regard to your own happiness. I shall get nothing by it; but I cannot bear to think that a person so wise and amiable should be shut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard Master, and a slave to the unreasonable tyranny of his BOOK OF LAWS. If you admit me, you need have no more waking, no more watching." Here Parley involuntarily slipped back the bolt of the door. "To convince you of my true love," continued Flatterwell, "I have brought a bottle of the most delicious wine that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you must put a glass through the wicket to receive it; for it is a singular property in this wine, that we of the wilderness cannot succeed in conveying it to you of the castle, without you hold out a vessel to receive it." — "Oh, here is a glass," said Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance-comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet a large draught of that delicious intoxicating liquor, with which the family of the Flatterwells have for near six thousand years gained the hearts, and destroyed the souls, of all the inhabitants of the castle, whenever they have been able to prevail on them to hold out a hand to

the wise Master of the castle well
case; for he knew what was in
ropensity to receive the deli-
tterwells; and it was for
them THE BOOK of his
e, and invented the
S.

arley had swallowed the fatal
d like enchantment. He at once
ower of resistance; he had no sense of
left; he despised his own safety, forgot his Master, lost all sight of the house in the other country, and reached out for another draught as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to administer it. "What a fool have I been," said Parley, "to deny myself so long!"—"Will you now let me in?" said Flatterwell. "Aye, that I will," said the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers, yet so intoxicated was Parley, that he did not see one of them except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let in his friend soon enough. He had, however, just presence of mind to say, "My dear friend, I hope you are alone." Flatterwell swore he was:—Parley opened the door — in rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurk behind in his train. The moment they had got sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Down with the castle! Kill, burn, and destroy!"

Rapine, murder, and conflagration by turns took place. Parley was the very first whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell he cried out, "Oh, my Master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence. Oh, that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my Master's admonition, that *all attacks from without will not destroy unless there is some confederate within.* Oh, that the keepers of all other castles would learn from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone; that he who allows himself to go to the very bounds, will soon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out of the window with the enemy, will soon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of sinful flattery, loses all power of resisting; that when he opens the door to one sin, all the rest fly in upon him, and the man perishes as I now do!"

VILLAGE POLITICS:

ADDRESSED TO

ALL THE MECHANICS, JOURNEYMEN, AND LABOURERS,

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WILL. CHIP,

A COUNTRY CARPENTER.

PREFACE.

THOSE who remember the beginning of the French Revolution need not to be reminded how much the lower classes of this country were in danger of being infected with the principles which occasioned it. The effects of those principles began to be actually and seriously felt at home. The alarm was aggravated by the eager circulation of numerous tracts subversive of all government, social order, and religion. By the activity of Paine and his adherents these were not only dispersed in the cottage and the work-shop, but found in great numbers on the public roads, and at the bottom of mines and coal-pits. At this crisis some persons of high eminence, both in church and state, prevailed on the Author to use her humble efforts to aim at counteracting these pernicious publications by tracts of an opposite tendency. This little piece was hastily written, and many hundred thousand copies were circulated in a short time. The language was adapted to the readers for whom it was chiefly intended. Many of the terms, happily, will now be scarcely understood, but were then but too intelligible. The success of this little tract encouraged her to pursue the idea, and the establishment of the Cheap Repository was the consequence.

It is a privilege to be prescribed to in things about which our minds would otherwise be tost with various apprehensions. And for pleasure, I shall profess myself so far from doating on that popular Idol, Liberty, that I hardly think it possible for any kind of obedience to be more painful than an unrestrained Liberty. Were there not true bounds, of Magistrates, of Laws, of Piety, of Reason in the Heart, every man would have a fool, nay, a mad Tyrant to his master, that would multiply him more sorrows than the briars and thorns did to Adam, when he was freed from the bliss at once, and the restraint of Paradise, and became a greater slave in the wilderness than in the enclosure.—*Dr. Hammond's Sermons.*

VILLAGE POLITICS.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

JACK ANVIL, THE BLACKSMITH,

AND

TOM HOD, THE MASON.

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom? Why dost look so dismal?

Tom. Dismal, indeed! Well enough I may.

Jack. What! is the old mare dead? or work scarce?

Tom. No, no, work's plenty enough, if a man had but the heart to go to it.

Jack. What book art reading? Why dost look so like a hang dog?

Tom. (*looking on his book.*) Cause enough. Why I find here that I'm very unhappy, and very miserable; which I should never have known if I had not had the good luck to meet with this book. O, 'tis a precious book!

Jack. A good sign, though, that you can't find out you're unhappy without looking into a book for it! What is the matter?

Tom. Matter? Why I want liberty.

Jack. Liberty! That's bad, indeed! What! has any one fetched a warrant for thee? Come, man, cheer up, I'll be bound for thee. — Thou art an honest fellow in the main, though thou dost tipple and prate a little too much at the Rose and Crown.

Tom. No, no, I want a new Constitution.

Jack. Indeed! Why I thought thou hadst been a desperate healthy fellow. Send for the doctor directly.

Tom. I'm not sick; I want Liberty and Equality, and the Rights of Man.

Jack. O, now I understand thee. What! thou art a leveller and a republican, I warrant!

Tom. I'm a friend to the people. I want a reform.

Jack. Then the shortest way is to mend thyself.

Tom. But I want a *general reform.*

Jack. Then let every one mend one.

Tom. Pooh! I want freedom and happiness, the same as they have got in France.

Jack. What, Tom, we imitate *them!* We follow the French! Why they only began all this mischief at first in order to be just what *we* are already; and what a blessed land must this be, to be in actual possession of all they ever hoped to gain by all their hurly-burly. Imitate *them*, indeed! — Why I'd sooner go to the Negroes to get learning, or to the Turks to get religion, than to the French for freedom and happiness.

Tom. What do you mean by that? ar'n't the French free?

Jack. Free, Tom! aye, free with a witness.

They are all so free that there's nobody safe. They make free to rob whom they will, and kill whom they will. If they don't like a man's looks, they make free to hang him without judge or jury, and the next lamp-post serves for the gallows; so then they call themselves free, because, you see, they have no law left to condemn them, and no king to take them up and hang them for it.

Tom. Ah, but Jack, didn't their KING formerly hang people for nothing too? and, besides, were not they all Papists before the Revolution?

Jack. Why, true enough, they had but a poor sort of religion; but bad is better than none, Tom. And so was the government bad enough too; for they could clap an innocent man into prison, and keep him there, too, as long as they would, and never say, With your leave, or By your leave, Gentlemen of the Jury. But what's all that to us?

Tom. To us! Why don't our governors put many of our poor folks in prison against their will? What are all the gaols for? Down with the gaols, I say; all men should be free.

Jack. Hark'ee, Tom, a few rogues in prison keep the rest in order, and then honest men go about their business in safety, afraid of nobody; that's the way to be free. And let me tell thee, Tom, thou and I are tried by our peers as much as a lord is. Why the *King* can't send me to prison if I do no harm; and if I do, there's reason good why I should go there. I may go to law with Sir John at the great castle yonder; and he no more dares lift his little finger against me than

if I were his equal. A lord is hanged for hanging matter, as thou or I should be; and if it will be any comfort to thee, I myself remember a peer of the realm being hanged for killing his man, just the same as the man would have been for killing *him*.*

Tom. A lord hanged! Well, that is some comfort, to be sure. — But have you read the Rights of Man?

Jack. No, not I: I had rather by half read the *Whole Duty of Man.* I have but little time for reading, and such as I should therefore only read a bit of the best.

Tom. Don't tell me of those old-fashioned notions. Why should not we have the same fine things they have got in France? I'm for a *Constitution*, and *Organisation*, and *Equalisation*, and *Fraternisation.*

Jack. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only suppose this nonsensical equality was to take place; why it would not last while one could say Jack Robinson; or suppose it could — suppose, in the general division, our new rulers were to give us half an acre of ground apiece; we could, to be sure, raise potatoes on it for the use of our families; but as every other man would be equally busy in raising potatoes for *his* family, why then, you see, if thou wast to break thy spade, I, whose trade it is, should no longer be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip would have no time to make us a suit of clothes, nor the clothier to weave the cloth; for all the world would be gone a digging. And as to boots and

* Lord Ferrers was hanged, in 1760, for killing his steward.

shoes, the want of some one to make them for us would be a still greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we should be sick, there would be no doctor's stuff for us; for doctor would be digging too. And if necessity did not compel, and if equality subsisted, we could not get a chimney swept, a lamp lighted, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

Tom. But still I should have no one over my head.

Jack. That's a mistake: I'm stronger than thou; and Standish, the exciseman, is a better scholar: so that we should not remain equal a minute. I should out-*fight* thee, and he'd out-*wit* thee. And if such a sturdy fellow as I am was to come and break down thy hedge for a little firing, or take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not so sure that these new-fangled laws would see thee righted. I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine constitution already, and our forefathers thought so.

Tom. They were a pack of fools, and had never read the Rights of Man.

Jack. I'll tell thee a story. When Sir John married, my lady, who is a little fantastical, and likes to do every thing like the French, begged him to pull down yonder fine old castle, and build it up in her frippery way. 'No,' says Sir John; 'what! shall I pull down this noble building, raised by the wisdom of my brave ancestors; which outstood the civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution; a castle which all my neighbours come to take a pattern by; — shall I

pull it all down, I say, only because there may be a dark closet, or an awkward passage, or an inconvenient room or two in it? Our ancestors took *time* for what they did. They understood *foundation* work; no running up your little slight lath-and-plaster buildings, which are up in a day, and down in a night.' — My lady mumped and grumbled; but the castle was let stand, and a glorious building it is; though there may be a trifling fault or two, and though a few decays want stopping; so now and then they mend a little thing, and they'll go on mending, I dare say, as they have leisure, to the end of the chapter, if they are let alone. But no pull-me-down works. What is it you are crying out for, Tom?

Tom. Why, for a perfect government.

Jack. You might as well cry for the moon. There's nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it: though Sir John says, we come nearer to it than any country in the world ever did.

Tom. I don't see why we are to work like slaves, while others roll about in their coaches, feed on the fat of the land, and do nothing.

Jack. My little maid brought home a story-book from the charity-school t'other day, in which was a bit of a fable about the belly, and the limbs. The hands said, I won't work any longer to feed this lazy belly, who sits in state like a lord and does nothing. Said the feet, I won't walk and tire myself to carry him about; let him shift for himself; so said all the members; just as your levellers and republicans do now. And what was

the consequence? Why, the belly *was* pinched, to be sure, and grew thin upon it; but the hands and the feet, and the rest of the members, suffered so much for want of their old nourishment, which the belly had been all the time administering, while they accused him of sitting in idle state, that they all fell sick, pined away, and would have died, if they had not come to their senses just in time to save their lives, as I hope all you will do.

Tom. But the times — but the taxes, Jack.

Jack. Things are dear, to be sure; but riot and murder is not the way to make them cheap. And taxes are high; but I am told there's a deal of old scores paying off, and paying off by them who did not contract the debt neither, Tom. Besides, things are mending, I hope; and what little is done, is for us poor people; our candles are somewhat cheaper; and I dare say, if the honest gentleman who has the management of things is not disturbed by you levellers, things will mend every day. But bear one thing in mind: the more we riot, the more we shall have to pay: the more mischief is done, the more will the repairs cost: the more time we waste in meeting to redress public wrongs, the more we shall increase our private wants. And mind, too, that 'tis working, and not murmuring, which puts bread in our children's mouths, and a new coat on our own backs. Mind another thing, too, we have not the same ground of complaint: in France the poor paid all the taxes, as I have heard 'em say, and the quality paid nothing.

Tom. Well, I know what's what, as well as another; and I am as fit to govern ——

Jack. No, Tom, no. You are indeed as good as another man, seeing you have hands to work, and a soul to be saved. But are all men fit for all kinds of things? Solomon says, "How can he be wise whose talk is of oxen?" Every one in his way. I am a better judge of a horse-shoe than Sir John; but he has a deal better notion of state affairs than I; and I can no more do without his employ than he can do without my farriery. Besides, few are so poor but they may get a vote for a parliament-man; and so you see the poor have as much share in the government as they well know how to manage.

Tom. But I say all men are equal. Why should one be above another?

Jack. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou dost quarrel with Providence, and not with government. For the woman is below her husband, and the children are below their mother, and the servant is below his master.

Tom. But the subject is not below the king: all kings are "crowned ruffians *;" and all governments are wicked. For my part, I am resolved I'll pay no more taxes to any of them.

Jack. Tom, Tom, if thou didst go oftener to church, thou wouldst know where it is said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" and also, "Fear God, honour the king." *Your* book tells you that we need obey no government

* A popular phrase at that time.

but that of the people; and that we may fashion and alter the government according to our whimsies: but *mine* tells me, "Let every one be subject to the higher powers, for all power is of God; the powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Thou sayest, thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Dost thou know who it was that worked a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with, rather than set you and me an example of disobedience to government? an example, let me tell thee, worth an hundred precepts, and of which all the wit of man can never lessen the value. Then there's another thing worth minding; when Saint Paul was giving all those directions, in the Epistle to the Romans, for obedience and submission; what sort of a king now dost think they had? Dost think 'twas a *saint* which he ordered them to obey?

Tom. Why, it was a kind, merciful, charitable king, to be sure: one who put nobody to death or to prison.

Jack. You was never more out in your life Our parson says he was a monster — that he robbed the rich, and murdered the poor — set fire to his own town, as fine a place as London — fiddled to the flames, and then hanged and burnt the Christians, who were all poor, as if they had burnt the city. Yet there's not a word about rising. — Duties are fixed, Tom — laws are settled; a Christian can't pick and choose, whether

he will obey or let it alone. But *we* have no such trials. We have a king the very reverse.

Tom. I say we shall never be happy, till we do as the French have done.

Jack. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is just as if thou and I were to pretend to run a race; thou to set out from the starting-post when I am in already; thou to have all the ground to travel when I have reached the end. — Why, we've got it, man! we've no race to run! we're there already! Our constitution is no more like what the French one was, than a mug of our Taunton beer is like a platter of their soup-maigre.

Tom. I know we shall be undone, if we don't get a new *constitution* — that's all.

Jack. And I know we shall be undone if we *do.* I don't know much about politics, but I can see by a little, what a great deal means. Now only to show thee the state of public credit, as I think Tim Standish calls it. There's Farmer Furrow, a few years ago he had an odd fifty pounds by him; so, to keep it out of harm's way, he put it out to use, on government security, I think he calls it; well, t'other day he married one of his daughters, so he thought he'd give her that fifty pounds, for a bit of a portion. Tom, as I'm a living man, when he went to take it out, if his fifty pounds was not almost grown to an hundred! and would have been a full hundred, they say, by this time, if the gentleman had been let alone. *

* This was written before the war, when the funds were at the highest.

Tom. Well, still, as the old saying is — I should like to do as they do in France.

Jack. What, shouldst like to be murdered with as little ceremony as Hackabout, the butcher, knocks down a calf? or shouldst like to get rid of thy wife for every little bit of a tiff? And as to liberty of *conscience*, which they brag so much about, why they have driven away their parsons, ay, and murdered many of 'em, because they would not swear as they would have them. And then they talk of liberty of the press; why, Tom, only t'other day they hanged a man for printing a book against this pretty government of theirs.

Tom. But you said, yourself, it was sad times in France, before they pulled down the old government.

Jack. Well, and suppose the French were as much in the right as I know them to be in the wrong, what does that argue for *us?* Because my neighbour Furrow, t'other day, pulled down a crazy old barn, is that a reason why I must set fire to my tight cottage?

Tom. I don't see, for all that, why one man is to ride in his coach and six, while another mends the highway for him.

Jack. I don't see why the man in the coach is to *drive over* the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head, any more than you. And as to our great folks, that you levellers have such a spite against, I don't pretend to say they are a bit better than they should be; but that's no affair of mine; let them look to that; they'll answer for that in an-

other place. To be sure, I wish they'd set us a better example about going to church, and those things: but still *hoarding*'s not the sin of the age: they don't lock up their *money* — away it goes, and every body's the better for it. They do spend too much, to be sure, in feastings and fandangoes; and so far from commending them for it, if I was a parson I'd go to work with 'em, but it should be in another kind of way; but as I am only a poor tradesman, why 'tis but bringing more grist to my mill. It all comes among the people. Their very extravagance, for which, as I said before, their parsons should be at them, is a fault by which, as poor men, we are benefited; so you cry out just in the wrong place. — Their coaches and their furniture, and their buildings and their planting, employ a power of tradesmen and labourers. Now in this village, what should we do without the castle? Though my lady is too ranti-polish, and flies about all summer to hot water and cold water, and fresh water and salt water, when she ought to stay at home with Sir John; yet when she does come down, she brings such a deal of gentry, that I have more horses than I can shoe, and my wife more linen than she can wash. Then all our grown children are servants in the family, and rare wages they have got. Our little boys get something every day by weeding their gardens; and the girls learn to sew and knit at Sir John's expense, who sends them all to school of a Sunday besides.

Tom. Ay, but there's not Sir Johns in every village.

Jack. The more's the pity. But there's other help. 'Twas but last year you broke your leg, and was nine weeks in the Bristol Infirmary, where you was taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained all the while by the parish. No poor-rates in France, Tom; and here there's a matter of four millions and a half paid for the poor every year, if 'twas but a little better managed.

Tom. Four millions and a half!

Jack. Ay, indeed. Not translated into tenpences, as your French millions are, but twenty good shillings to the pound. But, when this levelling comes about, there will be no infirmaries, no hospitals, no charity-schools, no Sunday-schools, where so many hundred thousand poor souls learn to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? *Equality* can't afford it; and those that may be willing won't be able.

Tom. But we shall be one as good as another, for all that.

Jack. Ay, and bad will be the best. But we must work as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the use of my limbs, of my liberty, of the laws, and of my Bible. The two first I take to be my *natural* rights; the two last my *civil* and *religious* rights: these, I take it, are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the rest is nothing but nonsense, and madness, and wickedness. My cottage is my castle; I sit down in it at night in peace and thankfulness,

and "no man maketh me afraid." Instead of indulging discontent, because another is richer than I in this world (for envy is at the bottom of your equality works), I read my Bible, go to church, and look forward to a treasure in heaven.

Tom. Ay, but the French have got it in *this* world.

Jack. 'Tis all a lie, Tom. Sir John's butler says his master gets letters which *say* 'tis all a lie. 'Tis all murder, and nakedness, and hunger; many of the poor soldiers fight without victuals, and march without clothes. These are your *democrats!* Tom.

Tom. What, then; dost think all the men on our side wicked?

Jack. No; not so neither. If some of the leaders are knaves, more of the followers are fools. Sir John, who is wiser than I, says the whole system is the operation of fraud upon folly. They've made fools of most of you, as I believe. I judge no man, Tom; I hate no man. Even republicans and levellers, I hope, will always enjoy the protection of our laws; though I hope they will never be our law-*makers*. There are many true Dissenters, and there are some hollow Churchmen; and a good man is a good man, whether his church has got a steeple to it or not. The new-fashioned way of proving one's religion is to *hate* somebody. Now, though some folks pretend that a man's hating a Papist, or a Presbyterian, proves him to be a good *churchman*, it don't prove him to be a good *Christian*, Tom. As much as I hate

republican works, I'd scorn to *live* in a country where there was not liberty of conscience, and where every man might not worship God in his own way. Now that liberty they had not in France; the Bible was shut up in an unknown, heathenish tongue: while here, thou and I can make as free use of ours as a bishop; can no more be sent to prison unjustly than the judge who tries us, and are as much taken care of by the laws as the parliament-man who makes them. Then, as to your thinking that the new scheme will make you happy, look among your own set, and see if any thing can be so dismal and discontented as a leveller. Look at France. These poor French fellows used to be the merriest dogs in the world; but since equality came in, I don't believe a Frenchman has ever laughed.

Tom. What, then, dost thou take French *liberty* to be?

Jack. To murder more men in one night than ever their poor king did in his whole life.

Tom. And what dost thou take a *democrat* to be?

Jack. One who likes to be governed by a thousand tyrants, and yet can't bear a king.

Tom. What is *equality?*

Jack. For every man to pull down every one that is above him; while, instead of raising those below him to his own level, he only makes use of them as steps to raise himself to the place of those he has tumbled down.

Tom. What is *the new Rights of Man?*

Jack. Battle, murder, and sudden death.

Tom. What is it to be an *enlightened people?*

Jack. To put out the light of the Gospel, confound right and wrong, and grope about in pitch darkness.

Tom. What is *philosophy*, that Tim Standish talks so much about?

Jack. To believe that there's neither God, nor devil, nor heaven, nor hell: to dig up a wicked old fellow's * rotten bones, whose books, Sir John says, have been the ruin of thousands, and to set his figure up in a church and worship him.

Tom. And what is a *patriot* according to the new school?

Jack. A man who loves every other country better than his own, and France best of all.

Tom. And what is *benevolence?*

Jack. Why, in the new-fangled language, it means contempt of religion, aversion to justice, overturning of law, doting on all mankind in general, and hating every body in particular.

Tom. And what mean the other hard words that Tim talks about, — *organisation*, and *function*, and *civism*, and *incivism*, and *equalisation*, and *inviolability*, and *imperscriptible*, and *fraternisation?*

Jack. Nonsense, gibberish, downright hocus-pocus. I know 'tis not English; Sir John says 'tis not Latin; and his valet de sham says 'tis not French neither.

Tom. And yet Tim says he never shall be happy

* Voltaire.

till all these fine things are brought over to England.

Jack. What! into this Christian country, Tom? Why, dost know they have no *Sabbath* in France? Their mob parliament meets on a Sunday to do their wicked work, as naturally as we do to go to church.* They have renounced God's word and God's day, and they don't even date in the year of our Lord. Why dost turn pale, man? And the rogues are always making such a noise, Tom, in the midst of their parliament-house, that their speaker rings a bell, like our penny-postman, because he can't keep them in order.

Tom. And dost thou believe they are as cruel as some folks pretend?

Jack. I am sure they are, and I think I know the reason. We Christians set a high value on life, because we know that every fellow-creature has an immortal soul; a soul to be saved or lost, Tom. Whoever believes that, is a little cautious how he sends a soul unprepared to his grand account. But he who believes a man is no better than a dog will make no more scruple of killing one than the other.

Tom. And dost thou think our Rights of Man will lead to all this wickedness?

Jack. As sure as eggs are eggs.

Tom. I begin to think we're better off as we are.

Jack. I'm sure on't. This is only a scheme to make us go back in every thing. 'Tis making our-

* Since this they have crammed ten days into the week, in order to throw Sunday out of it.

selves poor when we are getting rich, and discontented when we are comfortable.

Tom. I begin to think I'm not so very unhappy as I had got to fancy.

Jack. Tom, I don't care for drink myself, but thou dost, and I'll argue with thee, not in the way of principle, but in thy own way: when there's all equality there will be no *superfluity!* when there's no wages there'll be no drink; and levelling will rob thee of thy ale more than the malt-tax does.

Tom. But Standish says, if we had a good government, there would be no want of any thing.

Jack. He is like many others, who take the king's money and betray him: let him give up the profits of his place before he kicks at the hand that feeds him. Though I'm no scholar, I know that a good government is a good thing. But don't go to make me believe that *any* government can make a bad man good, or a discontented man happy. — What art musing upon, man?

Tom. Let me sum up the evidence, as they say at 'sizes — Hem! To cut every man's throat who does not think as I do, or hang him up at a lamp-post! — Pretend liberty of conscience, and then banish the parsons only for being conscientious! — Cry out liberty of the press, and hang up the first man who writes his mind! — Lose our poor laws! — Lose one's wife, perhaps, upon every little tiff! — March without clothes, and fight without victuals! — No trade! — No Bible! — No Sabbath nor day of rest! — No safety, no comfort, no peace in this world — and no world to come! — Jack, I never knew thee tell a lie in my life.

Jack. Nor would I now, not even against the French.

Tom. And thou art very sure we are not ruined?

Jack. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We have a king, so loving, that he would not hurt the people if he could; and so kept in that he could not hurt the people if he would. We have as much liberty as can make us happy, and more trade and riches than allow us to be good. We have the best laws in the world, if they were more strictly enforced; and the best religion in the world, if it was but better followed. While Old England is safe, I'll glory in her, and pray for her; and when she is in danger, I'll fight for her, and die for her.

Tom. And so will I too, Jack, that's what I will. (*sings.*)

"*O the roast beef of Old England!*"

Jack. Thou art an honest fellow, Tom.

Tom. This is Rose and Crown night, and Tim Standish is now at his mischief; but we'll go and put an end to that fellow's work, or he'll corrupt the whole club.

Jack. Come along.

Tom. No; first I'll stay to burn my book, and then I'll go and make a bonfire and ——

Jack. Hold, Tom. There is but one thing worse than a bitter enemy — and that is an imprudent friend. If thou wouldst show thy love to thy king and country, let's have no drinking, no

riot, no bonfires; but put in practice this text, which our parson preached on last Sunday, "Study to be quiet, work with your own hands, and mind your own business."

Tom. And so I will, Jack. — Come on.

THE

WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

Hints towards framing a Bill for the Abolition of the White Female Slave Trade, in the Cities of London and Westminster.

WHEREAS many members of both Houses of Parliament have been long and indefatigably labouring to bring into effect a bill for the amelioration of slaves in our foreign plantations, as well as for the entire abolition of the slave trade itself; and whereas it is presumed that the profound attention of these sage legislators to this great foreign evil prevents their attending to domestic grievances of the same nature; it is, therefore, humbly requested, that, whilst these benevolent senators are thus meritoriously exerting themselves for the deliverance of our black brethren, the present writer may be permitted to suggest the following loose hints of a bill for the abolition of slavery at *home*, — a slavery the more interesting, as it is to be feared that it may in some few instances be found to involve the wives, daughters, nieces, aunts, cousins, mothers, and grandmothers even of these very zealous abolitionists themselves.

And whereas it has been uniformly allowed by

the philosopher and the philanthropist, that the sable complexion of the negro affords no justifiable ground for his being compelled to slavery, so, on the other hand, it is presumed, that the mere circumstance of a fair skin is not a crime of sufficient magnitude to justify such grievous oppression in the case of the white slave.

In our West India plantations, the lot of slaves is of all descriptions: here it is uniform. In our islands there are diversities of masters: if some are cruel, others are kind; and the worst are mortal. Here there is one, arbitrary, universal tyrant, and, like the Lama of Thibet, he never dies. His name is FASHION. Here, indeed, the original subjection is voluntary; but once engaged, the subsequent servility of the slaves keeps pace with the tyranny of the despot. They hug their chains; and because they are gilt and shining, this prevents them not from feeling, but from acknowledging that they are heavy. With astonishing fortitude they carry them about, not only without repining, but as their glory and distinction. A few females, indeed, are every where to be found who have manfully resisted the tyrant; but they are people *whom nobody knows*. As the free people are the minority, and as, in this one instance, the minority are peaceable persons, no one envies them an exemption from chains, and their freedom is considered only as a proof of their insignificance.

I propose to take up the question, as was done in the black slave trade, on the two notorious grounds of INHUMANITY and IMPOLICY; and first

of the first, as our good old divines say — Here are great multitudes of beautiful white creatures forced away annually, like their prototypes in Africa, from all the endearing connections of domestic life, separated from their husbands, dragged from their children, till these last are old enough to be also engaged as slaves in the same labour; nay, in some respects, their condition is worse than that of their African brethren; for if they are less restricted in the article of food, they are more abridged in that of clothing and rest.

It is well known that in some of our foreign plantations, under mild masters, the black slaves have, in one instance, more indulgence than the English despot here allows to the white. Some of *them* have at least the Sunday to themselves, in which they may either serve God or attend to their own families. Here the tyrant allows of no such alleviation. So far from it, his rigour peculiarly assigns the Sabbath for acts of superior fatigue and increased exertion, such as long journeys, crowded markets, &c. And whereas in our foreign plantations slaves too frequently do the work of horses, in the system of domestic slavery horses partake of the labour of the slave without diminishing his sufferings; many hundreds being regularly condemned after the labours of the day are closed, to transport the slaves to the scene of their nightly labours, which scene shifts so often, that there is scarcely an interval of rest; so that the poor animals are exposed the greater part of the night to all the rigours of a northern winter.

Again, if the African slaves go nearly naked, their burning clime prevents the want of covering from being one of their greatest hardships; whereas, though the female slaves of London and Westminster were aforetime comfortably clothed, and were allowed by the despot to accommodate their dress to the season, wearing the lightest raiment in the hottest weather, and thick silks trimmed with skins of beasts in cold and frost; now nakedness is of all seasons, and many of the most delicate females are allowed so little clothing as to give pain to the humane beholder. In the most rigorous seasons, they are so exposed as to endanger their own health, and shock the feelings of others, both on the score of compassion and delicacy.

The younger slaves are condemned to violent bodily labour, from midnight to sunrise. For this public service they are many years preparing by means of a severe drill under a great variety and succession of posture-masters; and, as if the old schemes of cruelty exercised on the persons of the fair slaves had been insufficient, ingenuity has been racked to invent new ways of tormenting them. Contortion of the limbs and forced attitudes of the body, unknown to the old code of slavery, have been lately devised. New habits of personal degradation have been contrived. Studied methods not only of approach but contact between slaves of different sexes have been invented; devices which I presume were suggested by that progress of moral deterioration, so feelingly anticipated by our great ethic bard: —

then pardon — then embrace."

the despot compels the
rd laws, decency for-
hardships to describe
gs and contortions are so
der, what must they be to the
though, from being inured to the
ey meekly forbear to murmur! But
pathising spectator, while he admires the
oic firmness with which the fair slave affects to submit to this compelled familiarity, cannot but be deeply moved when he considers what severe training, what harsh discipline must have been practised, and what it must have cost her ingenuous nature to have conquered all her native repugnance; to have got rid of the appearance, though doubtless retaining all the reality, of that delicacy which originally belonged to the white slave, as well as to the free born! What self-denial it must have cost, to attain such self-possession! What sacrifices must have been made, to acquire such a distressing perfection! It is even feared by some fastidious abolitionists, when they witness the constancy with which the victim submits to this new grievance, that the shame now so submissively suppressed may in time wear out, — that long habit may transform penance into pleasure; and that a gradual abolition, not of slavery, but of modesty, if not even a total emancipation, may take place.

Another regulation of the slave merchants has been carried to its utmost perfection. It is a plan,

not for emancipating the old, but for anticipating the slavery of the young. Pretty baby slaves, far too young to be brought into the markets, are seldom thought too young to be preparing for them. Their little fragile forms are compelled to bend five, or six, or seven hours every day over curiously-contrived pieces of mechanism, which emit on the touch certain sweet sounds. These sounds, without any regard to their fitness or unfitness, the little slaves are obliged to extract. There is no hardship in the labour itself; so far from it, if they were only forced to work at it one third of the time, instead of working double tides, it would be a wholesome recruit to their spirits; whereas this lamentable length of drudgery destroys their vigour, without adding to the mind any of the strength which it takes from the body. The managers do not allow them to hang up their *harps* on the trees, but frequently require of them "a song and melody in their heaviness," though, to do them justice, they seldom say, — *Sing us one of the songs of Sion.*

Though this vast portion of a short life, made much shorter by this part of their bondage, is spent with a view to enhance the value of the little slaves hereafter in the market, and though this preparatory waste of life is considered by the factor as a just reason for raising the price of the slave he is about to sell, yet it is observable, that when once bought, the purchaser grows perfectly indifferent to that which has cost him so dear, and seldom demands the practice from the house slave,

who, in her turn, submits with becoming humility and willingness to ply her trade far more in the common markets than for the amusement of her master, highly as he has paid for what he so little values. He does not, indeed, lose his relish for the pleasure, but only for the performer.

Greater compassion, indeed, seems to be shown to the more aged slaves, who are nightly allowed to sit, and do their work at a multitude of tables provided for that purpose. Some of these employments are quiet enough, well suited to weakness and imbecility, and just serve to keep the slaves out of harm's way; but at other tables, the labour of the slave is most severe; and though you cannot perceive their fetters, yet they must undoubtedly be firmly chained to the spot, as appears by their inability to quit it; for by their long continuance in the same attitude one can hardly suppose them to be at liberty.

But if their bodies labour less than those of the more active slaves, they seem to suffer the severest agitations of mind; their colour often changes, their lips tremble, and their voice falters; and no wonder, for sometimes all they have in the world is at stake, and depends upon the next slight motion of the hand. In one respect the comparison between the African and this part of the London slave trade fails; the former, though incompatible with the spirit of our laws, yet is not, alas! carried on in direct opposition to the letter of them; whereas these tables, at which some of the English slaves are so cruelly exercised, have the

cannon of an act of parliament planted directly in their face; and the oddity of the thing is, that the act is not, as in most other cases, made by one set of people and broken by another, but in many instances the law-maker is the law-breaker.

Many of these elderly female slaves excuse their constant attendance in the public markets, (for it is thought that, at a certain age, they might be emancipated if they wished it,) by asserting the necessity of their attendance, till their daughters are disposed of. They are often heard to lament the hardship of this slavery, and to anticipate the final period of their labours; but it is observable, that not only when their daughters, but even their grand-daughters, are taken off their hands, they still continue, from the mere force of habit, and when they are past their labour, to hover about the markets.

A multitude of fine fresh slaves are annually imported at the age of seventeen or eighteen, or, according to the phrase of the despot, they COME OUT. This despot so completely takes them in, as to make these lovely young creatures believe, that the assigned period at which they give up for ever the gaiety and independence of their former free life, is, in fact, the day of their emancipation.

I come now to the question of *impolicy*. This white slavery, like the black, is evidently an injury to fair and lawful commerce; for the time spent in training and overworking these fair slaves might be better employed in promoting the more profitable articles of health, beauty, simplicity, modesty,

and industry; articles which many think would fetch a higher price, and by which traffic both the slave and the slave-owner would be mutually benefited.

Those who take up the question on this ground maintain also, that it does not answer to the slave holders: for that the markets are so glutted, that there is less chance of a good bargain, in the best sense of the word, where there are so many competitors, and where there is so little opportunity of discriminating, than if the young slaves were disposed of by private contract; in which the respective value of each individual could be more exactly ascertained.

In the article of policy, also, the slaves themselves are not only great losers; youth and beauty, by this promiscuous huddling of slaves together, failing to attract attention; but, moreover, youth and beauty are so soon impaired by hard labour, foul air, and late hours, that those who are not early disposed of on the novelty of a first appearance, soon become withered, and are apt to lie a good while upon hands.

One strong argument brought to prove the impolicy of the African slave trade is, that it is a most improvident waste of the human species. What devastation is made in the human frame among our *white* slaves, by working over-hours, by loss of sleep, want of clothing, fetid atmospheres, by being crammed in the holds of smaller ships without their proper proportion of inches; —what havoc, I say, is made by all these, and

many other causes, let all the various baths and watering-places, to which these poor exhausted slaves are sent every summer to recruit after the working season is over, declare.

Some candid members, in imitation of Mr. Dundas, have hoped for a *gradual abolition*, concluding, that if no interference took place, the evil was become so great, it must needs be cured by its very excess: the event, however, has proved so far otherwise, that the grievance is actually grown worse and worse.

And whereas aforetime the slaves were comfortably covered, and were not obliged to labour through the *whole* night, nor to labour *every* night, nor to labour at several places in the *same* night; and whereas aforetime the hold in which they were confined was not obliged to receive more slaves than it could contain, it is now a notorious fact, that their clothing is stripped off in the severest weather; that their labours are protracted till the morning; and that since the late great increase of the trade, four hundred panting slaves are often crammed into an area which cannot conveniently accommodate more than fourscore, to the great damage of the healths and lives of His Majesty's fair and faithful subjects.

From all the above causes it is evident, that the white slave trade has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Till, therefore, there be some hope that a complete abolition may be effected, the following regulations are humbly proposed: —

REGULATION I. That no slave be allowed to spend more than three hours a day in preparing her chains, beads, feathers, and other implements for the nightly labour.

II. That no slave be allowed to paint her person of more than two colours for any market whatever.

III. That each slave be allowed at least sufficient covering for the purposes of delicacy, if not for those of health and comfort.

IV. That no *little* slave be compelled to destroy her shape, and ruin her health, by being fastened to different instruments of torture, for the sake of extracting sweet sounds, till some time after she can walk alone; and that in her subsequent progress she be not obliged to sit or stand at it more than half her waking hours.

V. That no slave be put under more than four posture masters, in order to teach her such attitudes and exercises as shall enable her to fetch more money in the markets.

VI. That no slave be carried to more than three markets on the same night.

VII. That no trader be allowed to press more slaves into one *hold* than three times as many as it will contain.

VIII. That the same regard to comfort which has led the black factor to allow the African slaves a ton to a man be extended to the white slaves, who shall not be allowed less than one chair to five slaves.

IX. That no white slave *driver*, or horses, be

allowed to stand in the street more than five hours in a dry night, or four in a rainy one.

X. That every elderly female slave, as soon as her youngest grandchild is fairly disposed of, be permitted to retire from her more public labours without any fine or loss of character, or any other punishment from the despot.

To conclude: — the BLACK SLAVE TRADE has been taken up by its opposers, not only on the grounds of inhumanity and impolicy, but on that of RELIGION also. On the two first points alone have we ventured to examine the question of the WHITE SLAVE TRADE. It would be a folly to enquire into it on this last principle; it *can* admit of no such discussion, as in this view it could not stand its ground for a single moment; for if that principle were allowed to operate, mitigations nearly approaching to abolition must inevitably and immediately take place.

THE

SHEPHERD

OF

SALISBURY PLAIN.

Mr. Johnson, a very worthy charitable gentleman, was travelling some time ago across one of those vast plains which are well known in Wiltshire. It was a fine summer's evening, and he rode slowly, that he might have leisure to admire God in the works of his creation: for this gentleman was of opinion, that a walk or a ride was as proper a time as any to think about good things; for which reason, on such occasions, he seldom thought so much about his money, or his trade, or public news, as at other times, that he might with more ease and and satisfaction enjoy the pious thoughts which the wonderful works of the great Maker of heaven and earth are intended to raise in the mind.

As this serene contemplation of the visible heavens insensibly lifted up his mind from the works of God in nature to the same God as he is seen in revelation, it occurred to him that this very connection was clearly intimated by the royal prophet in the nineteenth psalm; that most

beautiful description of the greatness and power of God exhibited in the former part plainly seeming intended to introduce, illustrate, and unfold the operations of the word and Spirit of God on the heart in the latter. And he began to run a parallel in his own mind between the effects of that highly poetical and glowing picture of the material sun in searching and warming the earth, in the first six verses, and the spiritual operation attributed to the " law of God " which fills up the remaining part of the psalm. And he persuaded himself that the Divine Spirit which dictated this fine hymn had left it as a kind of general intimation to what use we were to convert our admiration of created things; namely, that we might be led by a sight of them to raise our views from the kingdom of nature to that of grace, and that the contemplation of God in his works might draw us to contemplate him in his word.

In the midst of these reflections, Mr. Johnson's attention was all of a sudden called off by the barking of a shepherd's dog, and looking up he spied one of those little huts which are here and there to be seen on those great downs; and near it was the shepherd himself busily employed with his dog in collecting together his vast flock of sheep. As he drew nearer, he perceived him to be a clean, well-looking, poor man, near fifty years of age. His coat, though at first it had probably been of one dark colour, had been in a long course of years so often patched with different sorts of cloth, that it was now become hard to say

which had been the original colour. But this, while it gave a plain proof of the shepherd's poverty, equally proved the exceeding neatness, industry, and good management of his wife. His stockings no less proved her good housewifery; for they were entirely covered with darns of different-coloured worsted, but had not a hole in them; and his shirt, though nearly as coarse as the sails of a ship, was as white as the drifted snow, and was neatly mended where time had either made a rent or worn it thin. This furnishes a rule of judging by which one shall seldom be deceived. If I meet with a labourer, hedging, ditching, or mending the highways, with his stockings and shirt tight and whole, however mean and bad his other garments are, I have seldom failed, on visiting his cottage, to find that also clean and well ordered, and his wife notable, and worthy of encouragement. Whereas a poor woman, who will be lying a-bed, or gossiping with her neighbours when she ought to be fitting out her husband in a cleanly manner, will seldom be found to be very good in other respects.

This was not the case with our shepherd; and Mr. Johnson was not more struck with the decency of his mean and frugal dress, than with his open honest countenance, which bore strong marks of health, cheerfulness, and spirit.

Mr. Johnson, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful, from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought

it would be on the morrow. "It will be such weather as pleases me," answered the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and most civil tone that could be imagined, the gentleman thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God, and whatever pleases Him always pleases me."

Mr. Johnson, who delighted in good men and good things, was very well satisfied with his reply. For he justly thought that though a hypocrite may easily contrive to appear better than he really is to a stranger; and that no one should be too soon trusted merely for having a few good words in his mouth; yet as he knew that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," he always accustomed himself to judge favourably of those who had a serious deportment and solid manner of speaking. It looks as if it proceeded from a good habit, said he; and though I may now and then be deceived by it, yet it has not often happened to me to be so. Whereas, if a man accosts me with an idle, dissolute, vulgar, indecent, or profane expression, I have never been deceived in *him*, but have generally, on enquiry, found his character to be as bad as his language gave me room to expect.

He entered into conversation with the shepherd in the following manner: — "Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend," said he. — "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy

life; but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my GREAT MASTER led for my sake; and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and *chose* a hard one; while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." — "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. — "True, sir," said the shepherd; "but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures, are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep on such a plain as this, and employed in singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah. And I dare say we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine psalms, if he had not been a shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from country life, flocks of sheep, hills and valleys, fields of corn, and fountains of water."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one." — "I do, sir, and more so especially, as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If king Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last, which you know, sir, was more than he did. But I speak with reverence, for it was Divine Providence over-ruled all that, you know, sir, and I do not presume to make comparisons. Besides, sir, my employment has been particularly

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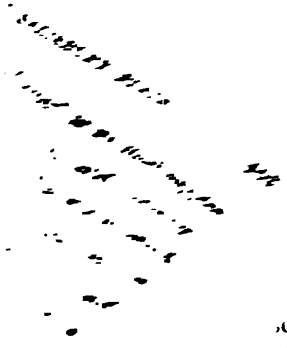
humbly and rightly performed, as we may suppose, have found honours, preferment, and blessing; while it does not occur to me that the whole sacred volume presents a single instance of a like blessing conferred on idleness. Rebekah, Rachel, and Jethro's daughters, were diligently employed in the lowest occupations of a country life, when Providence, by means of those very occupations, raised them up husbands so famous in history, as Isaac, Jacob, and the prophet Moses. The shepherds were neither playing nor sleeping, but 'watching their flocks,' when they received the news of a Saviour's birth; and the woman of Samaria, by the laborious office of drawing water, was brought to the knowledge of Him who gave her to drink of 'living water.'"

"My honest friend," said the gentleman, "I perceive you are well acquainted with Scripture."—"Yes, sir, pretty well, blessed be God! through his mercy I learnt to read when I was a little boy; though reading was not so common when I was a child, as I am told, through the goodness of Providence, and the generosity of the rich, it is likely to become now-a-days. I believe there is no day for the last thirty years that I have not peeped at my Bible. If we can't find time to read a chapter, I defy any man to say he can't find time to read a verse; and a single text, sir, well followed and put in practice every day, would make no bad figure at the year's end: three hundred and sixty-five texts, without the loss of a moment's time, would make a pretty stock, a little golden treasury, as one

may say, from new-year's day to new-year's day; and if children were brought up to it, they would come to look for their text as naturally as they do for their breakfast. No labouring man, 'tis true, has so much leisure as a shepherd, for while the flock is feeding, I am obliged to be still; and at such times I can now and then tap a shoe for my children or myself, which is a great saving to us, and while I am doing that I repeat a chapter or a psalm, which makes the time pass pleasantly in this wild solitary place. I can say the best part of the New Testament by heart; I believe I should not say the best part, for every part is good, but I mean the greatest part. I have led but a lonely life, and have often had but little to eat, but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me, as I may say, and when want and trouble have come upon me, I don't know what I should have done, indeed, sir, if I had not had the promises of this book for my stay and support."

"You have had great difficulties, then?" said Mr. Johnson. "Why, as to that, sir, not more than neighbours' fare; I have but little cause to complain, and much to be thankful; but I have had some little struggles, as I will leave you to judge. I have a wife and eight children, whom I bred up in that little cottage which you see under the hill about half a mile off." — "What, that with the smoke coming out of the chimney?" said the gentleman. "O, no, sir," replied the shepherd, smiling; "we have seldom smoke in the evening, for we have little to cook, and firing is very dear in



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vel with only one
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use is very well, sir; and if the rain
etimes beat down upon us through the
nen we are a-bed, I should not desire a
; for I have health, peace, and liberty, and
man maketh me afraid."

"Well, I will certainly call on you before it be long; but how can you contrive to lodge so many children?" — "We do the best we can, sir. My poor wife is a very sickly woman, or we should always have done tolerably well. There are no gentry in the parish, so that she has not met with any great assistance in her sickness. The good curate of the parish, who lives in that pretty parsonage in the valley, is very willing, but not very able, to assist us on these trying occasions, for he has little enough for himself, and a large family into the bargain. Yet he does what he can, and more than many richer men do, and more than he can well afford. Besides that, his prayers and good advice we are always sure of, and we are truly thankful for that; for a man must give, you know,

sir, according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Johnson, "that your difficulties may sometimes lead you to repine."

"No, sir," replied the shepherd, "it pleases God to give me two ways of bearing up under them. I pray that they may be either removed or sanctified to me. Besides, if my road be right I am contented, though it be rough and uneven. I do not so much stagger at hardships in the right way, as I dread a false security, and a hollow peace, while I may be walking in a more smooth, but less safe way. Besides, sir, I strengthen my faith by recollecting what the best men have suffered, and my hope, with the view of the shortness of all suffering. It is a good hint, sir, of the vanity of all earthly possessions, that though the whole Land of Promise was his, yet the first bit of ground which Abraham, the father of the faithful, got possession of, in the land of Canaan, was a *grave*."

"Are you in any distress at present?" said Mr. Johnson. "No, sir, thank God," replied the shepherd. "I get my shilling a day, and most of my children will soon be able to earn something; for we have only three under five years old." — "Only!" said the gentleman; "that is a heavy burden." — "Not at all; God fits the back to it. Though my wife is not able to do any out-of-door work, yet she breeds up our children to such habits of industry, that our little maids, before they are six years old, can first get a halfpenny, and then a penny a day by knitting. The boys, who are too

little to do hard work, get a trifle by keeping the birds off the corn; for this the farmers will give them a penny or two pence, and now and then a bit of bread and cheese into the bargain. When the season of crow-keeping is over, then they glean or pick stones; any thing is better than idleness, sir; and if they did not get a farthing by it, I would make them do it just the same, for the sake of giving them early habits of labour.

"So you see, sir, I am not so badly off as many are; nay, if it were not that it costs me so much in 'pothecary's stuff for my poor wife, I should reckon myself well off; nay, I do reckon myself well off; for, blessed be God, he has granted her life to my prayers, and I would work myself to a 'natomy, and live on one meal a-day, to add any comfort to her valuable life; indeed, I have often done the last, and thought it no great matter neither."

While they were in this part of the discourse, a fine plump cherry-cheek little girl ran up out of breath, with a smile on her young happy face, and, without taking any notice of the gentleman, cried out with great joy, — "Look here, father; only see how much I have got!" Mr. Johnson was much struck with her simplicity, but puzzled to know what was the occasion of this great joy. On looking at her, he perceived a small quantity of coarse wool, some of which had found its way through the holes of her clean but scanty and ragged woollen apron. The father said, "This has been a successful day, indeed, Molly; but

don't you see the gentleman?" Molly now made a courtesy down to the very ground; while Mr. Johnson enquired into the cause of the mutual satisfaction which both father and daughter had expressed at the unusual good fortune of the day.

"Sir," said the shepherd, "poverty is a great sharpener of the wits. My wife and I cannot endure to see our children (poor as they are) without shoes and stockings, not only on account of the pinching cold which cramps their poor little limbs, but because it degrades and debases them; and poor people who have but little regard to appearances, will seldom be found to have any great regard for honesty and goodness; I don't say this is always the case; but I am sure it is so too often. Now shoes and stockings being very dear, we could never afford to get them without a little contrivance. I must show you how I manage about the shoes when you condescend to call at our cottage, sir: as to stockings, this is one way we take to help to get them. My young ones, who are too little to do much work, sometimes wander at odd hours over the hills for the chance of finding what little wool the sheep may drop when they rub themselves, as they are apt to do, against the bushes.* These scattered bits of wool the children pick out of the brambles, which I see have torn sad holes in Molly's apron to-day: they carry this wool home, and when they have got a pretty parcel to-

* This piece of frugal industry is not imaginary, but a real fact, as is the character of the shepherd, and his uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures.

gether, their mother cards it; for she can sit and card in the chimney-corner when she is not able to wash, or work about house. The biggest girl then spins it: it does very well for us without dyeing, for poor people must not stand for the colour of their stockings. After this our little boys knit it for themselves, while they are employed in keeping cows in the fields, and after they get home at night. As for the knitting which the girls and their mother do, that is chiefly for sale, which helps to pay our rent."

Mr. Johnson lifted up his eyes in silent astonishment at the shifts which honest poverty can make rather than beg or steal; and was surprised to think how many ways of subsisting there are, which those who live at their ease little suspect. He secretly resolved to be more attentive to his own petty expenses than he had hitherto been; and to be more watchful that nothing was wasted in his family.

But to return to the shepherd. Mr. Johnson told him, that, as he must needs be at his friend's house, who lived many miles off, that night, he could not, as he wished to do, make a visit to his cottage at present. "But I will certainly do it," said he, "on my return; for I long to see your wife and her nice little family, and to be an eye-witness of her neatness and good management." The poor man's tears started into his eyes on hearing the commendation bestowed on his wife; and wiping them off with the sleeve of his coat, for he was not worth a handkerchief in the world, he said,—"O,

sir, you just now, I am afraid, called me
man, but, indeed, I am a very prou
"Proud!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson: "
— pride is a great sin; and as the poo
to it as well as the rich, so good a n
seem to be ought to guard against it."
said he, "you are right; but I am no
myself; God knows, I have nothing to b
I am a poor sinner, but, indeed, sir, I an
my wife: she is not only the most tid
woman on the plain, but she is the kinde
mother, and the most contented, thankful
that I know. Last year I thought I sho
lost her in a violent fit of the rheumatism
by going to work too soon after her lying-i
for 'tis but a bleak coldish place, as you
sir, in winter; and sometimes the snow lies
under the hill, that I can hardly make
path to get out and buy a few necessaries
next village; and we are afraid to send o
children, for fear they should be lost whe
snow is deep. So, as I was saying, the poor
was very bad indeed, and for several weeks lo
use of all her limbs except her hands: a mer
providence spared her the use of these; so
when she could not turn in her bed, she could
trive to patch a rag or two for her family.
was always saying, had it not been for the gre
goodness of God, she might have had her hand
lame as well as her feet; or the palsy instead of the
rheumatism, and then she could have done nothing:
but nobody had so many mercies as she had.

"I will not tell yo[illegible]
that bitter weather, [illegible]
patience, during tha[illegible]
lesson to me as any [illegible]
Mr. Jenkins gave [illegible]
that helped to keep [illegible]

"I fear, shepher[illegible]
have found this [illegible]

"Yes, sir, [illegible]
governed by [illegible]
have now [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
can hear [illegible]
away, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

"But," said Mr. [illegible]
support [illegible]
[illegible]

"Sir," [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

'Cheer up, shepherd, 'tis but till Christmas!' Now, is there not much less difference between this supposed day and Christmas, when I should take possession of the estate and palace, than there is between time and eternity, when I am sure of entering on a kingdom not made with hands? There is some comparison between a moment and a thousand years, because a thousand years are made up of moments, all time being made up of the same sort of stuff, as I may say; while there is no sort of comparison between the longest portion of time and eternity. You know, sir, there is no way of measuring two things, one of which has length and breadth, which shows it must have an end somewhere, and another thing, which being eternal, is without end and without measure."

"But," said Mr. Johnson, "is not the fear of death sometimes too strong for your faith?"

"Blessed be God, sir," replied the shepherd, "the dark passage through the valley of the shadow of death is made safe by the power of Him who conquered death. I know, indeed, we shall go as naked out of this world as we came into it, but an humble penitent will not be found naked in the other world, sir. My Bible tells me of garments of praise and robes of righteousness. And is it not a support, sir, under any of the petty difficulties and distresses here, to be assured by the word of Him who cannot lie, that those who were in white robes came out of great tribulation? But, sir, I beg your pardon for being so talkative. Indeed, you great folks can hardly imagine how it

raises and cheers a poor man's heart, when such as you condescend to talk familiarly to him on religious subjects. It seems to be a practical comment on that text which says, *The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.* And so far from creating disrespect, sir, and that nonsensical wicked notion about equality, it rather prevents it. But to return to my wife. One Sunday afternoon, when she was at the worst, as I was coming out of church, for I went one part of the day, and my eldest daughter the other, so my poor wife was never left alone;—as I was coming out of church, I say, Mr. Jenkins, the minister, called out to me, and asked me how my wife did, saying he had been kept from coming to see her by the deep fall of snow, and indeed from the parsonage-house to my hovel it was quite impassable. I gave him all the particulars he asked, and I am afraid a good many more, for my heart was quite full. He kindly gave me a shilling, and said he would certainly try to pick out his way and come and see her in a day or two.

"While he was talking to me, a plain farmer-looking gentleman in boots, who stood by, listened to all I said, but seemed to take no notice. It was Mr. Jenkins's wife's father, who was come to pass the Christmas holidays at the parsonage-house. I had always heard him spoken of as a plain frugal man, who lived close himself, but was remarked to give away more than any of his show-away neighbours.

"Well, I went home with great spirits at this

seasonable and unexpected supply; for we had tapped our last sixpence, and there was little work to be had on account of the weather. I told my wife I had not come back empty-handed. — 'No, I dare say not,' says she, 'you have been serving a Master *who filleth the hungry with good things, though he sendeth the rich empty away.*' — 'True, Mary,' says I, 'we seldom fail to get good spiritual food from Mr. Jenkins, but to-day he has kindly supplied our bodily wants.' She was more thankful when I showed her the shilling, than, I dare say, some of your great people are when they get a hundred pounds."

Mr. Johnson's heart smote him when he heard such a value set upon a shilling. Surely, said he to himself, I will never waste another; but he said nothing to the shepherd, who thus pursued his story: —

"Next morning before I went out, I sent part of the money to buy a little ale and brown sugar to put into her water-gruel; which, you know, sir, made it nice and nourishing. I went out to cleave wood in a farm-yard, for there was no standing out on the plain, after such snow as had fallen in the night. I went with a lighter heart than usual, because I had left my poor wife a little better, and comfortably supplied for this day; and I now resolved more than ever to trust God for the supplies of the next. When I came back at night, my wife fell a crying as soon as she saw me. This, I own, I thought but a bad return for the blessings she had so lately received, and so I told her. —

'O,' said she, 'it is too much, we are too rich; I am now frightened, not lest we should have no portion in this world, but for fear we should have our whole portion in it. Look here, John!' — So saying, she uncovered the bed whereon she lay, and showed me two warm, thick, new blankets. I could not believe my own eyes, sir, because when I went out in the morning I had left her with no other covering than our little old, thin, blue rug. I was still more amazed when she put half-a-crown into my hand, telling me she had had a visit from Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom had bestowed all these good things upon us. Thus, sir, have our lives been crowned with mercies. My wife got about again, and I do believe, under Providence, it was owing to these comforts; for the rheumatism, sir, without blankets by night, and flannel by day, is but a baddish job, especially to people who have little or no fire. She will always be a weakly body; but, thank God, her soul prospers and is in health. But I beg your pardon, sir, for talking on at this rate." — "Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Johnson; "I am much pleased with your story: you shall certainly see me in a few days. Good night." So saying, he slipped a crown into his hand and rode off. "Surely," said the shepherd, "*goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life*," as he gave the money to his wife when he got home at night.

As to Mr. Johnson, he found abundant matter for his thoughts during the rest of his journey. On the whole, he was more disposed to envy than to

pity the shepherd. "I have seldom seen," said he, "so happy a man. It is a sort of happiness which the world could not give, and which, I plainly see, it has not been able to take away. This must be the true spirit of religion. I see more and more, that true goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a living principle brought into every common action of a man's life. What else could have supported this poor couple under every bitter trial of want and sickness? No, my honest shepherd, I do not pity, but I respect and even honour thee; and I will visit thy poor hovel on my return to Salisbury with as much pleasure as I am now going to the house of my friend."

If Mr. Johnson keeps his word in sending me the account of his visit to the shepherd's cottage, I shall be very glad to entertain my readers with it.

PART II.

I AM willing to hope that my readers will not be sorry to hear some farther particulars of their old acquaintance, *the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. They will call to mind, that, at the end of the first part, he was returning home full of gratitude for the favours he had received from Mr. Johnson, whom we left pursuing his journey, after having promised to make a visit to the shepherd's cottage.

Mr. Johnson, after having passed some time with his friend, set out on his return to Salisbury, and on the Saturday evening reached a very small inn,

a mile or two distant from the shepherd's village; for he never travelled on a Sunday without such a reason as he might be able to produce at the day of judgment. He went the next morning to the church nearest the house where he had passed the night; and after taking such refreshment as he could get at that house, he walked on to find out the shepherd's cottage. His reason for visiting him on a Sunday was chiefly because he supposed it to be the only day which the shepherd's employment allowed him to pass at home with his family; and as Mr. Johnson had been struck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to observe how a man who carried such an appearance of piety spent his Sunday; for though he was so low in the world, this gentleman was not above entering very closely into his character, of which he thought he should be able to form a better judgment, by seeing whether his practice at home kept pace with his professions abroad: for it is not so much by observing how people talk, as how they live, that we ought to judge of their characters.

After a pleasant walk Mr. Johnson got within sight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wished to take the family by surprise; and walking gently up the house he stood awhile to listen. The door being half open, he saw the shepherd (who looked so respectable in his Sunday coat that he should hardly have known him), his wife, and their numerous young family, draw-

ing round their little table, which was covered, with a clean though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of a coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of Heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-coloured Molly, who had picked the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, "Father, I wish I was big enough to say grace, I am sure I should say it very heartily to day; for I was thinking what must *poor* people do who have no salt to their potatoes, and do but look, our dish is quite full." — "That is the true way of thinking, Molly," said the father: "in whatever concerns bodily wants and bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our own lot with the lot of those who are worse off, and this will keep us thankful: on the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom or goodness, we must compare ourselves with those who are wiser and better, and that will keep us humble." Molly was now so hungry, and found the potatoes so good, that she had no time to make any more remarks; but was devouring her dinner very heartily, when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from

her trencher to the door, and spying the stranger, she cried out, "Look, father, see here, if yonder is not the good gentleman!" Mr. Johnson, finding himself discovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honest shepherd, who told his wife that this was the gentleman to whom they were so much obliged.

The good woman began, as some very neat people are rather too apt to do, with making many apologies that her house was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive such a gentleman. Mr. Johnson, however, on looking round, could discover nothing but the most perfect neatness. The trenchers on which they were eating were almost as white as their linen; and notwithstanding the number and smallness of the children, there was not the least appearance of dirt or litter. The furniture was very simple and poor, hardly, indeed, amounting to bare necessaries. It consisted of four brown wooden chairs, which by constant rubbing were become as bright as a looking-glass; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate, which scarcely held a handful of coal, and out of which the little fire that had been in it appeared to have been taken as soon as it had answered the end for which it had been lighted — that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney stood an old-fashioned, broad, bright candlestick, and a still brighter spit; it was pretty clear that this last was kept rather for ornament than use. An old carved elbow-chair, and a chest of the same date which stood in the corner, were considered

as the most valuable part of the shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But all these were lightly esteemed by him, in comparison of another possession, which, added to the above, made up the whole of what he had inherited from his father; and which last he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ransom; this was a large old Bible, which lay on the window-seat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variously patched. This sacred book was most reverently preserved from dogs' ears, dirt, and every other injury, but such as time and much use had made it suffer in spite of care. On the clean white walls were pasted, a Hymn on the Crucifixion of our Saviour, a print of the Prodigal Son, the Shepherd's Hymn, and Patient Joe, or the Newcastle Collier. *

After the first salutations were over, Mr. Johnson said, that if they would go on with their dinner he would sit down. Though a good deal ashamed, they thought it more respectful to obey the gentleman, who having cast his eye on their slender provisions, gently rebuked the shepherd for not having indulged himself, as it was Sunday, with a morsel of bacon to relish his potatoes. The shepherd said nothing, but poor Mary coloured and hung down her head, saying, "Indeed, sir, it is not my fault; I did beg my husband to allow himself a bit of meat to-day out of your honour's bounty; but he was too good to do it, and it is all for my sake." The shepherd seemed unwilling to

* Printed for the Cheap Repository, price one halfpenny.

come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued: — "You must know, sir, that both of us, next to a sin, dread a debt, and, indeed, in some cases a debt is a sin; but, with all our care and pains, we have never been able quite to pay off the doctor's bill for that bad fit of rheumatism which I had last winter. Now when you were pleased to give my husband that kind present the other day, I heartily desired him to buy a bit of meat for Sunday, as I said before, that he might have a little refreshment for himself out of your kindness. 'But,' answered he, 'Mary, it is never out of my mind long together that we still owe a few shillings to the doctor, and thank God it is all we do owe in the world. Now if I carry him this money directly, it will not only show him our honesty and our good will, but it will be an encouragement to him to come to you another time in case you should be taken once more in such a bad fit; for I must own,' added my poor husband, 'that the thought of your being so terribly ill without any help is the only misfortune that I want courage to face.'"

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down so fast that she could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making so free. "Indeed, sir," said the shepherd, "though my wife is full as unwilling to be in debt as myself, yet I could hardly prevail on her to consent to my paying this money just then, because she said it was hard I should not have a taste of the gentleman's bounty myself.

[illegible] I would have my own [illegible] must know, as I pass best part [illegible] tending my sheep, [illegible] get comfortable [illegible] that [illegible] to allow myself in no pleasures and [illegible] that wont bear thinking on over and [illegible] For when one is a good deal alone, you know, [illegible] to so rush in upon one, [illegible] and so torment one, that there is [illegible] to be had but in keeping clear of [illegible] and [illegible] pleasures; and that, I [illegible] may be the reason why so many folks hate to [illegible] themselves.—But as I was saying—when I came to think the matter over on the [illegible] said I to myself, "A good dinner is a good thing I grant, and yet it will be but cold [illegible] to me a week after, to be alive to say.—To be sure I had a nice shoulder of mutton last Sunday for dinner, thanks to the good gentleman, but [illegible] I am in debt. I had a rare dinner, that's certain, but the pleasure of that has long been over, and the debt still remains. I have spent the crown, and now if my poor wife should be taken in [illegible] those fits again, die she must, unless God work a miracle to prevent it, for I can get no help for her. This thought settled all; and I set off directly and paid the crown to the doctor with as much cheerfulness as I should have felt on sitting down to the fattest shoulder of mutton that ever was roasted. And if I was contented at the time, think how much more happy I have been at the remem-

brance! O, sir, there are no pleasures worth the name but such as bring no plague or penitence after them."

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the shepherd's reasons; and agreed, that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with *a contented mind, which,* as the Bible truly says, *is a continual feast.* "But come," said the good gentleman, "what have we got in this brown mug?" — "As good water," said the shepherd, "as any in the king's dominions. I have heard of countries beyond sea in which there is no wholesome water; nay, I have been myself in a great town not far off, where they are obliged to buy all the water which they get, while a good Providence sends to my very door a spring as clear and fine as Jacob's well. When I am tempted to repine that I have often no other drink, I call to mind, that it was nothing better than a cup of cold water which the woman at the well of Sychar drew for the greatest guest that ever visited this world."

"Very well," replied Mr. Johnson; "but as your honesty has made you prefer a poor meal to being in debt, I will at least send and get something for you to drink. I saw a little public house just by the church, as I came along. Let that little rosy-faced fellow fetch a mug of beer." So saying, he looked full at the boy, who did not offer to stir; but cast an eye at his father to know what he was to do. "Sir," said the shepherd, "I hope we shall not appear ungrateful, if we seem to

refuse your favour: my little boy would, I am sure, fly to serve you on any other occasion. But, good sir, it is Sunday; and should any of my family be seen at a public-house on a Sabbath-day, it would be a much greater grief to me than to drink water all my life. I am often talking against these doings to others; and if I should say one thing and do another, you can't think what an advantage it would give many of my neighbours over me, who would be glad enough to report that they had caught the shepherd's son at the alehouse without explaining how it happened. Christians, you know, sir, must be doubly watchful; or they will not only bring disgrace on themselves, but what is much worse, on that holy name by which they are called."

"Are you not a little too cautious, my honest friend?" said Mr. Johnson. — "I humbly ask your pardon, sir," replied the shepherd, "if I think that is impossible. In my poor notion I no more understand how a man can be too cautious, than how he can be too strong, or too healthy."

"You are right, indeed," said Mr. Johnson, "as a general principle, but this struck me as a very small thing." — "Sir," said the shepherd, "I am afraid you will think me very bold, but you encourage me to speak out." — "'Tis what I wish," said the gentleman. — "Then, sir," resumed the shepherd, "I doubt if, where there is a frequent temptation to do wrong, any fault can be called small; that is, in short, if there is any such thing as a small wilful sin. A poor man

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ress my mind about, or to go and build
opinions upon, because I know that puzzles and injures poor unlearned Christians. But I endeavour to collect what is the *general* spirit or meaning of Scripture on any particular subject, by putting a few texts together, which though I find them dispersed up and down, yet all seem to look the same way, to prove the same truth, or hold out the same comfort. So when I am tried or tempted, or any thing happens in which I am at a loss what to do, I apply to my rule — to the *law and the testimony.* To be sure I can't always find a particular direction as to the very case, because then the Bible must have been bigger than all those great books I once saw in the library at Salisbury palace, which the butler told me were acts of parliament; and had that been the case, a poor man would never have had money to buy, nor a working man time to read, the Bible; and so Christianity could only have been a religion for the rich, for those who had money and leisure; which, blessed be God! is so far from being the truth,

that in all that fine discourse of our Saviour to John's disciples, it is enough to reconcile any poor man in the world to his low condition to observe, when Christ reckons up the things for which he came on earth, to observe, I say, what he keeps for last. *Go tell John*, says he, *those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up.* Now, sir, all these are wonders, to be sure, but they are nothing to what follows. They are but like the lower rounds of a ladder, as I may say, by which you mount to the top — *And the poor have the Gospel preached to them!* I dare say, if John had had any doubts before, this last part of the message must have cleared them up at once. For it must have made him certain sure at once, that a religion which placed preaching salvation to the poor above healing the sick, which ranked the soul above the body, and set heaven above health, must have come from God."

"But," said Mr. Johnson, "you say you can generally pick out your particular duty from the Bible, though that immediate duty be not fully explained."

"Indeed, sir," replied the shepherd, "I think I can find out the principle at least, if I bring but a willing mind. The want of that is the great hinderance. *Whoso doeth my will, he shall know of the doctrine.* You know that text, sir. I believe a stubborn will makes the Bible harder to be understood than any want of learning. 'Tis corrupt

affections which blind the understanding, sir. The more a man hates sin, the clearer he will see his way, and the more he loves holiness, the better he will understand his Bible. The more practical conviction will he get of that pleasant truth, that *the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.* Now, sir, suppose I had time and learning, and possessed all the books I saw at the Bishop's, where could I find out a surer way to lay the axe to the root of all covetousness, selfishness, and injustice, than the plain and ready rule, — *to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me?* If my neighbour does me an injury, can I be at any loss how to proceed with him, when I recollect the parable of the unforgiving steward, who refused to pardon a debt of an hundred pence, when his own ten thousand talents had been remitted to him? I defy any man to retain habitual selfishness, hardness of heart, or any other allowed sin, who daily and conscientiously tries his own heart by this touchstone. The straight rule will show the crooked practice to every one who honestly tries the one by the other."

"Why, you seem to make Scripture a thing of general application," said Mr. Johnson, "in cases to which many, I fear, do not apply it."

"It applies to every thing, sir," replied the shepherd. "When those men who are now disturbing the peace of the world, and trying to destroy the confidence of God's children in their Maker and their Saviour; when those men, I say, came to my poor hovel with their new doctrines

and their new books, I would never look into one of them; for I remembered it was the first sin of the first pair to lose their innocence for the sake of a little wicked knowledge; besides, *my own Book* told me — *To fear God and honour the king*, —*To meddle not with them who are given to change*, — *Not to speak evil of dignities*, — *To render honour to whom honour is due*. So that I was furnished with a little coat of mail, as I may say, which preserved me, while those who had no such armour fell into the snare."

While they were thus talking, the children who had stood very quietly behind, and had not stirred a foot, now began to scamper about all at once, and in a moment ran to the window-seat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnson looked surprised at this disturbance. The shepherd asked his pardon, telling him it was the sound of the church bell which had been the cause of their rudeness: for their mother had brought them up with such a fear of being too late for church, that it was but who could catch the first stroke of the bell, and be first ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into church after it was begun; for as the service opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confession of sin, it looked very presumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themselves to be sinners. And though such as lived at a great distance might plead difference of clocks as an excuse, yet those who lived

within the sound of the bell could pretend neither ignorance nor mistake.

Mary and her children set forward. Mr. Johnson and the shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on such subjects as might fit them for the solemn duties of the place to which they were going. "I have often been sorry to observe," said Mr. Johnson, "that many who are reckoned decent, good kind of people, and who would on no account neglect going to church, yet seem to care but little in what frame or temper of mind they go thither. They will talk of their worldly concerns till they get within the door, and then take them up again the very minute the sermon is over, which makes me ready to fear they lay too much stress on the mere form of going to a place of worship. Now, for my part, I always find that it requires a little time to bring my mind into a state fit to do any *common* business well, much more this great and most necessary business of all." — "Yes, sir," replied the shepherd; "and then I think, too, how busy I should be in preparing my mind, if I was going into the presence of a great gentleman, or a lord, or the king; and shall the King of kings be treated with less respect? Besides, one likes to see people feel as if going to church was a thing of choice and pleasure, as well as a duty, and that they were as desirous not to be the last there, as they would be if they were going to a feast, or a fair."

After service, Mr. Jenkins the clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr.

Johnson, and had a great respect for him, accosted him with much civility; expressing his concern that he could not enjoy just now so much of his conversation as he wished, as he was obliged to visit a sick person at a distance, but hoped to have a little talk with him before he left the village. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnson made such enquiries about the shepherd, as served to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good sense, industry, and self-denial. They parted, the clergyman promising to call in at the cottage in his way home.

The shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnson was gone to the parsonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his usual way to catechise and instruct his family, when Mr. Johnson came in, and insisted that the shepherd should go on with his instructions just as if he were not there. This gentleman, who was very desirous of being useful to his own servants and workmen in the way of religious instruction, was sometimes sorry to find that though he took a good deal of pains, they now and then did not quite understand him; for though his meaning was very good, his language was not always very plain; and though the *things* he said were not hard to be understood, yet the *words* were, especially to such as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out that if people were ever so wise and good, yet if they had not a simple, agreeable, and familiar way of expressing themselves, some of their plain hearers would not

be much the better for them. For this reason he was not above listening to the plain, humble way in which this honest man taught his family; for though he knew that he himself had many advantages over the shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of so poor a man, in any point where he thought the shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This gentleman was much pleased with the knowledge and piety which he discovered in the answers of the children, and desired the shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a sense of Divine things in his own mind, and in that of his family, with so little leisure, and so little reading. "O! as to that, sir," said the shepherd, "we do not read much, except in one book, to be sure: but with my hearty prayer for God's blessing on the use of that book, what little knowledge is needful seems to come of course, as it were. And my chief study has been to bring the fruits of the Sunday reading into the week's business, and to keep up the same sense of God in the heart, when the Bible is in the cupboard as when it is in the hand. In short, to apply what I read in the book to what I meet with in the field."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Johnson. "Sir," replied the shepherd, "I have but a poor gift at conveying these things to others, though I have much comfort from them in my own mind; but I am sure that the most ignorant and hard-working people, who are in earnest

about their salvation, may help to keep up devout thoughts and good affections during the week, though they have hardly any time to look at a book; and it will help them to keep out bad thoughts too, which is no small matter. But then they must know the Bible; they must have read the word of God diligently; that is a kind of stock in trade for a Christian to set up with; and it is this which makes me so careful in teaching it to my children; and even in storing their memories with psalms and chapters. This is a great help to a poor hard-working man, who will scarcely meet with any thing in them but what he may turn to some good account. If one lives in the fear and the love of God, almost every thing one sees abroad will teach one to adore his power and goodness, and bring to mind some texts of Scripture, which shall fill the heart with thankfulness, and the mouth with praise. When I look upwards, *the heavens declare the glory of God;* and shall I be silent and ungrateful? If I look round, and see the valleys standing thick with corn, how can I help blessing that Power who *giveth me all things richly to enjoy?* I may learn gratitude from the beasts of the field; for the *ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib*, and shall a Christian not know, shall a Christian not consider, what great things God has done for him? I, who am a shepherd, endeavour to fill my soul with a constant remembrance of that good Shepherd, who *feedeth me in green pastures, and maketh me to lie down beside the still waters, and whose rod*

and staff comfort me. A religion, sir, which has its seat in the heart, and its fruits in the life, takes up little time in the study. And yet in another sense true religion, which from sound principle brings forth right practice, fills up the whole time, and life too, as one may say."

"You are happy," said Mr. Johnson, "in this retired life, by which you escape the corruptions of the world." — "Sir," replied the shepherd, "I do not escape the corruptions of my own evil nature. Even there, on that wild solitary hill, I can find out that my heart is prone to evil thoughts. I suppose, sir, that different states have different temptations. You great folks that live in the world, perhaps, are exposed to some, of which such a poor man as I am know nothing. But to one who leads a lonely life like me, evil thoughts are a chief besetting sin; and I can no more withstand these without the grace of God, than a rich gentleman can withstand the snares of evil company, without the same grace. And I feel that I stand in need of God's help continually; and if he should give me up to my own evil heart I should be lost."

Mr. Johnson approved of the shepherd's sincerity; for he had always observed, that where there was no humility, and no watchfulness against sin, there was no religion; and he said that the man who did not feel himself to be a sinner, in his opinion, could not be a Christian.

Just as they were in this part of their discourse, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, came in. After the usual salutations, he said, "Well, shepherd, I

wish you joy: I know you will be sorry to gain any advantage by the death of a neighbour; but old Wilson, my clerk, was so infirm, and I trust so well prepared, that there is no reason to be sorry for his death. I have been to pray by him, but he died while I stayed. I have always intended you should succeed to his place: 'tis no great matter of profit, but every little is something."

"No great matter, sir!" cried the shepherd; "indeed, it is a great thing to me: it will more than pay my rent. Blessed be God for all his goodness!" — Mary said nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in silent gratitude.

"I am glad of this little circumstance," said Mr. Jenkins, "not only for your sake, but for the sake of the office itself. I so heartily reverence every religious institution, that I would never have even the *Amen* added to the excellent prayers of our church by vain or profane lips; and if it depended on me, there should be no such thing in the land as an idle, drunken, or irreligious parish-clerk. Sorry I am to say, that this matter is not always sufficiently attended to, and that I know some of a very indifferent character."

Mr. Johnson now enquired of the clergyman whether there were many children in the parish. "More than you would expect," replied he, "from the seeming smallness of it; but there are some little hamlets which you do not see." — "I think," returned Mr. Johnson, "I recollect that in the conversation I had with the shepherd on the hill yonder, he told me you had no Sunday-

school." — "I am sorry to say we have none," said the minister: "I do what I can to remedy this misfortune by public catechising; but having two or three churches to serve, I cannot give so much time as I wish to private instruction; and having a large family of my own, and no assistance from others, I have never been able to establish a school."

"There is an excellent institution in London," said Mr. Johnson, "called the Sunday-school Society, which kindly gives books and other helps, on the application of such pious clergymen as stand in need of their aid, and which I am sure would have assisted you; but I think we shall be able to do something ourselves. Shepherd," continued he, "if I were a king, and had it in my power to make you a rich and a great man with a word speaking, I would not do it. Those who are raised by some sudden stroke, much above the station in which Divine Providence had placed them, seldom turn out very good or very happy. I have never had any great things in my power, but as far as I have been able, I have been always glad to assist the worthy. I have, however, never attempted or desired to set any poor man much above his natural condition, but it is a pleasure to me to lend him such assistance as may make that condition more easy to himself, and put him in a way which shall call him to the performance of more duties than perhaps he could have performed without my help, and of performing them in a better manner to others, and with more com-

fort to himself. — What rent do you pay for this cottage?"

"Fifty shillings a year, sir."

"It is in a sad tattered condition: is there not a better to be had in the village?"

"That in which the poor clerk lived," said the clergyman, "is not only more tight and whole, but has two decent chambers, and a very large light kitchen." — That will be very convenient," replied Mr. Johnson, "pray what is the rent?" — "I think," said the shepherd, "poor neighbour Wilson gave somewhat about four pounds a year, or it might be guineas." — "Very well," said Mr. Johnson; "and what will the clerk's place be worth, think you?" — "About three pounds," was the answer.

"Now," continued Mr. Johnson, "my plan is, that the shepherd should take that house immediately; for as the poor man is dead, there will be no need of waiting till quarter-day, if I make up the difference." — "True, sir," said Mr. Jenkins; "and I am sure my wife's father, whom I expect to-morrow, will willingly assist a little towards buying some of the clerk's old goods. And the sooner they remove the better, for poor Mary caught that bad rheumatism by sleeping under a leaky thatch." The shepherd was too much moved to speak, and Mary could hardly sob out, "Oh, sir! you are too good; indeed this house will do very well." — "It may do very well for you and your children, Mary," said Mr. Johnson, gravely; "but it will not do for a school: the

kitchen is neither large nor light enough. Shepherd," continued he, "with your good minister's leave, and kind assistance, I propose to set up in this parish a Sunday-school, and to make you the master. It will not at all interfere with your weekly calling; and it is the only lawful way in which you could turn the Sabbath into a day of some little profit to your family, by doing, as I hope, a great deal of good to the souls of others. The rest of the week you will work as usual. The difference of rent between this house and the clerk's I shall pay myself; for to put you into a better house at your own expense, would be no great act of kindness. — As for honest Mary, who is not fit for hard labour, or any out-of-door work, I propose to endow a small weekly school, of which she shall be the mistress, and employ her notable turn to good account, by teaching ten or a dozen girls to knit, sew, spin, card, or any other useful way of getting their bread; for all this I shall only pay her the usual price, for I am not going to make you rich, but useful."

"Not rich, sir!" cried the shepherd: "how can I ever be thankful enough for such blessings! And will my poor Mary have a dry thatch over her head? and shall I be able to send for the doctor when I am like to lose her? Indeed, my cup runs over with blessings; I hope God will give me humility." — Here he and Mary looked at each other and burst into tears. The gentlemen saw their distress, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that these honest

people might give vent to their feelings. As soon as they were alone, they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be seen, and fell on their knees, devoutly blessing and praising God for his mercies. Never were more hearty prayers presented than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earnestness with which they besought the blessing of God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the parsonage, where the evening was spent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnson, who the next day took all proper measures for putting the shepherd in immediate possession of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins's father-in-law, the worthy gentleman who gave the shepherd's wife the blankets, in the first part of this history, arrived at the parsonage before Mr. Johnson left it, and assisted in fitting up the clerk's cottage.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, promising to call on the worthy minister and his new clerk once a year, in his summer's journey over the plain, as long as it should please God to spare his life. He had every reason to be satisfied with the objects of his bounty. The shepherd's zeal and piety made him a blessing to the rising generation. The old resorted to his school for the benefit of hearing the young instructed; and the clergyman had the pleasure of seeing that he was rewarded for the

protection he gave the school, by the great increase in his congregation. The shepherd not only exhorted both parents and children to the indispensable duty of a regular attendance at church, but by his pious counsels he drew them thither; and by his plain and prudent instructions enabled them to understand, and of course to delight in, the public worship of God.

THE

TWO SHOEMAKERS.

JACK BROWN and JAMES STOCK were two lads apprenticed at nearly the same time to Mr. Williams, a shoemaker, in a small town in Oxfordshire: they were pretty near the same age, but of very different characters and dispositions.

Brown was eldest son to a farmer in good circumstances, who gave the usual apprentice fee with him. Being a wild giddy boy, whom his father could not well manage or instruct in farming, he thought it better to send him out to learn a trade at a distance, than to let him idle about at home; for Jack always preferred birds' nesting and marbles to any other employment. He would trifle away half the day, when his father thought he was at school, with any boys he could meet with, who were as idle as himself; and never could be prevailed upon to do or to learn any thing, while a game at taw could be had for love or money. All this time, his little brothers, much younger than himself, were beginning to follow the plough, or to carry the corn to mill as soon as they were able to mount a cart-horse.

Jack, however, who was a lively boy, and did not naturally want either sense or good nature, might have turned out well enough, if he had not had the misfortune to be his mother's favourite: he concealed and forgave all his faults. To be sure, he was a little wild, she would say, but he would not make the worse man for that; for Jack had a good spirit of his own, and she would not have it broke, and so make a mope of the boy. The farmer, for a quiet life, as it is called, gave up all these points to his wife; and, with them, gave up the future virtue and happiness of his child. He was a laborious and industrious man, but had no religion; he thought only of the gains and advantages of the present day, and never took the future into the account. His wife managed him entirely; and, as she was really notable, he did not trouble his head about any thing further. If she had been careless in her dairy, he would have stormed and sworn; but as she only ruined one child by indulgence, and almost broke the hearts of the rest by unkindness, he gave himself little concern about the matter. The cheese, certainly, was good, and that, indeed, is a great point; but she was neglectful of her children, and a tyrant to her servants. Her husband's substance, indeed, was not wasted, but his happiness was not consulted. His house, it is true, was not dirty, but it was the abode of fury, ill temper, and covetousness. And the farmer, though he did not care for liquor, was too often driven to the public-house in an evening, because his own was neither quiet nor

comfortable. The mother was always scolding, and the children were always crying.

Jack, however, notwithstanding his idleness, picked up a little reading and writing, but never would learn to cast an account—that was too much labour. His mother was desirous he should continue at school, not so much for the sake of his learning, which she had not sense enough to value, but to save her darling from the fatigue of labour; for, if he had not gone to school, she knew he must have gone to work, and she thought the former was the least tiresome of the two. Indeed, this foolish woman had such an opinion of his genius, that she used, from a child, to think he was too wise for any thing but a parson, and hoped she should live to see him one. She did not wish to see her son a minister because she loved either learning or piety, but because she thought it would make Jack a gentleman, and set him above his brothers.

Farmer Brown still hoped that, though Jack was likely to make but an idle and ignorant farmer, yet he might make no bad tradesman, when he should be removed from the indulgences of a father's house, and from a silly mother, whose fondness kept him back in every thing. This woman was enraged when she found that so fine a scholar, as she took Jack to be, was to be put apprentice to a shoemaker. The farmer, however, for the first time in his life, would have his own way. But being a worldly man, and too apt to mind only what is falsely called *the main chance*, instead of being careful to look out for a sober, prudent, and reli-

gious master for his son, he left all that to accident, as if it had been a thing of little or no consequence. This is a very common fault; and fathers who are guilty of it are in a great measure answerable for the future sins and errors of their children, when they come out into the world and set up for themselves. If a man gives his son a religious education, a good example, and a good master, it is, indeed, *possible* that the son may not turn out well, but it does not often happen; and when it does, the father has no blame resting on him; and it is a great point towards a man's comfort to have his conscience quiet in that respect, however God may think fit to over-rule events.

The farmer, however, took care to desire his friends to enquire for a shoemaker who had good business, and was a good workman; and the mother did not forget to put in her word, and desired that it might be one who was not *too strict*; for Jack had been brought up tenderly, was a meek boy, and could not bear to be contradicted in any thing. And this is the common notion of meekness among people who do not take up their notions on rational and Christian grounds.

Mr. Williams was recommended to the farmer as being the best shoemaker in the town in which he lived, and far from a strict master; and without further enquiries, to Mr. Williams he went.

James Stock, who was the son of an honest labourer in the next village, was bound out by the parish in consideration of his father having so numerous a family, that he was not able to put

him out himself. James was in every thing the very reverse of his new companion. He was a modest, industrious, pious youth: and though so poor, and the child of a labourer, was a much better scholar than Jack, who was a wealthy farmer's son. His father had, it is true, been able to give him but very little schooling, for he was obliged to be put to work when quite a child. When very young, he used to run of errands for Mr. Thomas, the curate of the parish; a very kind-hearted young gentleman, who boarded next door to his father's cottage. He used also to help down and saddle his horse, and do any other little job for him, in the most civil, obliging manner. All this so recommended him to the clergyman, that he would often send for him in of an evening, after he had done his day's work in the field, and even descended to teach him himself to write and cast accounts, as well as to instruct him in the principles of his religion. It was not merely out of kindness for the little good-natured services James did him that he showed him this favour, but also for his readiness in the catechism, and his devout behaviour at church.

The first thing that drew the minister's attention to this boy was the following: — He had frequently given him halfpence and pence for holding his horse and carrying him to water, before he was big enough to be further useful to him. On Christmas day he was surprised to see James at church, reading out of a handsome new Prayer-book: he wondered how he came by it, for he

knew there was nobody in the parish likely to have given it to him, for at that time there were no Sunday-schools; and the father could not afford it, he was sure.

"Well, James," said he, as he saw him when they came out, "you made a good figure at church to day: it made you look like a man and a Christian, not only to have so handsome a book, but to be so ready in all parts of the service. How came you by that book?" James owned modestly, that he had been a whole year saving up the money by single halfpence, all of which had been of the minister's own giving, and that in all that time he had not spent a single farthing on his own diversions. "My dear boy," said good Mr. Thomas, "I am much mistaken if thou dost not turn out well in the world, for two reasons: — first, for thy saving turn and self-denying temper; and next, because thou didst devote the first eighteen-pence thou wast ever worth in the world to so good a purpose."

James bowed and blushed, and from that time Mr. Thomas began to take more notice of him, and to instruct him as I said above. As James soon grew able to do him more considerable service, he would now and then give him sixpence. This he constantly saved till it became a little sum, with which he bought shoes and stockings; well knowing that his poor father, with a large family and low wages, could not buy them for him. As to what little money he earned himself by his daily labour in the field, he constantly carried it to his

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hereafter, but they are loosers [illegible] advantage: for gentry could [illegible] *to give* a poor boy a jacket or a [illegible] not for the expense of making it, [illegible] much to the cost. To my [illegible] many poor women would often get [illegible] a bit of coarse new cloth given [illegible] boy, if the mothers or sisters were [illegible] able to cut it out to advantage, and [illegible] decently themselves. But half-a-crown [illegible] making a bit of kersey, which [illegible] shillings, is more than many very [illegible] can afford to give; so they often give nothing at all, when they see the mothers so little able to turn it to advantage. It is hoped they will take this hint *kindly*, as it is meant for their good.

But to return to our two young shoemakers. They were both now settled at Mr. Williams's, who, as he was known to be a good workman, had plenty of business. He had sometimes two or three journeymen, but no apprentices but Jack and James.

Jack, who, with all his faults, was a keen, smart boy, took to learn the trade quick enough, but the difficulty was to make him stick two hours together to his work. At every noise he heard in the street, down went the work—he let one way the upper [illegible] another; the wife dropped on the [illegible] he dragged after him, all [illegible] street. If a blind fiddler, a ballad [illegible], a dancing bear, or a drum, [illegible] Jack;—[illegible]

mother every Saturday night, to buy bread for the family, which was a pretty help to them.

As James was not over stout in his make, his father thankfully accepted the proposal of the parish officers to bind out his son to a trade. This good man, however, had not, like Farmer Brown, the liberty of choosing a master for his son, or he would carefully have enquired if he was a proper man to have the care of youth; but Williams the shoemaker was already fixed on by those who were to put the boy out, who told him if he wanted a master it must be him or none; for the overseers had a better opinion of Williams than he deserved, and thought it would be the making of the boy to go to him. The father knew that beggars must not be choosers, so he fitted out James for his new place, having, indeed, little to give him besides his blessing.

The worthy Mr. Thomas, however, kindly gave him an old coat and waistcoat, which his mother, who was a neat and notable woman, contrived to make up for him herself without a farthing expense; and when it was turned and made fit for his size, it made him a very handsome suit for Sundays, and lasted him a couple of years.

And here let me stop to remark what a pity it is, that poor women so seldom are able or willing to do these sort of little handy jobs themselves; and that they do not oftener bring up their daughters to be more useful in family work. They are great losers by it every way; not only as they are disqualifying their girls from making good wives

hereafter, but they are loosers in point of present advantage: for gentry could much oftener afford to give a poor boy a jacket or a waistcoat, if it was not for the expense of making it, which adds very much to the cost. To my certain knowledge, many poor women would often get an old coat, or a bit of coarse new cloth given them to fit out a boy, if the mothers or sisters were known to be able to cut it out to advantage, and to make it up decently themselves. But half-a-crown for the making a bit of kersey, which costs but a few shillings, is more than many very charitable gentry can afford to give; so they often give nothing at all, when they see the mothers so little able to turn it to advantage. It is hoped they will take this hint kindly, as it is meant for their good.

But to return to our two young shoemakers. They were both now settled at Mr. Williams's, who, as he was known to be a good workman, had plenty of business. He had sometimes two or three journeymen, but no apprentices but Jack and James.

Jack, who, with all his faults, was a keen, smart boy, took to learn the trade quick enough, but the difficulty was to make him stick two hours together to his work. At every noise he heard in the street, down went the work — the last one way the upper leather another; the sole dropped on the ground, and the thread he dragged after him, all the way up the street. If a blind fiddler, a ballad singer, a mountebank, a dancing bear, or a drum, were heard at a distance, out ran Jack; — no-

thing could stop him, and not a stitch more could he be prevailed on to do that day. Every duty, every promise was forgotten for the present pleasure; — he could not resist the smallest temptation; — he never stopped for a moment to consider whether a thing was right or wrong, but whether he liked it or disliked it. And as his ill-judging mother took care to send him privately a good supply of pocket-money, that deadly bane to all youthful virtue, he had generally a few pence ready to spend, and to indulge in the present diversion, whatever it was. And what was still worse even than spending his money, he spent his time too, or rather his master's time. Of this he was continually reminded by James, to whom he always answered, "What have you to complain about? It is nothing to you or any one else; I spend nobody's money but my own." — "That may be," replied the other; "but you cannot say it is your own time that you spend." He insisted upon it that it was; but James fetched down their indentures, and there showed him that he had solemnly bound himself, by that instrument, not to waste his master's property. "Now," quoth James, "thy own time is a very valuable part of thy master's property." To this he replied, "Every one's time was his own, and he should not sit moping all day over his last: — for his part, he thanked God, he was no parish 'prentice."

James did not resent this piece of foolish impertinence, as some silly lads would have done; nor fly out into a violent passion: for even at this

early age, he had begun to learn of him *who was meek and lowly of heart*; and, therefore, *when he was reviled, he reviled not again*. On the contrary, he was so very kind and gentle, that even Jack, vain and idle as he was, could not help loving him, though he took care never to follow his advice.

Jack's fondness for his boyish and silly diversions in the street soon produced the effects which might naturally be expected; and the same idleness which led him to fly out into the town at the sound of a fiddle, or the sight of a puppet-show, soon led him to those places to which all these fiddles and shows naturally lead,—I mean, the *alehouse*. The acquaintance picked up in the street was carried on at the Greyhound; and the idle pastimes of the boy soon led to the destructive vices of the man.

As he was not an ill-tempered youth, nor naturally much given to drink, a sober and prudent master, who had been steady in his management and regular in his own conduct, who would have recommended good advice by a good example, might have made something of Jack. But I am sorry to say, that Mr. Williams, though a good workman, and not a very hard or severe master, was neither a sober nor a steady man; so far from it, that he spent much more time at the Greyhound than at home. There was no order either in his shop or family. He left the chief care of the business to his two young apprentices; and being but a worldly man, he was at first disposed to show favour to Jack much more than to James, because

he had more money, and his father was better in the world than the father of poor James.

At first, therefore, he was disposed to consider James as a sort of drudge, who was to do all the menial work of the family, and he did not care how little he taught him of his trade. With Mrs. Williams the matter was still worse: she constantly called him away from the business of his trade to wash the house, nurse the child, turn the spit, or run of errands. And here I must remark, that though parish apprentices are bound in duty to be submissive to both master and mistress, and always to make themselves as useful as they can in a family, and to be civil and humble; yet, on the other hand, it is the duty of masters always to remember, that if they are paid for instructing them in their trade, they ought conscientiously to instruct them in it, and not to employ them the greater part of their time in such household or other drudgery, as to deprive them of the opportunity of acquiring their trade. This practice is not the less unjust because it is common.

Mr. Williams soon found out that his favourite Jack would be of little use to him in the shop; for though he worked well enough, he did not care how little he did. Nor could he be of the least use to his master in keeping an account, or writing out a bill upon occasion, for, as he never could be made to learn to cipher, he did not know addition from multiplication.

One day one of the customers called at the shop in a great hurry, and desired his bill might be

made out that minute. Mr. Williams, having taken a cup too much, made several attempts to put down a clear account, but the more he tried, the less he found himself able to do it. James, who was sitting at his last, rose up, and, with great modesty, asked his master if he would please to give him leave to make out the bill, saying, that though but a poor scholar, he would do his best, rather than keep the gentleman waiting. Williams gladly accepted his offer, and confused as his head was with liquor, he yet was able to observe with what neatness, despatch, and exactness, the account was drawn out. From that time he no longer considered James as a drudge, but as one fitted for the higher departments of the trade; and he was now regularly employed to manage the accounts, with which all the customers were so well pleased, that it contributed greatly to raise him in his master's esteem; for there were now never any of those blunders or false charges for which the shop had before been so famous.

James went on in a regular course of industry, and soon became the best workman Mr. Williams had; but there were many things in the family which he greatly disapproved. Some of the journeymen used to swear, drink, and sing very licentious songs. All these things were a great grief to his sober mind: he complained to his master, who only laughed at him; and indeed, as Williams did the same himself, he put it out of his own power to correct his servants, if he had been so disposed. James, however, used always to reprove

them with great mildness, indeed, but with great seriousness also. This, but still more his own excellent example, produced at length very good effects on such of the men as were not quite hardened in sin.

What grieved him most was the manner in which the Sunday was spent. The master lay in bed all the morning, nor did the mother or her children ever go to church, except there was some new finery to be shown, or a christening to be attended. The town's people were coming to the shop all the morning, for work which should have been sent home the night before, had not the master been at the alehouse. And what wounded James to the very soul was, that the master expected the two apprentices to carry home shoes to the country customers on the Sunday morning; which he wickedly thought was a saving of time, as it prevented their hindering their work on the Saturday. These shameful practices greatly afflicted poor James: he begged his master, with tears in his eyes, to excuse him, but he only laughed at his squeamish conscience, as he called it.

Jack did not dislike this part of the business; and generally, after he had delivered his parcel, wasted good part of the day in nutting, playing at fives, or dropping in at the public-house: any thing was better to Jack than going to church.

James, on the other hand, when he was compelled, sorely against his conscience, to carry home any goods on a Sunday morning, always got up as soon as it was light, knelt down, and prayed

heartily to God to forgive him a sin which it was not in his power to avoid: he took care not to lose a moment by the way; but as he was taking his walk with the utmost speed, to leave his shoes with the customers, he spent his time in endeavouring to keep up good thoughts in his mind, and praying that the day might come when his conscience might be delivered from this grievous burden. He was now particularly thankful that Mr. Thomas had formerly taught him so many psalms and chapters, which he used to repeat in these walks with great devotion.

He always got home before the rest of the family was up, dressed himself very clean, and went twice to church; and as he greatly disliked the company and practices of his master's house, particularly on the Sabbath day, he preferred spending his evening alone, reading his Bible, which I forgot to say the worthy clergyman had given him when he left his native village. Sunday evening, which is to some people such a burden, was to James the highest holiday. He had formerly learnt a little how to sing a psalm of the clerk of his own parish, and this was now become a very delightful part of his evening exercise. And as Will Simpson, one of the journeymen, by James's advice and example, was now beginning to be of a more serious way of thinking, he often asked him to sit an hour with him, when they read the Bible, and talked it over together in a manner very pleasant and improving; and as Will was a famous singer, a psalm or two sung together was a very innocent pleasure.

James's good manners and civility to the customers drew much business to the shop; and his skill as a workman was so great, that every one desired his shoes might be made by James. Williams grew so very idle and negligent, that he now totally neglected his affairs, and to hard drinking added deep gaming. All James's care, both of the shop and the accounts, could not keep things in any tolerable order. He represented to his master that they were growing worse and worse; and exhorted him, if he valued his credit as a tradesman, his comfort as a husband and father, his character as a master, and his soul as a Christian, to turn over a new leaf. Williams swore a great oath that he would not be restrained in his pleasures to please a canting parish 'prentice, nor to humour a parcel of squalling brats; that, let people say what they would of him, they should never say he was a *hypocrite;* and, as long as they could not call him that, he did not care what else they called him.

In a violent passion he immediately went to the Greyhound, where he now spent, not only every evening, which he had long done, but good part of the day and night also. His wife was very dressy, extravagant, and fond of company, and wasted at home as fast as her husband spent abroad; so that all the neighbours said, if it had not been for James his master must have been a bankrupt long ago, — but they were sure he could not hold it much longer.

As Jack Brown sung a good song, and played many diverting tricks, Williams liked his company,

and often allowed him to make one at the Greyhound, where he would laugh heartily at his stories; so that every one thought Jack was much the greater favourite: so he was as a companion in frolic, and foolery, and *pleasure*, as it is called; but he would not trust him with an inch of leather or sixpence in money. No, no; when business was to be done, or trust was to be reposed, James was the man: the idle and the drunken never trust one another, if they have common sense. They like to laugh, and sing, and riot, and drink together; but when they want a friend, a counsellor, a helper in business or in trouble, they go farther a-field; and Williams, while he would drink with Jack, would trust James with untold gold; and even was foolishly tempted to neglect his business the more from knowing that he had one at home who was taking care of it.

In spite of all James's care and diligence, however, things were growing worse and worse: the more James saved, the more his master and mistress spent. One morning, just as the shop was opened, and James had set every body to their respective work, and he himself was settling the business for the day, he found that his master was not yet come from the Greyhound. As this was now become a common case, he only grieved but did not wonder at it. While he was indulging sad thoughts on what would be the end of all this, in ran the tapster from the Greyhound, out of breath, and, with a look of terror and dismay, desired James would step over to the public-house

with him that moment, for that his master wanted him.

James went immediately, surprised at this unusual message. When he got into the kitchen of the public-house, which he now entered for the first time in his life, though it was just opposite the house in which he lived, he was shocked at the beastly, disgusting appearance of every thing he beheld. There was a table covered with tankards, punch-bowls, broken glasses, pipes, and dirty greasy packs of cards, and all over wet with liquor; the floor was strewed with broken earthen cups, odd cards, and an EO table which had been shivered to pieces in a quarrel; behind the table stood a crowd of dirty fellows, with matted locks, hollow eyes, and faces smeared with tobacco. James made his way after the tapster, through this wretched-looking crew, to a settle which stood in the chimney-corner. Not a word was uttered; but the silent horror seemed to denote something more than a mere common drunken bout.

What was the dismay of James when he saw his miserable master stretched out on the settle, in all the agonies of death! He had fallen into a fit, after having drunk hard best part of the night, and seemed to have but a few minutes to live. In his frightful countenance was displayed the dreadful picture of sin and death; for he struggled at once under the guilt of intoxication and the pangs of a dying man. He recovered his senses for a few moments, and called out to ask if his faithful servant was come. James went up to him, took him

by his cold hand, but was too much moved to speak. "Oh! James, James," cried he, in a broken voice, "pray for me, comfort me." James spoke kindly to him, but was too honest to give him false comfort, as is too often done by mistaken friends in these dreadful moments.

"James," said he, "I have been a bad master to you: you would have saved me, soul and body, but I would not let you: — I have ruined my wife, my children, and my own soul. Take warning, oh! take warning, by my miserable end," said he to his stupified companions; but none were able to attend to him but James, who bid him lift up his heart to God, and prayed heartily for him himself. "Oh!" said the dying man, "it is too late, too late for me; — but you have still time," said he to the half-drunken, terrified crew around him. "Where is Jack?" Jack Brown came forward, but was too much frightened to speak. "Oh, wretched boy!" said he, "I fear I shall have the ruin of thy soul, as well as my own, to answer for. Stop short! — Take warning! — now, in the days of thy youth. Oh! James, James, thou dost not pray for me. Death is dreadful to the wicked. — Oh, the sting of death to a guilty conscience!" Here he lifted up his ghastly eyes in speechless horror, grasped hard the hand of James, gave a deep, hollow groan, and closed his eyes, never to open them but in an awful eternity.

This was death in all its horrors! The gay companions of his sinful pleasures could not stand the sight: all slunk away like guilty thieves from

his comrade Brown, must be the subject of another book; and I hope my readers will look forward with some impatience for some further account of this worthy young man. In the mean time, other apprentices will do well to follow so praiseworthy an example, and to remember, that the respectable master of a large shop and a profitable business was raised to that creditable situation without money, friends, or connections, from the low beginning of a parish apprentice, by sobriety, industry, the fear of God, and an obedience to the Divine principles of the Christian religion.

PART II.

The Apprentice turned Master.

THE first part of this history left off with the dreadful sudden death of Williams the idle shoemaker, who died in a drunken fit at the Greyhound. It also showed how James Stock, his faithful apprentice, by his honest and upright behaviour, so gained the love and respect of his late master's creditors, that they set him up in business, though he was not worth a shilling of his own,—such is the power of a good character! And when we last parted from him he had just got possession of his master's shop.

This sudden prosperity was a time of trial for James; who, as he was now become a creditable tradesman, I shall hereafter think proper to call

Mr. James Stock. I say, this sudden rise in life was a time of trial; for we hardly know what we are ourselves till we become our own masters. There is, indeed, always a reasonable hope that a good servant will not make a bad master, and that a faithful apprentice will prove an honest tradesman. But the heart of man is deceitful; and some folks, who seem to behave very well while they are under subjection, no sooner get a little power than their heads are turned, and they grow prouder than those who are gentlemen born. They forget at once that they were lately poor and dependent themselves, so that one would think that with their poverty they had lost their memory too. I have known some who had suffered most hardships in their early days become the most hard and oppressive in their turn; so that they seem to forget that fine considerate reason which God gives to the children of Israel why they should be merciful to their servants, *remembering*, saith he, *that thou thyself wast a bondman.*

Young Mr. Stock did not so forget himself. He had, indeed, the only sure guard from falling into this error. It was not from any easiness in his natural disposition; for that only just serves to make folks good natured when they are pleased, and patient when they have nothing to vex them. James went upon higher ground. He brought his religion into all his actions: he did not give way to abusive language, because he knew it was a sin.

He did not use apprentices ill because he knew he had himself a Master in heaven.

He knew he owed his present happy situation to the kindness of the creditors. But did he grow easy and careless because he knew he had such friends? Not indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let these friends see he did not abuse their kindness. Such behaviour as this is the greatest encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money. It creates friends, and it keeps them.

His shoes and boots were made in the best manner; this got him business: he set out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no customers; this secured his business. He had two reasons for not promising to send home goods when he knew he should not be able to keep his word. The first, because he knew a lie was a sin; the next, because it was a folly. There is no credit sooner worn out than that which is gained by false pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falsehood is so soon detected that I believe many tradesmen are the poorer for it in the long run. Deceit is the worst part of a shopkeeper's stock in trade.

James was now at the head of a family. This is a serious situation (said he to himself, one fine summer's evening, as he stood leaning over the half-door of his shop to enjoy a little fresh air); I am now master of a family. My cares are doubled, and so are my duties. I see the higher one gets in life the more one has to answer for. Let me

now call to mind the sorrow I used to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly master; and let me now *keep* the resolutions I then formed.

So what his heart found right to do he resolved to do quickly; and he set out at first as he meant to go on. The Sunday was truly a day of rest at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of shoes to be given out on that day to oblige the best customer he had. And what did he lose by it? Why nothing. For when the people were once used to it, they liked Saturday night just as well. But had it been otherwise, he would have given up his gains to his conscience.

Showing how Mr. Stock behaved to his Apprentices.

When he got up in the world so far as to have apprentices, he thought himself as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a cheerful merry way of talking to them; so that the lads, who had seen too much of swearing reprobate masters, were very fond of him. They were never afraid of speaking to him; they told him all their little troubles, and considered their master as their best friend: for they said they would do any thing for a good word and a kind look. As he did not swear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful also; for he did not think neglect any part of kindness. He brought

them to adopt one very pretty method, which was, on a Sunday evening to divert themselves with writing out half-a-dozen texts of Scripture in a neat copy-book with gilt covers. You may have the same at any of the stationers: they do not cost above four-pence, and will last nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he justly commended him whose texts were written in the fairest hand. "And now, my boys," said he, "let us see which of you will learn your texts best in the course of the week; he who does this shall choose for next Sunday." Thus the boys soon got many psalms and chapters by heart, almost without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical use of what they learnt: "for," said he, "it will answer little purpose to learn texts, if we do not try to live up to them." One of the boys being apt to play in his absence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his master's step, he brought him to a sense of his fault by the last Sunday's texts, which happened to be the 6th of Ephesians. He showed him what was meant by *being obedient to his master in singleness of heart, as unto Christ*, and explained to him with so much kindness what it was, *not to work with eye-service as men-pleasers, but doing the will of God from the heart*, that the lad said he should never forget it; and it did more towards curing him of idleness than the soundest horse-whipping would have done.

How Mr. Stock got out of Debt.

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had also a good reputation for skill in his trade, and his industry was talked of through the whole town; so that he had soon more work than he could possibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his interest money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a small part of the principal. His reason for being so eager to pay money as soon as it became due was this:—He had observed tradesmen, and especially his old master, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means of paying in their power. This deceived them: for having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themselves, and so got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This false notion led them to indulge in idle expenses; whereas, if they had paid regularly, they would have had this one temptation the less. A young tradesman, when he is going to spend money, should at least ask himself, Whether this money is his own or his creditors'? This little question might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Christian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his besetting sin; and when he has found it (which he easily may if he looks sharply), against this sin he watches narrowly.

Now I know it is the fashion among some folks (and a bad fashion it is), to fancy that good people have no sin; but this only shows their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better.* And when men do not own their sins, it is not because there is no sin in their hearts, but because they are not anxious to search for it, nor humble to confess it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the case with James Stock. "Examine yourselves truly," said he, "is no bad part of the catechism." He began to be afraid that his desire of living creditably, and without being a burden to any one, might, under the mask of honesty and independence, lead him into pride and covetousness. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So instead of being proud of his sobriety; instead of bragging that he never spent his money idly, nor went to the alehouse; instead of boasting how hard he worked, and how he denied himself, he strove in secret that even these good qualities might not grow out of a wrong root. The following event was of use to him in the way of indulging any disposition to covetousness:—

One evening as he was standing at the door of his shop, a poor dirty boy, without stockings and shoes, came up and asked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In spite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil-spoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew something of his face. He fetched

* See Romans, vii.

him out a good piece of bread and cheese; and while the boy was devouring it, asked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner. "Daddy has been dead some years," said the boy: "he died in a fit over at the Greyhound. Mammy," says he, "used to live at this shop, and then we did not want for clothes nor victuals neither." Stock was melted almost to tears on finding that this dirty beggar-boy was Tommy Williams, the son of his old master. He blessed God on comparing his own happy condition with that of this poor destitute child, but he was not proud at the comparison; and while he was thankful for his own prosperity, he pitied the helpless boy. "Where have you been living of late?" said he to him, "for I understood you all went home to your mother's friends." — "So we did, sir," said the boy; "but they are grown tired of maintaining us, because they said that mammy spent all the money which should have gone to buy victuals for us on snuff and drams. And so they have sent us back to this place, which is daddy's parish."

"And where do you live here?" said Mr. Stock. "Oh, sir, we are all put into the parish poor-house." — "And does your mother do any thing to help to maintain you?" — "No, sir; for mammy says she was not brought up to work like poor folks, and she would rather starve than spin or knit: so she lies abed all the morning, and sends us about to pick up what we can, a bit of victuals or a few halfpence." — "And have you any

money in your pocket now?" — "Yes, sir, I have got three halfpence, which I have begged to-day." — "Then, as you were so very hungry, how came you not to buy a roll at that baker's over the way?" — "Because, sir, I was going to lay it out in tea for mammy; for I never lay out a farthing for myself. Indeed mammy says she *will* have her tea twice a day if we beg or starve for it." — "Can you read, my boy?" said Mr. Stock. — "A little, sir, and say my prayers too." — "And can you say your catechism?" — "I have almost forgotten it all, sir, though I remember something about *honouring my father and mother;* and that makes me still carry the halfpence home to mammy instead of buying cakes." — "Who taught you these good things?" — "One Jemmy Stock, sir, who was a parish 'prentice to my daddy. He taught me one question out of the catechism every night, and always made me say my prayers to him before I went to bed. He told me I should go to the wicked place if I did not fear God; so I am still afraid to tell lies like the other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a piece of gingerbread every time I learnt well, but I have no friend now: Jemmy was very good to me, though mammy did nothing but beat him."

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the discourse: he did not make himself known to the boy, but took him over to the baker's shop. As they walked along he could not help repeating aloud a verse or two of that beautiful hymn, so deservedly the favourite of all children: —

" Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door."

The little boy looked up in his face, saying, " Why, sir, that's the very hymn which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny for learning." Stock made no answer, but put a couple of threepenny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him to call on him again at such a time in the following week.

How Mr. Stock contrived to be charitable without any Expence.

Stock had abundant subject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money, he did not think it right to give any part of that money to assist the idle, or even to help the distressed. " I must be just," said he, " before I am generous." Still he could not bear to see this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it safe to take him into his shop in his present ignorant, unprincipled state. At last, he hit upon this thought: " I work for myself twelve hours in the day. Why shall I not work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I shall then have more right to do what I please. My money will then be my own, I shall have paid my debts."

So he began to put his resolution in practice that very night, sticking to his old notion of not

putting off till to-morrow what should be done to day; and it was thought he owed much of his success in life, as well as his growth in goodness, to this little saying. "I am young and healthy," said he; "one hour's work more will do me no harm: I will set aside all I get by these over-hours and put the boy to school. I have not only no right to punish this child for the sins of his father, but I consider that though God hated those sins, he has made them be instrumental to my advancement."

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the mean time Mr. Stock's maid had made him a neat little suit of clothes out of an old coat of her master's. She had also knit him a pair of stockings, and Mr. Stock made him sit down in the shop, while he himself fitted him with a pair of new shoes. The maid having washed and dressed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand, and walked along with him to the parish poor-house to find his mother. They found her dressed in ragged filthy finery, standing at the door, where she passed most of her time, quarrelling with half-a-dozen women as idle and dirty as herself. When she saw Tommy so neat and well-dressed, she fell a-crying for joy. She said "it put her in mind of old times, for Tommy always used to be dressed like a gentleman." — "So much the worse," said Mr. Stock; "if you had not begun by making him look like a gentleman, you needed not have ended by making him look like a beggar." — "Oh, Jem!" said she, (for, though it was four years since she had seen him,

she soon recollected him,) "fine times for you! set a beggar on horseback — you know the proverb. I shall beat Tommy well for finding you out, and exposing me to you."

Instead of entering into any dispute with this bad woman, or praising himself at her expense; instead of putting her in mind of her past ill behaviour to him, or reproaching her with the bad use she had made of her prosperity, he mildly said to her, — "Mrs. Williams, I am sorry for your misfortunes; I am come to relieve you of part of your burden. I will take Tommy off your hands. I will give him a year's board and schooling, and by that time I shall see what he is fit for. I will promise nothing; but if the boy turns out well I will never forsake him. I shall make but one bargain with you, which is, that he must not come to this place to hear all this railing and swearing, nor shall he keep company with these pilfering idle children. You are welcome to go and see him when you please, but here he must not come."

The foolish woman burst out a-crying, saying, "she should lose her poor dear Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might give *her* the money he intended to pay at the school, for nobody could do so well by him as his own mother." The truth was, she wanted to get these new clothes into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram-shop before the week was out. This Mr. Stock well knew. From crying she fell to scolding and swearing. She told him he was an unnatural

wretch, that wanted to make a child despise his own mother because she was poor. She even went so far as to say she would not part from him: she said she hated your godly people; they had no bowels of compassion; but tried to set men, women, and children against their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almost lost his patience, and for one moment a thought came across him, to strip the boy, carry back the clothes, and leave him to his unnatural mother. "Why," said he, "should I work over-hours, and wear out my strength, for this wicked woman?" But he soon checked this thought, by reflecting on the patience and long-suffering of God with rebellious sinners. This cured his anger in a moment, and he mildly reasoned with her on her folly and blindness in opposing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who stood by said, "What a fine thing it was for the boy! but some people were born to be lucky. She wished Mr. Stock would take a fancy to *her* child; he should have him soon enough." Mrs. Williams now began to be frightened lest Mr. Stock should take the woman at her word, and sullenly consented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude; and Tommy was sent to school that very night, his mother crying and roaring, instead of thanking God for such a blessing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very good-natured thing of Will Simpson, one of the workmen. By-the-by it was that very young fellow

who was reformed by Stock's good example when he was an apprentice, and who used to sing psalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketing. Will coming home early one evening, was surprised to find his master at work by himself, long after the usual time. He begged so heartily to know the reason, that Stock owned the truth. Will was so struck with this piece of kindness, that he snatched up a last, crying out, "Well, master, you shall not work by yourself, however; we will go snacks in maintaining Tommy: it shall never be said that Will Simpson was idling about, when his master was working for charity." This made the hour pass cheerfully, and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's blessing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of showing kindness to them, and to their children after them. He now cast about for a proper wife; and as he was thought a prosperous man, and was very well-looking besides, most of the smart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, used to be often parading before the shop, and would even go to church in order to put themselves in his way. But Mr. Stock when he went to church had other things in his head; and if ever he thought about these gay damsels at all, it was with concern in seeing them so improperly tricked out,—so that the very means they took to please him made him dislike them.

There was one Betsy West, a young woman of excellent character and very modest appearance. He had seldom seen her out, as she was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother, who was both lame and blind. This good girl was, indeed, almost literally eyes and feet to her helpless parent; and Mr. Stock used to see her, through the little casement window, lifting her up, and feeding her with a tenderness which greatly raised his esteem for her. He used to tell Will Simpson, as they sat at work, that such a dutiful daughter could hardly fail to make a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her sick mother. The poor woman declined very fast. Betsy was much employed in reading or praying by her while she was awake, and passed good part of the night while she slept in doing some fine works to sell, in order to supply her sick mother with little delicacies which their poor pittance could not afford, while she herself lived on a crust.

Mr. Stock knew that Betsy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as she had only a life-income. On the other hand, Mr. Thompson, the tanner, had offered him two hundred pounds with his daughter Nancy; but he was almost sorry that he had not in this case an opportunity of resisting his natural bias, which rather lay on the side of loving money. "For," said he, "putting principle and putting affection out of the question, I shall do a more *prudent* thing by marrying Betsy West, who will conform to her station, and is a

religious, humble, industrious girl, without a shilling, than by having an idle dressy lass, who will neglect my family, and fill my house with company, though she should have twice the fortune which Nancy Thompson would bring."

At length poor old Mrs. West was released from all her sufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock proposed marriage to Betsy, and was accepted. All the disappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in such a dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had had more taste. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain idle things to find, that staying at home, dressing plainly, serving God, and nursing a blind mother, should do that for Betsy West which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing, could not do for them.

He was not disappointed in his hope of meeting with a good wife in Betsy, as, indeed, those who marry on right grounds seldom are. But if religious persons will, for the sake of money, choose partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy: they might have known that beforehand.

Tommy Williams was now taken home to Stock's house, and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpson or his master gave him for learning a chapter he would save to buy a bit of tea and sugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being so foolish as to deny himself cakes and apples, to give his money

to her who was so bad a woman, he would answer, "It may be so, but she is my mother for all that."

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He resolved, as God should prosper him, that he would try to snatch other helpless creatures from sin and ruin. "For," said he, "it is owing to God's blessing on the instructions of my good minister when I was a child, that I have been saved from the broad way of destruction." He still gave God the glory of every thing he did aright; and when Will Simpson one day said to him, "Master, I wish I were half as good as you are" — "Hold, William," answered he gravely: "I once read in a book, that the devil is willing enough we should appear to do good actions, if he can but make us proud of them."

But we must not forget our other old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow-prentice. So, next month, you may expect a full account of the many tricks and frolics of idle Jack Brown.

PART III.

Some Account of the Frolics of idle Jack Brown.

You shall now hear what befell idle Jack Brown, who, being a farmer's son, had many advantages to begin life with. But he who wants prudence may be said to want every thing, because he turns all his advantages to no account.

Jack Brown was just out of his time when his master Williams died in that terrible drunken fit at the Greyhound. You know already how Stock succeeded to his master's business, and prospered in it. Jack wished very much to enter into partnership with him. His father and mother, too, were desirous of it, and offered to advance a hundred pounds with him. Here is a fresh proof of the power of character! The old farmer, with all his covetousness, was eager to get his son into partnership with Stock, though the latter was not worth a shilling; and even Jack's mother, with all her pride, was eager for it, for they had both sense enough to see it would be the making of Jack. The father knew that Stock would look to the main chance; and the mother, that he would take the labouring oar, and so her darling would have little to do. The ruling passion operated in both: one parent wished to secure to the son a life of pleasure, the other a profitable trade. Both were equally indifferent to whatever related to his eternal good.

Stock, however, young as he was, was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. His wisdom was an overmatch for their cunning. He had a kindness for Brown, but would on no account enter into business with him. "One of these three things," said he, "I am sure will happen if I do: he will either hurt my principles, my character, or my trade; perhaps all." And here, by-the-by, let me drop a hint to other young men who are about to enter into partnership. Let them not do that in haste which they may repent at leisure. Next to

marriage, it is a tie the hardest to break; and next to that it is an engagement which ought to be entered into with the most caution. Many things go to the making such a connection suitable, safe, and pleasant. There is many a rich merchant need not be above taking a hint in this respect from James Stock the shoemaker.

Brown was still unwilling to part from him; indeed he was too idle to look out for business, so he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman, but this he also mildly refused. It hurt his good nature to do so; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world must not only be good natured, he must be prudent also. "I am resolved," said he, "to employ none but the most sober, regular, young men I can get. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and I should be answerable for all the disorders of my own house if I knowingly took a wild drinking young fellow into it. That which might be kindness to one would be injustice to many, and therefore a sin in myself."

Brown's mother was in a great rage when she heard that her son had stooped so low as to make this offer. She valued herself on being proud, for she thought pride was a grand thing. Poor woman! she did not know that it is the meanest thing in the world. It was her ignorance which made her proud, as is apt to be the case. "You mean-spirited rascal!" said she to Jack, "I had rather follow you to your grave, as well as I love you, than see you disgrace your family by working

under Jem Stock, the parish apprentice." She forgot already what pains she had taken about the partnership; but pride and passion have bad memories.

It is hard to say which was now uppermost in her mind, — her desire to be revenged on Stock, or to see her son make a figure. She raised every shilling she could get from her husband, and all she could crib from the dairy, to set up Jack in a showy way. So the very next market day she came herself, and took for him the new white house, with the two little sash windows painted blue, and blue posts before the door. It is that house which has the old cross just before it, as you turn down between the church and the Greyhound. Its being so near the church, to be sure, was no recommendation to Jack, but its being so near the Greyhound was; and so, taking one thing with the other, it was, to be sure, no bad situation. But what weighed most with the mother was, that it was a much more showy shop than Stock's, and the house, though not half so convenient, was far more smart.

In order to draw custom, his foolish mother advised him to undersell his neighbours just at first; to buy ordinary but showy goods, and to employ cheap workmen. In short, she charged him to leave no stone unturned to ruin his old comrade Stock. Indeed, she always thought with double satisfaction of Jack's prosperity, because she always joined to it the hope that his success would be the ruin of Stock; for she owned

it would be the joy of her heart to bring that proud upstart to a morsel of bread. She did not understand, for her part, why such beggars must become tradesmen: it was making a velvet purse of a sow's ear.

Stock, however, set out on quite another set of principles. He did not allow himself to square his own behaviour to others by theirs to him. He seldom asked himself what he should *like* to do: but he had a mighty way of saying, I wonder now what is my *duty* to do? And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it, always begging God's blessing and direction. So instead of setting Brown at defiance; instead of all that vulgar selfishness, of catch he that catch can — and two of a trade can never agree — he resolved to be friendly towards him. Instead of joining in the laugh against Brown for making his house so fine, he was sorry for him; because he feared he would never be able to pay such a rent. He very kindly called upon him, told him there was business enough for them both, and gave him many useful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftener to church and seldomer to the Greyhound; put him in mind how following the one and forsaking the other had been the ruin of their poor master, — and added the following

ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

Buy the best goods; cut the work out yourself; let the eye of the master be every where; employ the soberest men; avoid all the low deceits of trade; never

lower the credit of another to raise your own; make short payments; keep exact accounts; avoid idle company, and be very strict to your word.

For a short time things went on swimmingly. Brown was merry and civil. The shop was well situated for gossip; and every one who had something to say, and nothing to do, was welcome. Every idle story was first spread, and every idle song first sung, in Brown's shop. Every customer who came to be measured was promised that his shoes should be done first. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the same promise was made to all; so that nineteen were disappointed, and of course affronted. He never said *No* to any one. It is, indeed, a word which it requires some honesty to pronounce. By all these false promises he was thought the most obliging fellow that ever made a shoe. And as he set out on the principle of underselling, people took a mighty fancy to the cheap shop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old shop would be soon knocked up.

All is not Gold that glistens.

After a few months, however, folks began to be not quite so fond of the cheap shop: one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was slight. Those who liked substantial goods went all of them to Stock's, for they said Brown's heel-taps did not last a week; his new boots let in water; and they believed he made his

soles of brown paper. Besides, it was thought by most, that his promising all, and keeping his word with none, hurt his business as much as any thing. Indeed, I doubt, putting religion out of the question, if lying ever answers, even in a political view.

Brown had what is commonly called *a good heart*; that is, he had a thoughtless good nature, and a sort of feeling for the moment which made him seem sorry when others were in trouble. But he was not apt to put himself to any inconvenience, nor go a step out of his way, nor give up any pleasure, to serve the best friend he had. He loved *fun*; and those who do should always see that it be harmless, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth. I am not going to say a word against innocent merriment. I like it myself. But what the proverb says of gold, may be said of mirth, — it may be bought too dear. If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may possibly offend God, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modest girl blush, let him then be assured it is not fun but wickedness, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as *good a heart* as he had, did not know what it was to deny himself any thing. He was so *good natured*, indeed, that he never in his life refused to make one of a jolly set; but he was not good natured enough to consider that those men whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing, had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and less to wear, because *they*

were keeping up the character of merry fellows and good hearts at the public-house.

The Mountebank.

One day he saw his father's plough-boy come galloping up to his door in great haste. This boy brought Brown word that his mother was dangerously ill, and that his father had sent his own best bay mare Smiler, that his son might lose no time, but set out directly to see his mother before she died. Jack burst into tears, lamented the danger of so fond a mother, and all the people in the shop extolled his *good heart.*

He sent back the boy directly, with a message that he would follow him in half an hour, as soon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haste he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly set off, and rode with such speed to the next town, that both himself and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They stopped at the Star: unluckily it was fair-day; and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand setting forth, that on a stage opposite the Globe a mountebank was showing away, and his Andrew performing the finest tricks that ever were seen. He read — he stood still — he went on — "It will not hinder me," says he: "Smiler must rest; and I shall see my poor dear mother quite as soon if I just take a peep, as if I sit moping at the Star."

The tricks were so merry that the time seemed

short; and when they were over, he could not forbear going into the Globe, and treating these choice spirits with a bowl of punch. Just as they were taking the last glass, Jack happened to say that he was the best fives player in the country. "That is lucky," said the Andrew; "for there is a famous match now playing in the court, and you may never again have such an opportunity to show your skill." Brown declared he could not stay, for that he had left his horse at the Star, and must set off on urgent business. They now all pretended to call his skill in question. This roused his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no squares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only have to push her on a little more; so to it he went.

He won the first game. This spurred him on; and he played till it was so dark they could not see a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and bets now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won but of all he had in his pocket, so that he was obliged to ask leave to go to the house where his horse was, to borrow enough to discharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All these losses brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the stable. The landlord expressed much surprise at seeing him, and the ostler declared there was no Smiler there; that he had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry An-

drew, who said he came by order of the owner, Mr. Brown, to fetch him to the Globe, and to pay for his feed. It was indeed one of the neatest tricks the Andrew ever performed; for he made such a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night: no one could tell what road the Andrew took; and it was another hour or two before an advertisement could be drawn up for apprehending the horse-stealer. Jack had some doubts whether he should go on or return back. He knew that though his father might fear his wife most, yet he loved Smiler best. At length he took that courage from a glass of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he resolved to pursue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and silver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but skin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He asked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? "She is dead," said the boy: "she died yesterday afternoon." Here Jack's heart smote him; and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own conscience; for he found by computing the hours, that had he come straight on, he should have been in time to receive his mother's blessing.

The farmer now called from within, "I hear Smiler's step. Is Jack come?"—"Yes, father," said Jack, in a low voice. "Then," cried the far-

mer, "run every man and boy of you, and take care of the mare. Tom, do thou go and rub her down; Jem, run and get her a good feed of corn. Be sure walk her about that she may not catch cold." Young Brown came in. "Are you not an undutiful dog?" said the father: "you might have been here twelve hours ago. Your mother could not die in peace without seeing you. She said it was a cruel return for all her fondness that you could not make a little haste to see her; but it was always so, for she had wronged her other children to help you, and this was her reward." Brown sobbed out a few words, but his father replied, "Never cry, Jack, for the boy told me that it was out of regard for Smiler that you were not here as soon as he was; and if 'twas your over care of her, why there's no great harm done. You could not have saved your poor mother, and you might have hurt the mare." Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and also that his own unkindness to her had been forgiven by him out of love to the horse; but to break to him how he had lost that horse through his own folly and want of feeling was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man, however, soon got at the truth, and no words can describe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above stairs, he abused his son in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetousness had just before found an excuse for a favourite son neglecting to visit a dying parent, yet he now vented his

rage against Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a shilling, and bade him never see his face again.

Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral, which was a real grief to him; nor would his father advance even the little money which was needful to redeem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to assist him, and he set out on his return home on his borrowed hack, full of grief. He had the added mortification of knowing, that he had also lost by his folly a little hoard of money which his mother had saved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he found that the story of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He soon recovered his spirits as far as related to the horse, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the last day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not, however, go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolic the less for what had passed at the Glebe; his *good heart* continually betraying him into acts of levity and vanity.

Jack began at length to feel the reverse of that proverb, *Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.* He had neglected his customers, and they forsook him. Quarter-day came round; there was much to pay, and little to receive. He owed two years' rent. He was in arrears to his men for wages. He had a long account with his currier. It was in vain to apply to his father. He had now

no mother. Stock was the only true friend he had in the world, and had helped him out of many petty scrapes, but he knew Stock would advance no money in so hopeless a case. Duns came fast about him. He named a speedy day for payment; but as soon as they were out of the house, and the danger put off to a little distance, he forgot every promise, was as merry as ever, and run the same round of thoughtless gaiety. Whenever he was in trouble Stock did not shun him, because that was the moment to throw in a little good advice. He one day asked him if he always intended to go on in this course? "No," said he, "I am resolved by-and-by to reform, grow sober, and go to church. Why I am but five-and-twenty, man; I am stout and healthy, and likely to live long; I can repent, and grow melancholy and good at any time."

"Oh, Jack!" said Stock, "don't cheat thyself with that false hope. What thou dost intend to do, do quickly. Didst thou never read about the heart growing hardened by long indulgence in sin? Some folk, who pretend to mean well, show that they mean nothing at all, by never beginning to put their good resolutions into practice; which made a wise man once say, that hell is paved with good intentions. We cannot repent when we please. *It is the goodness of God which leadeth us to repentance.*"

"I am sure," replied Jack, "I am no one's enemy but my own."

"It is as foolish," said Stock, "to say a bad

man is no one's enemy but his own, as that a good man is no one's friend but his own. There is no such neutral character. A bad man corrupts or offends all within reach of his example, just as a good man benefits or instructs all within the sphere of his influence. And there is no time when we can say that this transmitted good and evil will end. A wicked man may be punished for sins he never committed himself, if he has been the cause of sin in others, as surely as a saint will be rewarded for more good deeds than he himself has done, even for the virtuous and good actions of all those who are made better by his instruction, his example, or his writings."

Michaelmas-day was at hand. The landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would seize for rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a considerable sum due to him for leather. Brown at last began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refused. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a gaol, and really seemed so very contrite, and made so many vows and promises of amendment, that at length Stock was prevailed on, together with two or three of Brown's other friends, to advance each a small sum of money to quiet the landlord, Brown promising to make over to them every part of his stock, and to be guided in future by their advice; declaring that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his direction in every thing.

Stock's good nature was at last wrought upon,

and he raised the money. The truth is, he did not know the worst, nor how deeply Brown was involved. Brown joyfully set out on the very quarter-day to a town at some distance to carry his landlord this money, raised by the imprudent kindness of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old story of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promised of his own head that he would not even call at a public-house till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly passed by several. He stopped a little under the window of one where the sounds of merriment and loud laughter caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well nigh failed him, but the dread of a gaol on the one hand, and, what he feared almost as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, spurred him on; and he valued himself not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid who opened it said her master was not at home. "I am sorry for it," said he, strutting about; and with a boasting air he took out his money. "I want to pay him my rent: he needed not to have been afraid of *me*." The servant, who knew her master was very much afraid of him, desired him to walk in, for her master would be at home in half an hour. "I will call

again," said he; "but no; let him call on me, and the sooner the better: I shall be at the Blue Posts." While he had been talking he took care to open his black-leather case, and to display the bank bills to the servant; and then, in a swaggering way, he put up his money, and marched off to the Blue Posts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own resolution; and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind that it was the landlord's own fault and not his that it was not paid, he went to refresh himself at the Blue Posts. In a barn belonging to this public-house a set of strollers were just going to perform some of that sing-song ribaldry by which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money drawn from the poor for pleasure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the last new song which made part of the entertainment made him think himself in high luck, that he should have just that half hour to spare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor, who sung his favourite song, to remain a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which served for a curtain. He sung so much better than the actors themselves, that they praised and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was so intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no less than invite them all to supper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not, however, quite forget his appoint-

ment with his landlord; but the half hour was long since past by. "And so," says he, "as I know he is a mean curmudgeon, who goes to bed, I suppose, by day-light to save candle, it will be too late to speak with him to-night; besides, let him call upon me; it is his business, and not mine. I left word where I was to be found: the money is ready; and if I don't pay him to-night, I can do it before breakfast."

By the time these firm resolutions were made, supper was ready. There never was a more jolly evening. Ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors saw what a vain fellow was feasting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the business was soon settled. They ate, and Brown sung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every fresh glass produced a song, or a story still more merry than the former. Before morning the players, who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off, stole away quietly. Brown having dropt asleep, they left him to finish his nap by himself. As to him his dreams were gay and pleasant, and the house being quite still, he slept comfortably till morning.

As soon as he had breakfasted, the business of the night before popped into his head. He set off once more to his landlord's in high spirits, gaily singing by the way scraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himself, and reproached him with no small surliness for not having

kept his word with him the evening before, adding, that he supposed he was come now with some more of his shallow excuses. Brown put on all that haughtiness which is common to people who, being generally apt to be in the wrong, happen to catch themselves doing a right action: he looked big, as some sort of people do when they have money to pay. "You need not have been so anxious about your money," said he; "I was not going to break or run away." The landlord well knew this was the common language of those who are ready to do both. Brown haughtily added, "You shall see I am a man of my word: give me a receipt." The landlord had it ready, and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather case in which the bills were: he felt, he searched, he examined, first one pocket, then the other; then both waistcoat pockets, but no leather case could he find. He looked terrified. It was indeed the face of real terror; but the landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abused him heartily for putting his old tricks upon him: he swore he would not be imposed upon any longer; — the money or a gaol — there lay his choice.

Brown protested, for once, with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; declared that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen asleep on the settle in the room where they had supped. This raised his spirits; for he had no doubt but the case had fallen out of

his pocket. He said he would step to the public house and search for it, and would be back directly Not one word of all this did the landlord believe so inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He swore Brown should not stir out of his house without a constable, and made him wait while he sent for one. Brown, guarded by the constable, went back to the Blue Posts, the landlord charging the officer not to lose sight of the culprit. The caution was needless: Brown had not the least design of running away, so firmly persuaded was he that he should find his leather case.

But who can paint his dismay, when no tale or tidings of the leather-case could be had! The master, the mistress, the boy, and the maid of the public-house, all protested they were innocent. His suspicions soon fell on the strollers with whom he had passed the night; and he now found out, for the first time, that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were sent in pursuit of the strollers. No one, however, believed he had really lost any thing; and, as he had not a shilling left to defray the expensive treat he had given, the master of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this story was a trick to defraud them both, and Brown remained in close custody. At length the officers returned, who said they had been obliged to let the strollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to swear before a justice that they had seen nothing of the leather-case. It was at length agreed, that,

enquire for the Fourth Part of the Shoemakers, or Jack Brown in Prison.

PART IV.

Jack Brown in Prison.

BROWN was no sooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his first surprise, than he sat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole history of the transaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightness and dissipation of his mind, did not so utterly disbelieve the story as all the other creditors did. To speak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good sense enough to know, that a man may be completely ruined, both in what relates to his property and his soul, without committing Old Bailey crimes. He well knew that idleness, vanity, and the love of *pleasure*, as it is falsely called, will bring a man to a morsel of bread, as surely as those things which are reckoned much greater sins; and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not, perhaps, quite so fast.

Stock was too angry with what had happened to answer Brown's letter, or to seem to take the least notice of him. However, he kindly and secretly undertook a journey to the hard-hearted old farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to see if he would do any thing for his son. Stock

did not pretend to excuse Jack, or even to lessen his offences; for it was a rule of his, never to disguise truth or to palliate wickedness. Sin was still sin in his eyes, though it were committed by his best friend; but though he would not soften the sin, he felt tenderly for the sinner. He pleaded with the old farmer, on the ground that his son's idleness and other vices would gather fresh strength in a gaol. He told him, that the loose and worthless company which he would there keep would harden him in vice; and if he was now wicked, he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain: the farmer was not to be moved. Indeed, he argued with some justice, that he ought not to make his industrious children beggars to save one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of his reasoning, though he saw the father was less influenced by this principle of justice than by resentment on account of the old story of Smiler. People, indeed, should take care that what appears in their conduct to proceed from justice, does not really proceed from revenge. Wiser men than farmer Brown often deceive themselves, and fancy they act on better principles than they really do, for want of looking a little more closely into their own hearts, and putting down every action to its true motive. When we are praying against deceit we should not forget to take self-deceit into the account.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the question, but to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to

lay before him the sins of his past life, and to advise him to convert the present punishment into a benefit, by humbling himself before God. He offered his interest to get his place of confinement exchanged for one of those improved prisons where solitude and labour have been made the happy instruments of bringing many to a better way of thinking; and ended by saying, that, if he ever gave any solid signs of real amendment, he would still be his friend in spite of all that was past.

If Mr. Stock had sent him a good sum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed; but to send him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but a cheap, shabby way of showing his kindness. Unluckily, the letter came just as he was going to sit down to one of those direful merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the doleful walls of a gaol on the entrance of a new prisoner, who is often expected to give a feast to the rest.

When his companions were heated with gin; — "Now," said Jack, "I'll treat you with a sermon, and a very pretty preachment it is." So saying, he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter, and was delighted at the bursts of laughter it produced. "What a canting dog!" said one. "Repentance, indeed!" cried Tom Crew. "No, no, Jack; tell, this hypocritical rogue, that, if we have lost our liberty, it is only for having been jolly, hearty fellows; and we have more spirit than to repent of

that, I hope: all the harm we have done is living a little too fast, like honest bucks as we are." — "Ay, ay," said Jolly George, "had we been such sneaking miserly fellows as Stock we need not have come hither. But if the ill nature of the laws has been so cruel as to clap up such fine hearty blades, we are no *felons* however. We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; and I see no cause to repent of any sin that's not hanging matter. As to those who are thrust into the condemned hole, indeed, and have but a few hours to live, they *must* see the parson, and hear a sermon, and such stuff. But I do not know what such stout young fellows as we are have to do with repentance. And so, Jack, let us have that rare new catch which you learnt of the strollers that merry night when you lost your pocket-book."

This thoughtless youth soon gave a fresh proof of the power of evil company, and of the quick progress of the heart of a sinner from bad to worse. Brown, who always wanted principle, soon grew to want feeling also. He joined in the laugh which was raised against Stock, and told many *good stories*, as they were were called, in derision of the piety, sobriety, and self-denial of his old friend. He lost every day somewhat of those small remains of shame and decency which he had brought with him to the prison, He even grew reconciled to this wretched way of life, and the want of money seemed to him the heaviest evil in the life of a gaol.

Mr. Stock, finding from the gaoler that his

letter had been treated with ridicule, would not write to him any more. He did not come to see him nor send him any assistance, thinking it right to let him suffer that want which his vices had brought upon him. But, as he still hoped that the time would come when he might be brought to a sense of his own evil courses, he continued to have an eye upon him by means of the gaoler, who was an honest, kind-hearted man.

Brown spent one part of his time in thoughtless riot and the other in gloomy sadness. Company kept up his spirits: with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a most forlorn wretch. Then it is that even a merry fellow says, *Of laughter, what is it? and of mirth, it is madness.*

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as possible, his gaiety was commonly uppermost, till that loathsome distemper, called the gaol fever, broke out in the prison. Tom Crew, the ringleader in all their evil practices, was first seized with it. Jack staid a little while with his comrade to assist and divert him, but of assistance he could give little, and the very thought of diversion was now turned into horror. He soon caught the distemper, and that in so dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. Of those who remained in health not a soul came near him, though he had shared his last farthing with them. He had just sense enough left to feel

this cruelty. Poor fellow! he did not know before, that the friendship of the worldly is at an end when there is no more drink or diversion to be had. He lay in the most deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful disease, and his soul terrified and amazed at the approach of death: that death which he thought at so great a distance, and of which his comrades had so often assured him, that a young fellow of five-and-twenty was in no danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a shilling! without a friend! without one comfort respecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope respecting the next.

Let not the young reader fancy that Brown's misery arose entirely from his altered circumstances. It was not merely his being in want, and sick, and in a prison, which made his condition so desperate. Many an honest man unjustly accused, many a persecuted saint, many a holy martyr, has enjoyed sometimes more peace and content in a prison than wicked men have ever tasted in the height of their prosperity. But to any such comforts, to any comfort at all, poor Jack was an utter stranger.

A Christian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forsake the wretched. The other prisoners would not come near Brown, though he had often entertained and had never offended them; even his own father was not moved with his sad condition. When Mr. Stock informed him of it, he answered, "'Tis

no more than he deserves. As he brews so he must bake. He has made his own bed, and let him lie in it." — The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end some proverb of hardness, or frugality, which he contrived to turn in such a way as to excuse himself.

We shall now see how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favourite sayings too, but they were chiefly on the side of kindness, mercy, or some other virtue. "I must not," said he, "pretend to call myself a Christian, if I do not requite evil with good." When he received the gaoler's letter with the account of Brown's sad condition, Will Simpson and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wisdom and prudence, by which he had escaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely said, "Blessed be God that I am not in the same misery. It is *He* who has made us to differ. But for *His* grace I might have been in no better condition. Now Brown is brought low by the hand of God, it is my time to go to him." — "What, you!" said Will, "whom he cheated of your money?" — "This is not a time to remember injuries," said Mr. Stock. "How can I ask forgiveness for my own sins, if I withhold forgiveness from him?" So saying, he ordered his horse, and set off to see poor Brown; thus proving that his was a religion not of words but of deeds.

Stock's heart nearly failed him as he passed through the prison. The groans of the sick and dying, and, what to such a heart as his was still

more moving, the brutal merriment of the healthy in such a place, pierced his very soul. Many a silent prayer did he put up as he passed along, that God would yet be pleased to touch their hearts, and that now, during this infectious sickness, might be the accepted time. The gaoler observed him drop a tear, and asked the cause. "I cannot forget," said he, "that the most dissolute of these men is still my fellow-creature. The same God made them; the same Saviour died for them; how then can I hate the worst of them? With my advantages they might have been much better than I am; without the blessing of God on my good minister's instructions, I might have been worse than the worst of these. I have no cause for pride, much for thankfulness: *let us not be high-minded, but fear.*"

It would have moved a heart of stone to have seen poor miserable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face so changed by pain, poverty, dirt, and sorrow, that he could hardly be known for that merry soul of a jack-boot, as he used to be proud to hear himself called. His groans were so piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ache. He kindly took him by the hand, though he knew the distemper was catching. — "How dost do, Jack?" said he: "dost know me?" Brown shook his head, and said faintly, "Know you! ay, that I do. I am sure I have but one friend in the world who would come to see me in this woeful condition. Oh, James! what have I brought myself to? What will become of my poor soul? I

dare not look back, for that is all sin, nor forward, for that is all misery and woe."

Mr. Stock spoke kindly to him, but did not attempt to cheer him with false comfort, as is too often done. "I am ashamed to see you in this dirty place," says Brown. "As to the place, Jack," replied the other, "if it has helped to bring you to a sense of your past offences, it will be no bad place for you. I am heartily sorry for your distress and your sickness; but if it should please God by them to open your eyes, and to show you that sin is a greater evil than the prison to which it has brought you, all may yet be well. I had rather see you in this humble penitent state, lying on this dirty bed, in this dismal prison, than roaring and rioting at the Greyhound, the king of the company, with handsome clothes on your back, and plenty of money in your pocket."

Brown wept bitterly and squeezed his hand, but was too weak to say much. Mr. Stock then desired the gaoler to let him have such things as were needful, and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands some broth which the gaoler had got ready for him, and some medicines which the doctor had sent. All this kindness cut Brown to the heart. He was just able to sob out, "My unnatural father leaves me to perish, and my injured friend is more than a father to me." Stock told him that one proof he must give of his repentance was, that he must forgive his father, whose provocation had been very great. He then said he would leave him for the present to take some

rest, and desired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. "Dear James," replied Brown, "do you pray for me. God perhaps may hear you, but he will never hear the prayer of such a sinner as I have been." — "Take care how you think so," said Stock. "To believe that God cannot forgive you would be still a greater sin than any you have yet committed against him." He then explained to him in a few words, as well as he was able, the nature of repentance and forgiveness through a Saviour, and warned him earnestly against unbelief and hardness of heart.

Poor Jack grew much refreshed in body with the comfortable things he had taken; and a little cheered with Stock's kindness in coming so far to see and to forgive such a forlorn outcast, sick of an infectious distemper, and locked within the walls of a prison. Surely, said he to himself, there must be some mighty power in a religion which can lead men to do such things! things so much against the grain as to forgive such an injury, and to risk catching such a distemper; but he was so weak he could not express this in words. He tried to pray, but he could not; at length, overpowered with weariness, he fell asleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was surprised to find him so much better in body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got strength to express part of the horrors which he felt. "James," said he (looking wildly), "it is all over with me. I am a lost creature. Even your prayers cannot save me." — "Dear Jack,"

replied Mr. Stock, "I am no minister; it does not become me to talk much to thee: but I know I may venture to say whatever is in the Bible. As ignorant as I am I shall be safe enough while I stick to that." — "Ay," said the sick man, "you used to be ready enough to read to me, and I would not listen, or if I did it was only to make fun of what I heard, and now you will not so much as read a bit of a chapter to me."

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little Bible out of his pocket which he always carried with him on a journey, and read slowly, verse by verse, the 55th chapter of Isaiah. When he came to the sixth and seventh verses, poor Jack cried so much that Stock was forced to stop. The words were, *Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord.* Here Brown stopped him, saying, "Oh! it is too late, too late for me." — "Let me finish the verse," said Stock, "and you will see your error; you will see that it is never too late." So he read on — *Let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon.* Here Brown started up, snatched the book out of his hand, and cried out, "Is that really there? No, no; that's of your own putting in, in order to comfort me; let me look at the words myself." — "No, indeed," said Stock, "I would not for the world give you unfounded comfort, or put off any notion of my own for a Scripture doctrine." — "But is it possible," cried the

sick man, "that God may really pardon me? Dost think he can? dost think he will?" — "I am sure of it," said Stock: "I dare not give thee false hopes, or, indeed, any hopes of my own. But these are God's own words; and the only difficulty is to know when we are really brought into such a state as that the words may be applied to us. For a text may be full of comfort, and yet may not belong to us."

Mr. Stock was afraid of saying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more discourse just now. So he made him a present of the Bible, folding down such places as he thought might be best suited to his state, and took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the gaoler, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the prison, and promised to return in a short time.

When he got home, he described the sufferings and misery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, instead of being properly affected at it, only said, "Indeed, master, I am not very sorry; he is rightly served." — "How, Tommy," said Mr. Stock (rather sternly); "not sorry to see a fellow-creature brought to the lowest state of misery; one, too, whom you have known so prosperous?" — "No, master, I can't say I am; for Mr. Brown used to make fun of you, and laugh at you for being so godly, and reading your Bible."

"Let me say a few words to you, Tommy," said Mr. Stock. "In the first place, you should

never watch for the time of a man's being brought low by trouble to tell of his faults. Next, you should never rejoice at his trouble, but pity him, and pray for him. Lastly, as to his ridiculing me for my religion, if I cannot stand an idle jest, I am not worthy the name of a Christian. — *He that is ashamed of me and my word,* — dost remember what follows, Tommy?" — "Yes, master, 'twas last Sunday's text, — *of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall judge the world.*"

Mr. Stock soon went back to the prison. But he did not go alone. He took with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy minister who had been the guide and instructor of his youth, who was so kind as to go at his request and visit this forlorn prisoner. When they got to Brown's door, they found him sitting up in his bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful sight to Mr. Stock, who secretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud: they listened: it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumstances of this beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son were so much like his own, that the story pierced him to the soul; and he stopped every minute to compare his own case with that of the Prodigal. He was just got to the eighteenth verse, *I will arise and go to my father,* — at that moment he spied his two friends: joy darted into his eyes. "O, dear Jem!" said he, "it is *not* too late; I will arise and go to my Father, my heavenly Father, and you, sir, will show me the way, won't you?" said he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. "I am very glad to see you in so hopeful

a disposition," said the good minister. "Oh, sir," said Brown, "what a place is this to receive you in! Oh, see to what I have brought myself!"

"Your condition, as to this world, is, indeed, very low," replied the good divine. "But what are mines, dungeons, or galleys, to that eternal hopeless prison to which your unrepented sins must soon have consigned you. Even in this gloomy prison, on this bed of straw, worn down by pain, poverty, and want, forsaken by your worldly friends, an object of scorn to those with whom you used to carouse and riot; yet here, I say, brought thus low, if you have at last found out your own vileness, and your utterly undone state by sin, you may still be more an object of favour in the sight of God than when you thought yourself prosperous and happy; when the world smiled upon you, and you passed your days and nights in envied gaiety and unchristian riot. If you will but improve the present awful visitation; if you do but heartily renounce and abhor your present evil courses; if you even now turn to the Lord your Saviour with lively faith, deep repentance, and unfeigned obedience, I shall still have more hope of you than of many who are going on quite happy, because quite insensible. The heavy-laden sinner, who has discovered the iniquity of his own heart, and his utter inability to help himself, may be restored to God's favour, and become happy, though in a dungeon. And be assured, that he who from deep and humble contrition dares not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, when with a hearty faith

he sighs out, *Lord be merciful to me a sinner*, shall in no wise be cast out. These are the words of him who cannot lie."

It is impossible to describe the self-abasement, the grief, the joy, the shame, the hope, and the fear which filled the mind of this poor man. A dawn of comfort at length shone on his benighted mind. His humility and fear of falling back into his former sins, if he should ever recover, Mr. Thomas thought were strong symptoms of a sound repentance. He improved and cherished every good disposition he saw arising in his heart, and particularly warned him against self-deceit, self-confidence, and hypocrisy.

After Brown had deeply expressed his sorrow for his offences, Mr. Thomas thus addressed him: — "There are two ways of being sorry for sin. Are you, Mr. Brown, afraid of the guilt of sin because of the punishment annexed to it, or are you afraid of sin itself? Do you wish to be delivered from the power of sin? Do you hate sin because you know it is offensive to a pure and holy God? Or are you only ashamed of it because it has brought you to a prison, and exposed you to the contempt of the world? It is not said that the wages of this or that particular sin is death, but of sin in general: there is no exception made because it is a more creditable or a favourite sin, or because it is a little one. There are, I repeat, two ways of being sorry for sin. Cain was sorry — *My punishment is greater than I can bear*, said he; but here, you see, the punishment seemed to be the cause of concern, not the sin. David seems to have had a

true notion of godly sorrow, when he says, *Wash me from mine iniquity, cleanse me from my sin.* And when Job *repented in dust and ashes*, it is not said he excused himself, but *he abhorred himself.* And the prophet Isaiah called himself *undone*, because he was *a man of unclean lips;* for, said he, *I have seen the King, the Lord of hosts*; that is, he could not take the proper measure of his own iniquity till he had considered the perfect holiness of God."

One day, when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Stock came to see him, they found him more than commonly affected. His face was more ghastly pale than usual, and his eyes were red with crying. "Oh, sir," said he, "what a sight have I just seen! Jolly George, as we used to call him, the ringleader of all our mirth, who was at the bottom of all the fun, and tricks, and wickedness, that are caried on within these walls,—Jolly George is just dead of the gaol distemper! He taken, and I left! I *would* be carried into his room to speak to him, to beg him to take warning by me, and that I might take warning by him. But what did I see! what did I hear! not one sign of repentance; not one dawn of hope. Agony of body, blasphemies on his tongue, despair in his soul; while I am spared and comforted with hopes of mercy and acceptance. Oh, if all my old friends at the Greyhound could but then have seen Jolly George! A hundred sermons about death, sir, don't speak so home, and cut so deep, as the sight of one dying sinner."

Brown grew gradually better in his health, that

is, the fever mended, but the distemper settled in his limbs, so that he seemed likely to be a poor, weakly cripple the rest of his life. But as he spent much of his time in prayer, and in reading such parts of the Bible as Mr. Thomas directed, he improved every day in knowledge and piety, and of course grew more resigned to pain and infirmity.

Some months after this, his hard-hearted father, who had never been prevailed upon to see him, or offer him the least relief, was taken off suddenly by a fit of apoplexy; and after all his threatenings he died without a will. He was one of those silly, superstitious men, who fancy they shall die the sooner for having made one; and who love the world, and the things that are in the world, so dearly, that they dread to set about any business which may put them in mind that they are not always to live in it. As, by this neglect, his father had not fulfilled his threat of cutting him off with a shilling, Jack, of course, went shares with his brothers in what their father left. What fell to him proved to be just enough to discharge him from prison, and to pay all his debts, but he had nothing left. His joy at being thus enabled to make restitution was so great, that he thought little of his own wants. He did not desire to conceal the most trifling debt, nor to keep a shilling for himself.

Mr. Stock undertook to settle all his affairs. There did not remain money enough, after every creditor was satisfied, even to pay for his removal home. Mr. Stock kindly sent his own cart for him with a bed in it, made as comfortable as possible,

for he was too weak and lame to be removed any other way, and Mrs. Stock gave the driver a particular charge to be tender and careful of him, and not to drive hard, nor to leave the cart a moment.

Mr. Stock would fain have taken him into his own house, at least for a time, so convinced was he of his sincere reformation both of heart and life; but Brown would not be prevailed on to be further burdensome to this generous friend. He insisted on being carried to the parish workhouse, which, he said, was a far better place than he deserved. In this house Mr. Stock furnished a small room for him, and sent him every day a morsel of meat from his own dinner. Tommy Williams begged that he might always be allowed to carry it, as some atonement for his having for a moment so far forgotten his duty, as rather to rejoice than sympathise in Brown's misfortunes. He never thought of this fault without sorrow, and often thanked his master for the wholesome lesson he then gave him, and he was the better for it all his life.

Mrs. Stock often carried poor Brown a dish of tea, or a basin of good broth, herself. He was quite a cripple, and never able to walk out as long as he lived. Mr. Stock, Will Simpson, and Tommy Williams laid their heads together, and contrived a sort of barrow on which he was often carried to church by some of his poor neighbours, of which Tommy was always one; and he requited their kindness by reading a good book to them whenever they would call in; and he spent his time in

teaching their children to sing psalms or say the catechism.

It was no small joy to him thus to be enabled to go to church. Whenever he was carried by the Greyhound, he was much moved, and used to put up a prayer full of repentance for the past, and praise for the present.

PART V.

A Dialogue between James Stock and Will Simpson, the Shoemakers, as they sat at Work, on the Duty of carrying Religion into our common Business.

James Stock, and his journeyman, Will Simpson, as I informed my readers in the Second Part, had resolved to work together one hour every evening, in order to pay for Tommy Williams's schooling. This circumstance brought them to be a good deal together when the rest of the men were gone home. Now it happened that Mr. Stock had a pleasant way of endeavouring to turn all common events to some use; and he thought it right, on the present occasion, to make the only return in his power to Will Simpson for his great kindness. For, said he, if Will gives up so much of his time to help me to provide for this poor boy, it is the least I can do to try to turn part of that time to the purpose of promoting Will's spiritual good. Now as the bent of Stock's own mind was religious, it was easy to him to lead their talk to something profit-

able. He always took especial care, however, that the subject should be introduced properly, cheerfully, and without constraint. As he well knew that great good may be sometimes done by a prudent attention in seizing proper opportunities, so he knew that the cause of piety had been sometimes hurt by forcing serious subjects where there was clearly no disposition to receive them. I say he had found out that two things were necessary to the promoting of religion among his friends; a warm zeal to be always on the watch for occasions, and a cool judgment to distinguish which was the right time and place to make use of them. To know *how* to do good is a great matter, but to know *when* to do it is no small one.

Simpson was an honest good natured young man: he was now become sober, and rather religiously disposed. But he was ignorant; he did not know much of the grounds of religion, or of the corruption of his own nature; he was regular at church, but was first drawn thither rather by his skill in psalm-singing than by any great devotion. He had left off going to the Greyhound, and often read the Bible, or some other good book, on the Sunday evening. This he thought was quite enough: he thought the Bible was the prettiest history book in the world, and that religion was a very good thing for Sundays. But he did not much understand what business people had with it on working days. He had left off drinking because it had brought Williams to the grave, and his wife to dirt and rags; but not

because he himself had seen the evil of sin. He now considered swearing and Sabbath-breaking as scandalous and indecent, but he had not found out that both were to be left off because they are highly offensive to God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. As Simpson was less self-conceited than most ignorant people are, Stock had always a good hope that when he should come to be better acquainted with the word of God, and with the evil of his own heart, he would become one day a good Christian. The great hinderance to this was, that he fancied himself so already.

One evening Simpson had been calling to Stock's mind how disorderly the house and shop, where they were now sitting quietly at work, had formerly been, and he went on thus:—

Will. How comfortably we live now, master, to what we used to do in Williams's time! I used then never to be happy but when we were keeping it up all night, but now I am as merry as the day is long. I find I am twice as happy since I am grown good and sober.

Stock. I am glad you are happy, Will, and I rejoice that you are sober; but I would not have you take too much pride in your own *goodness* for fear it should become a sin, almost as great as some of those you have left off. Besides, I would not have you make quite so sure that you *are* good.

Will. Not good, master! why don't you find me regular and orderly at work?

Stock. Very much so, and accordingly I have a great respect for you.

Will. I pay every one his own, seldom miss church, have not been drunk since Williams died, have handsome clothes for Sundays, and save a trifle every week.

Stock. Very true, and very laudable it is; and to all this you may add that you very generously work an hour for poor Tommy's education, every evening, without fee or reward.

Will. Well, master, what can a man do more? If all this is not being good, I don't know what is.

Stock. All these things are very right as far as they go, and you could not well be a Christian without doing them. But I shall make you stare, perhaps, when I tell you, you may do all these things, and many more, and yet be no Christian.

Will. No Christian! surely, master, I do hope that after all I have done, you will not be so unkind as to say I am no Christian.

Stock. God forbid that I should say so, Will. I hope better things of you. But come, now, what do you think it is to be a Christian?

Will. What! why to be christened when one is a child, to learn the catechism when one can read, to be confirmed when one is a youth, and to go to church when one is a man.

Stock. These are all very proper things, and quite necessary. They make part of a Christian's life. But for all that, a man may be exact in them all, and yet not be a Christian.

Will. Not be a Christian! ha! ha! ha! you are very comical, master.

Stock. No, indeed, I am very serious, Will. At

this rate it would be a very easy thing to be a Christian, and every man who went through certain forms would be a good man; and one man who observed these forms would be as good as another. Whereas, if we come to examine ourselves by the word of God, I am afraid there are but few comparatively whom our Saviour would allow to be real Christians. What is your notion of a Christian's practice?

Will. Why, he must not rob, nor murder, nor get drunk. He must avoid scandalous things, and do as other decent orderly people do.

Stock. It is easy enough to be what the world calls a Christian, but not to be what the Bible calls so.

Will. Why, master, we working men are not expected to be saints, and martyrs, and apostles, and ministers.

Stock. We are not. And yet, Will, there are not two sorts of Christianity: we are called to practise the same religion which they practised, and something of the same spirit is expected in us which we reverence in them. It was not saints and martyrs only to whom our Saviour said that they must *crucify the world with its affections and lusts.* We are called to *be holy* in our measure and degree, *as he who hath called us is holy.* It was not only saints and martyrs who were told that they must be *like minded with Christ;* that *they must do all to the glory of God;* that *they must renounce the spirit of the world, and deny themselves.* It was not to apostles only that Christ said, *They must have*

their conversation in heaven. It was not to a few holy men set apart for the altar, that he said, *They must set their affections on things above;* — that they *must not be conformed to the world.* No, it was to fishermen, to publicans, to farmers, to day-labourers, to poor tradesmen, that he spoke when he told them, they must *love not the world, nor the things of the world;* — *that they must renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, grow in grace, lay up for themselves treasures in heaven.*

Will. All this might be very proper for *them* to be taught, because they had not been bred up Christians, but Heathens or Jews; and Christ wanted to make them his followers, that is, Christians. But, thank God, we do not want to be taught all this, for we *are* Christians, born in a Christian country, of Christian parents.

Stock. I suppose, then, you fancy that Christianity comes to people in a Christian country by nature?

Will. I think it comes by a good education or a good example. When a fellow who has got any sense sees a man cut off in his prime by drinking, like Williams, I think he will begin to leave it off. When he sees another man respected, like you, master, for honesty and sobriety, and going to church, why he will grow honest, and sober, and go to church; that is, he will see it his advantage to be a Christian.

Stock. Will, what you say is the truth; but 'tis not the whole truth. You are right as far as you go; but you do not go far enough. The worldly

advantages of piety are, as you suppose, in general great. Credit, prosperity, and health, almost naturally attend on a religious life; both because a religious life supposes a sober and industrious life; and because a man who lives in a course of duty puts himself in the way of God's blessing. But a true Christian has a still higher aim in view, and will follow religion even under circumstances when it may hurt his credit and ruin his prosperity, if it should ever happen to be the will of God that he should be brought into such a trying state.

Will. Well, master, to speak the truth, if I go to church on Sundays, and follow my work in the week, I must say I think that is being good.

Stock. I agree with you, that he who does both gives the best outward signs that he is good, as you call it. But our going to church, and even reading the Bible, are no proofs that we are as good as we need be, but rather that we do both these in order to make us better than we are. We do both on Sundays, as means, by God's blessing, to make us better all the week. We are to bring the fruits of that chapter or of that sermon into our daily life, and try to get our inmost heart and secret thoughts, as well as our daily conduct, amended by them.

Will. Why sure, master, you won't be so unreasonable as to want a body to be religious always? I can't do that neither. I'm not such a hypocrite as to pretend to it.

Stock. Yes, you can be so in every action of your life!

Will. What, master, always to be thinking about religion ?

Stock. No, far from it, Will; much less to be always talking about it. But you must be always acting under its power and spirit.

Will. But surely 'tis pretty well if I do this when I go to church, or while I am saying my prayers. Even you, master, as strict as you are, would not have me always on my knees, nor always at church, I suppose; for then how would your work be carried on, and how would our town be supplied with shoes ?

Stock. Very true, Will. 'Twould be no proof of our religion to let our customers go barefoot; but 'twould be a proof of our laziness, and we should starve, as we ought to do. The business of the world must not only be carried on, but carried on with spirit and activity. We have the same authority for not being *slothful in business* as we have for being *fervent in spirit.* Religion has put godliness and laziness as wide asunder as any two things in the world; and what God has separated, let no man pretend to join. Indeed, the spirit of religion can have no fellowship with sloth, indolence, and self-indulgence. But still, a Christian does not carry on his common trade quite like another man neither; for something of the spirit which he labours to attain at church he carries with him into his worldly concerns. While there are some who set up for Sunday Christians, who have no notion that they are bound to be week-day Christians too.

Will. Why, master, I do think if God Almighty is contented with one day in seven, he won't thank you for throwing him the other six into the bargain. I thought he gave us them for our own use; and I am sure nobody works harder all the week than you do.

Stock. God, it is true, sets apart one day in seven for actual rest from labour, and for more immediate devotion to his service: but show me that text wherein he says, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God on *Sundays* — Thou shalt keep my commandments on the *Sabbath-day* — To be carnally minded on *Sundays is death* — Cease to do evil, and learn to do well *one day in seven* — Grow in grace on the *Lord's day.* — Is there any such text?

Will. No, to be sure there is not; for that would be encouraging sin on all the other days.

Stock. Yes; just as you do when you make religion a thing for the church, and not for the world. There is no one lawful calling, in pursuing which we may not serve God acceptably. You and I may serve him while we are stitching this pair of boots; Farmer Furrow, while he is ploughing yonder field; Betsy West, over the way, whilst she is nursing her sick mother; Neighbour Incle, in measuring out his tapes and ribands. I say, all these may serve God just as acceptably in those employments as at church, I had almost said more so.

Will. Ay, indeed; how can that be? Now you're too much on t'other side.

Stock. Because a man's trials in trade being

often greater, they give him fresh means of glorifying God, and proving the sincerity of his religion. A man who mixes in business is naturally brought into continual temptations and difficulties. These will lead him, if he be a good man, to look more to God than he perhaps would otherwise do. He sees temptations on the right hand and on the left; he knows that there are snares all around him; this makes him watchful: he feels that the enemy within is too ready to betray him; this makes him humble himself; while a sense of his own difficulties makes him tender to the failings of others.

Will. Then you would make one believe, after all, that trade and business must be sinful in itself, since it brings a man into all these snares and scrapes.

Stock. No, no, Will; trade and business don't create evil passions: they were in the heart before; only now and then they seem to lie snug a little. Our concerns with the world bring them out into action a little more, and thus show both others and ourselves what we really are. But then, as the world offers more trials on the one hand, so, on the other, it holds out more duties. If we are called to battle oftener, we have more opportunities of victory. Every temptation resisted is an enemy subdued; and *he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.*

Will. I don't quite understand you, master.

Stock. I will try to explain myself. There is no passion more called out by the transactions of

trade than covetousness. Now, 'tis impossible to withstand such a master sin as that, without carrying a good deal of the spirit of religion into one's trade.

Will. Well, I own I don't yet see how I am to be religious when I'm hard at work, or busy settling an account. I can't do two things at once; 'tis as if I were to pretend to make a shoe and cut out a boot at the same moment.

Stock. I tell you both must subsist together; nay, the one must be the motive to the other. God commands us to be industrious; and if we love him, the desire of pleasing him should be the main-spring of our industry.

Will. I don't see how I can always be thinking about pleasing God.

Stock. Suppose, now, a man had a wife and children whom he loved, and wished to serve; would not he be often thinking about them while he was at work? and though he would not be *always* thinking nor always talking about them, yet would not the very love he bore them be a constant spur to his industry? He would always be pursuing the same course from the same motive, though his words, and even his thoughts, must often be taken up in the common transactions of life.

Will. I say first one, then the other; now for labour, now for religion.

Stock. I will show that both must go together. I will suppose you were going to buy so many skins of our currier — that is quite a worldly trans-

action; — you can't see what a spirit of religion has to do with buying a few calves' skins. Now, I tell you it has a great deal to do with it. Covetousness, a desire to make a good bargain, may rise up in your heart; selfishness, a spirit of monopoly, a wish to get all, in order to distress others; these are evil desires, and must be subdued. Some opportunity of unfair gain offers, in which there may be much sin, and yet little scandal. Here a Christian will stop short; he will recollect *that he who maketh haste to be rich shall hardly be innocent.* Perhaps the sin may be on the side of your dealer; *he* may want to over-reach *you:* this is provoking; you are tempted to violent anger, perhaps to swear. Here is a fresh demand on you for a spirit of patience and moderation, as there was before for a spirit of justice and self-denial. If, by God's grace, you get the victory over these temptations, you are the better man for having been called out to them; always provided, that the temptations be not of your own seeking. If you give way, and sink under these temptations, don't go and say that trade and business have made you covetous, passionate, and profane. No, no; depend upon it, you were so before. You would have had all these evil seeds lurking in your heart, if you had been loitering about at home and doing nothing, with the additional sin of idleness into the bargain. When you are busy, the devil often tempts you; when you are idle, you tempt the devil. If business and the world call these evil tempers into action, business and the world call that religion

into action too, which teaches us to resist them. And in this you see the week-day fruit of the Sunday's piety. 'Tis trade and business in the week which calls us to put our Sunday readings, praying, and church-going into practice.

Will. Well, master, you have a comical way, somehow, of coming over one. I never should have thought there would have been any religion wanted in buying and selling a few calves' skins. But I begin to see there is a good deal in what you say; and, whenever I am doing a common action, I will try to remember that it must be done *after a godly sort.*

Stock. I hear the clock strike nine: let us leave off our work. I will only observe further, that one good end of our bringing religion into our business is, to put us in mind not to undertake more business than we can carry on consistently with our religion. I shall never commend that man's diligence, though it is often commended by the world, who is not diligent about the salvation of his soul. We are as much forbidden to be overcharged with the *cares* of life as with its *pleasures.* I only wish to prove to you, that a discreet Christian may be wise for both worlds; that he may employ his hands without entangling his soul, and labour for the meat that perisheth without neglecting that which endureth unto eternal life; that he may be prudent for time, while he is wise for eternity.

PART VI.

Dialogue the Second. — On the Duty of carrying Religion into our Amusements.

THE next evening, Will Simpson being got first to his work, Mr. Stock found him singing very cheerfully over his last. His master's entrance did not prevent his finishing his song, which concluded with these words:—

> " Since life is no more than a passage at best,
> Let us strew the way over with flowers."

When Will had concluded his song, he turned to Mr. Stock, and said, " I thank you, master, for first putting it into my head how wicked it is to sing profane and indecent songs. I never sing any now which have any wicked words in them."

Stock. I am glad to hear it: so far you do well. But there are other things as bad as wicked words, nay, worse perhaps, though they do not so much shock the ear of decency.

Will. What is that, master? What *can* be so bad as wicked words?

Stock. Wicked *thoughts*, Will. Which thoughts, when they are covered over with smooth words, and dressed out in pleasing rhymes, so as not to shock modest young people by the sound, do more harm to their principles than those songs of which the words are so gross and disgusting, that no person of common decency can for a moment listen to them.

Will. Well, master, I am sure that was a very pretty song I was singing when you came in, and a song which very sober good people sing.

Stock. Do they? Then I will be bold to say, that singing such songs is no part of their goodness. I heard, indeed, but two lines of it, but they were so heathenish that I desire to hear no more.

Will. Now you are really too hard. What harm could there be in it? there was not one indecent word.

Stock. I own, indeed, that indecent words are particularly offensive. But, as I said before, though immodest expressions offend the ear more, they do not corrupt the heart, perhaps, much more than songs of which the words are decent, and the principle vicious. In the latter case, because there is nothing that shocks his ear, a man listens till the sentiment has so corrupted his heart, that his ear grows hardened too, and by long custom he loses all sense of the danger of profane diversions; and I must say I have often heard young women of character sing songs in company which I should be ashamed to read by myself. But come, as we work, let us talk over this business a little; and first let us stick to this sober song of yours that you boast so much about. (*Repeats.*)

> "Since life is no more than a passage at best,
> Let us strew the way over with flowers."

Now what do you learn by this?

Will. Why, master, I don't pretend to learn

much by it; but 'tis a pretty tune and pretty words.

Stock. But what do those pretty words mean?

Will. That we must make ourselves merry because life is short.

Stock. Will! of what religion are you?

Will. You are always asking one such odd questions, master; why, a Christian, to be sure.

Stock. If I often ask you, or others, this question, it is only because I like to know what grounds I am to go upon when I am talking with you or them. I conceive that there are in this country two sorts of people, Christians, and no Christians. Now, if people profess to be of this first description, I expect one kind of notions, opinions, and behaviour from them; if they say they are of the latter, then I look for another set of notions and actions from them. I compel no man to think with me. I take every man at his word. I only expect him to think and believe according to the character he takes upon himself, and to act on the principles of that character which he professes to maintain.

Will. That's fair enough; I can't say but it is, to take a man at his own word, and on his own grounds.

Stock. Well, then; of whom does the Scripture speak when it says, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?*

Will. Why of heathens, to be sure; not of Christians.

Stock. And of whom, when it says, *Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are withered?*

Will. O, that is Solomon's worldly fool.

Stock. You disapprove of both, then?

Will. To be sure I do: I should not be a Christian if I did not.

Stock. And yet, though a Christian, you are admiring the very same thought in the song you were singing. How do you reconcile this?

Will. O, there is no comparison between them. These several texts are designed to describe loose wicked heathens. Now I learn texts as part of my religion. But religion, you know, has nothing to do with a song. I sing a song for my pleasure.

Stock. In our last night's talk, Will, I endeavoured to prove to you that religion was to be brought into our *business.* I wish now to let you see that it is to be brought into our *pleasure* also; and that he who is really a Christian must be a Christian in his very diversions.

Will. Now you are too strict again, master; as you last night declared, that in our business you would not have us always praying, so I hope that in our pleasure you would not have us always psalm-singing. I hope you would not have all one's singing to be about good things.

Stock. Not so, Will; but I would not have any part either of our business or our pleasure to be about evil things. It is one thing to be singing *about* religion; it is another thing to be singing *against* it. Saint Peter, I fancy, would not much

have approved your favourite song. He, at least, seemed to have another view of the matter, when he said, *The end of all things is at hand.* Now this text teaches much the same awful truth with the first line of your song. But let us see to what different purposes the apostle and the poet turn the very same thought. Your song says, because life is so short, let us make it merry: let us divert ourselves so much on the road that we may forget the end. Now what says the apostle? *Because the end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.*

Will. Why, master, I like to be sober too, and have left off drinking. But still I never thought that we were obliged to carry texts out of the Bible to try the soundness of a song; and to enable us to judge if we might be both merry and wise in singing it.

Stock. Providence has not so stinted our enjoyments, Will, but he has left us many subjects of harmless merriment: but, for my own part, I am never certain that any one is quite harmless till I have tried it by this rule that you seem to think so strict. There is another favourite catch which I heard you and some of the workmen humming yesterday.

Will. I will prove to you that there is not a word of harm in *that*; pray listen now. (*Sings.*)

" Which is the best day to drink,—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday?"

Sunday evening at church: these were the words: — *Take heed lest at any time your heart be overcharged with drunkenness, and so that day come upon you unawares; for as a snare shall it come upon all them that are on the face of the earth.*

Will. Why, to be sure, if the second lesson was right, the song must be wrong.

Stock. I ran over in my mind also a comparison between such songs as that which begins with

"Drink and drive care away,"

with those injunctions of Holy Writ, *Watch and pray, therefore, that you enter not into temptation;* and again, *Watch and pray, that you may escape all these things.* I say, I compared this with the song I allude to,

"Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry;
You'll ne'er go the faster
To the Stygian ferry."

I compared this with that awful admonition of Scripture how to pass the time, *Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.*

Will. I am afraid, then, master, you would not much approve of what I used to think a very pretty song, which begins with

"A plague on those musty old lubbers,
Who teach us to fast and to think."

Stock. Will, what would you think of any one who should sit down and write a book or a song to abuse the clergy?

Will. Why, I should think he was a very wicked fellow; and I hope no one would look into such a book, or sing such a song.

Stock. And yet it must certainly be the clergy who are scoffed at in that verse, it being their professed business to teach us to *think* and be serious.

Will. Ay, master; and now you have opened my eyes, I think I can make some of those comparisons myself between the spirit of the Bible and the spirit of these songs.

"Bring the flask, the goblet bring,"

won't stand very well in company with the three of the prophet: — *Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may mingle strong drink.*

Stock. Ay, Will; and these thoughtless people who live up to their singing seem to be the very people described in another place as glorying in their intemperance, and acting what their song describe: — *They look at the wine, and say it is red; it moveth itself aright in the cup.*

Will. I do hope I shall for the future not only become more careful what songs I sing myself but also not to keep company with those who sing nothing else but what, in my sober judgment, I now see to be wrong.

Stock. As we shall have no *body of flesh* in the

world to come, it is a pity not only to make our pleasures here consist entirely in the delights of animal life, but to make our very songs consist in extolling and exalting those delights which are unworthy of the man as well as of the Christian. If, through temptation or weakness, we fall into errors, let us not establish and confirm them by picking up all the songs and scraps of verses which excuse, justify, and commend sin. *That time is short*, is a reason given by these song-mongers why we should give into greater indulgences. *That time is short*, is a reason given by the apostle why we should enjoy our dearest comforts as if we enjoyed them not.

Now, Will, I hope you will see the importance of so managing, that our diversions (for diversions of some kind we all require) may be as carefully chosen as our other employments. For to make them such as shall effectually drive out of our minds all that the Bible and the minister have been putting into them seems to me as imprudent as it is unchristian. But this is not all. Such sentiments as these songs contain, set off by the prettiest music, heightened by liquor, and all the noise and spirit of what is called jovial company, — all this, I say, not only puts every thing that is right out of the mind, but puts every thing that is wrong into it. Such songs, therefore, as tend to promote levity, thoughtlessness, loose imaginations, false views of life, forgetfulness of death, contempt of whatever is serious, and neglect of

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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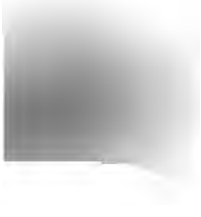

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